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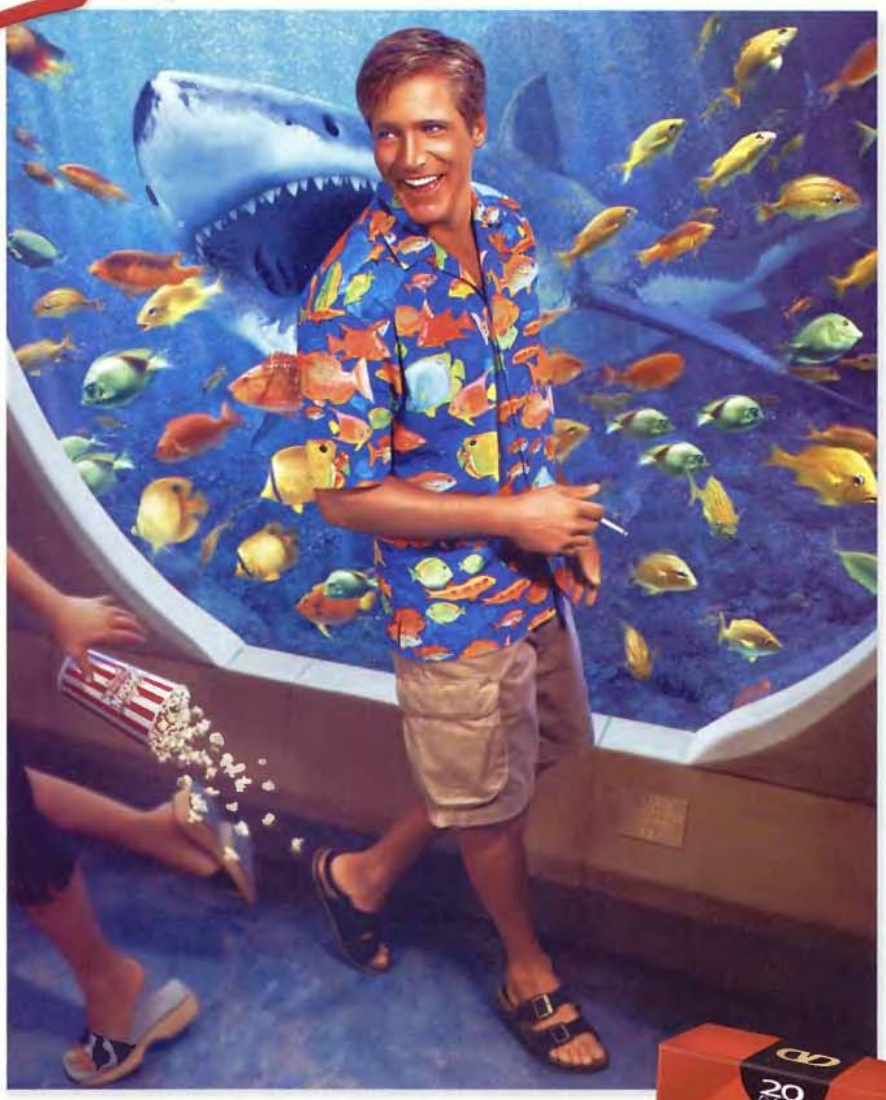

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"AMERICANS WILL LIKELY die on American soil, possibly in large numbers." Words difficult to read and difficult to contemplate, particularly since they were written before September 11. While most of us worry about what we don't know, **Gary Hart** is burdened by what he does know—he co-chaired the commission on national security that delivered this warning in 1999. Now the former senator is moving on, just as he did after quitting the 1988 presidential campaign. In a revelatory *Playboy Interview* by **Craig Vetter,** Hart presses ahead with a plan to fight terrorism. He attributes our inability to act prior to the September 11 attacks to a decades-old "resistance to government" and argues for making homeland security the mission of the National Guard. In Afghanistan, Special Forces were the first U.S. troops on the ground, the cutting edge of the modern army. This month we take you behind the lines for a fascinating glimpse of the grueling tests faced by Navy Seals recruits during Hell Week in *Stealth Force*, by former Seal **Mick Haven.** A neo-Nazi, a Taliban and an ecoterrorist walk into a bar—and get along. A joke, right? Perhaps not. They share fascist ideology, a hatred of globalism and a desire to bring down the U.S. **Michael Reynolds** has tracked international and homegrown ideologues for years. In *Virtual Reich*, illustrated by **Phil Hale,** Reynolds documents the dangerous networking among the forces of intolerance. Scary stuff. The lunatic fringe is in great need of a trim. Now.

On the lighter side of things, we've put together a Valentine box of sweets featuring the luscious **Dedee Pfeiffer.** She's bursting with flavor—she was on the hit show *Cybill* for years, now stars on *For Your Love* and has an equally hot sister named Michelle. Her pictorial was shot by **Stephen Wayda.** You may know Australian actor **Hugh Jackman** as Wolverine from *X-Men*, but without makeup he's been called "too good-looking." Now he puts his sex appeal and training to the test in *Kate and Leopold* with Meg Ryan. In a *20 Questions* with **Warren Kalbacker,** the spruce Bruce touts dancing over bodybuilding for wooing ladies and says his make-out session with Ashley Judd left her looking like Ronald McDonald. Not all lady-killers come from Australia. There's a local guy who wears heels, G-strings and feather boas and has still managed to snag desirables like Kim Basinger and Carmen Electra. We're talking, of course, about his purple majesty, **Prince.** This Valentine's Day, why not brush up on some royal persiflage? *Talk Like a Prince* by **Rob Tannenbaum** gives you plenty of lines to play with, like "In a word or 2, it's u I wanna do." Then fork over the roses. Or not. **A.J. Benza** writes a love note to the accommodating woman who will sneak into your bed at all hours in *Four A.M. Girl* (art by **Istvan Banyai**). She's no angel in the morning, and neither is Playmate **Neriah Davis.** She likes to wake up and take care of business—with or without her boyfriend. That's in our latest *Centerfolds on Sex* by sharp and saucy **Brenda Venus.** Then there's one of the weirdest, oddly poignant love stories we've published. *Reflections from the Black Lagoon* by **Jim Shepard** is about a boat, a beauty and a beast who just doesn't get it. The artwork is by **Jim Ludtke.**

Racing toward the finish, we keep your blood pumping with a play-by-play of a Supercross race. In *Fear Factor* by **Jason Buhrmester,** we get tips, techniques and gear from **Jeremy McGrath,** the sport's top racer. Oh, yeah—he tosses in advice on saving your crotch. (**Marshall Arisman** did the illustration.) Speaking of beer nuts, check out bar girls, lessons on kissing, electronics for your pockets and Playmate **Anka Romensky**—a tall glass of kvass. *Na zdoróvie!*

VETTER

HAVEN

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HALE

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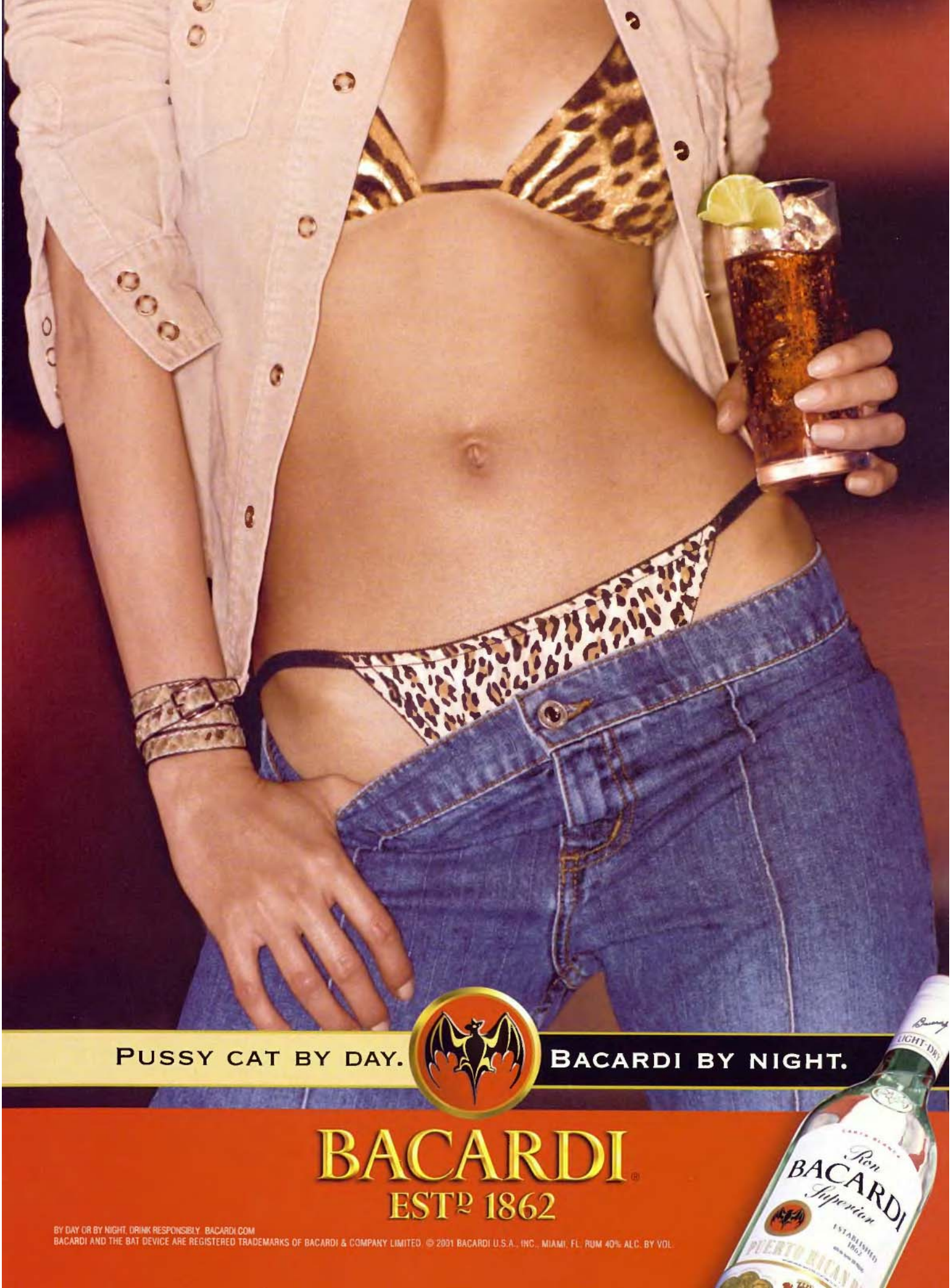

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Dedee Pfeiffer, the gorgeous sister of Michelle, tells us she's "the wild Pfeiffer." Although Dedee ploys devoted wife Sheri on For Your Love, there's no mistoking her for her charocter. She's definitely single and searching. She hos some angelic tottoos. On that note, our romontic Rabbit admits he loves to neck.

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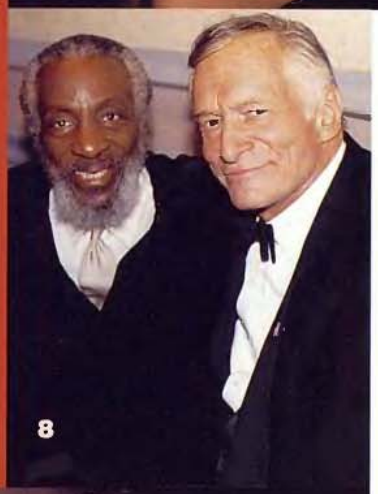
"We only roast the ones we love" is the motto of the New York Friars Club, which paid tribute to Hef with the raunchiest night in the Friars' history. A censored version was broadcast on Comedy Central, and Hef, the Friars and the television network donated $550,000 to the World Trade Center relief fund as a result. (1) The man of the hour with Dean Freddie Roman, Friar Abbot Alan King and Roastmaster Jimmy Kimmel. (2) *The Man Show*'s Adam Carolla with former Bunny Deborah Harry, who sang *God Bless America* at the start of the evening. (3) Ice-T poking fun at his Hefness. (4) *The Sopranos*' Vincent "Big Pussy" Pastore with Danny Aiello. (5) King and Drew Carey compare jokes. (6) Christi Shake shakes up Donald Trump. (7) Carson Daly and Gilbert Gottfried dig into dinner. (8) Dick Gregory, the first black comic to perform in a Playboy Club, set a precedent for black comedians everywhere. (9) PLAYBOY artist LeRoy Neiman with Dr. Joyce Brothers. (10) Longtime friend Patty Hearst. (11) Funnymen Jeffrey Ross and Rob Schneider yuck it up for Comedy Central before the roast.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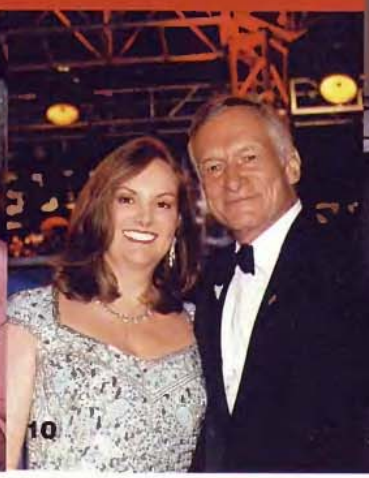
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When Hef and his seven girlfriends arrived in the Big Apple two weeks after the September tragedy, they boosted spirits and the economy (shopping by day and making the club scene every night). (1) Ice-T and Hef with Kylie Bax. (2) Mr. Playboy with Charis Boyle, Sandee Westgate, Tina Jordan, Christi Shake and Michelle Winchester at the club Lotus. (3) Stephanie Heinrich and Holly Madison stop by FAO Schwarz, because a girl can never have too many toys. (4) Steph befriends a filly in Central Park. (5) Bag ladies Steph and Charis stock up at Bloomie's. (6) Christi, Hef and Rob Schneider have a sweet time at Suite 16. (7) Steph and Charis let down their inhibitions at Spa. (8) Charis, Cedric the Entertainer and Christi get the Spa treatment. (9) Christi, Tiffany, Tina, Michelle, Holly and Sandee dance with Hef at Suite 16. (10) Platinum pretties Tina, Sandee and Michelle catch it all on film. (11) Tiffany takes a dance floor dip with Steph, Hef and Holly. (12) Lest you think that all they did was party, the Hef troop took in Broadway's *Phantom of the Opera*.

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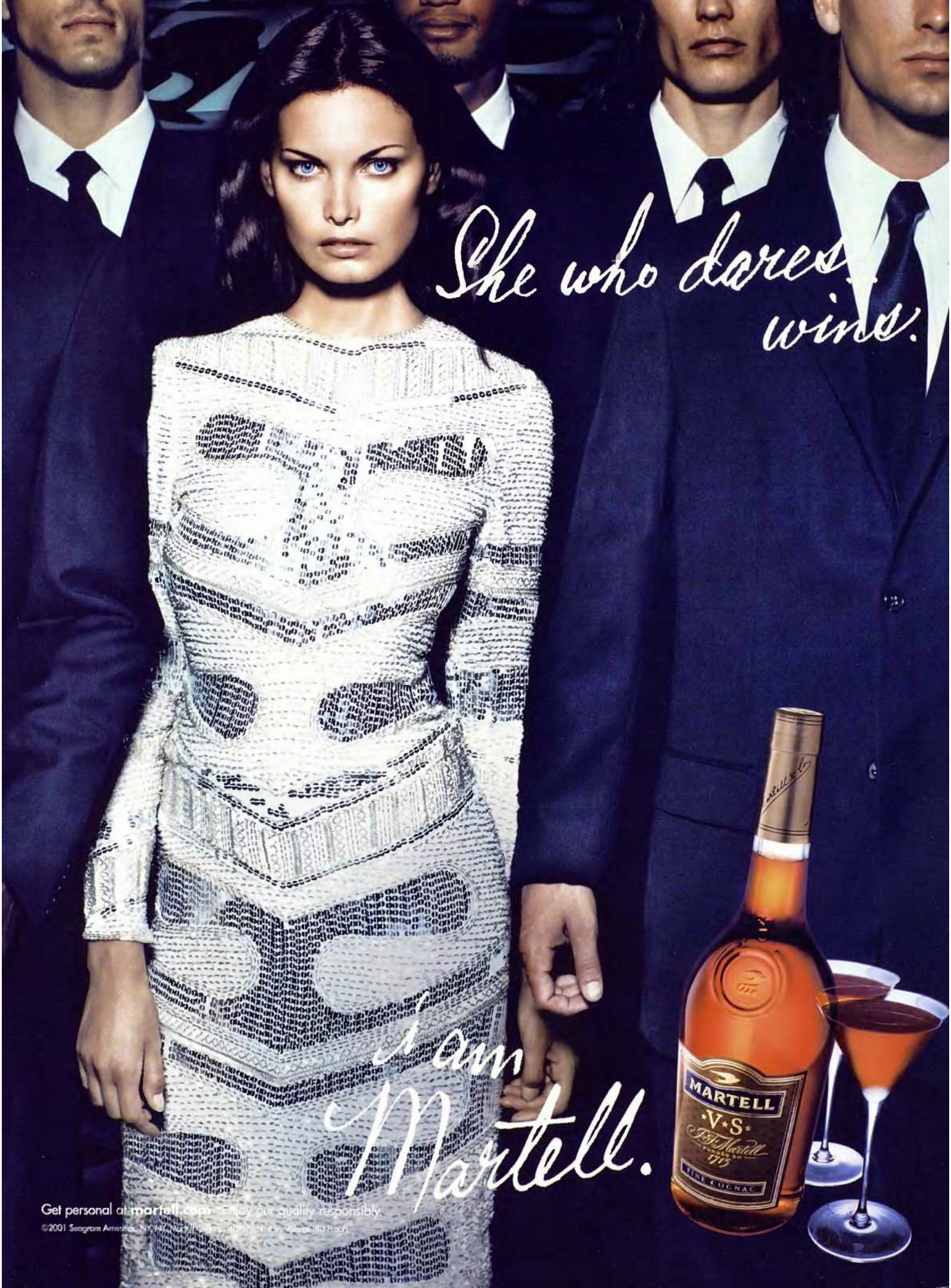

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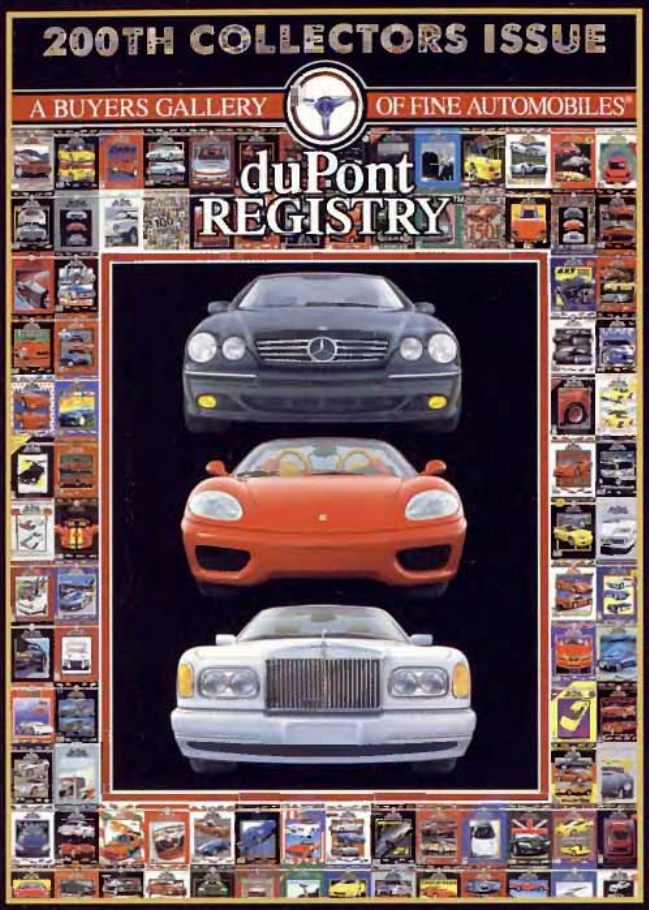

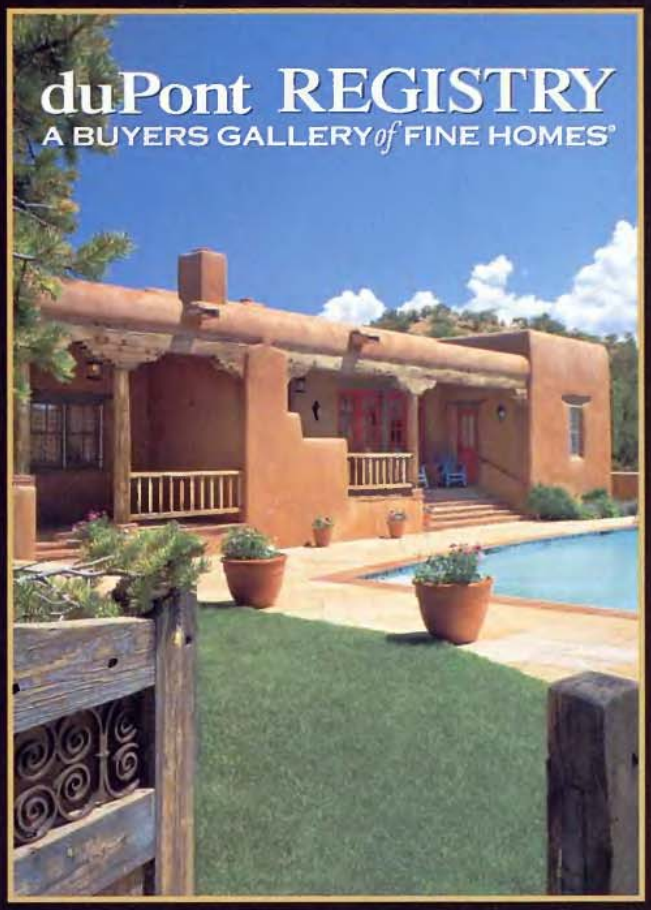

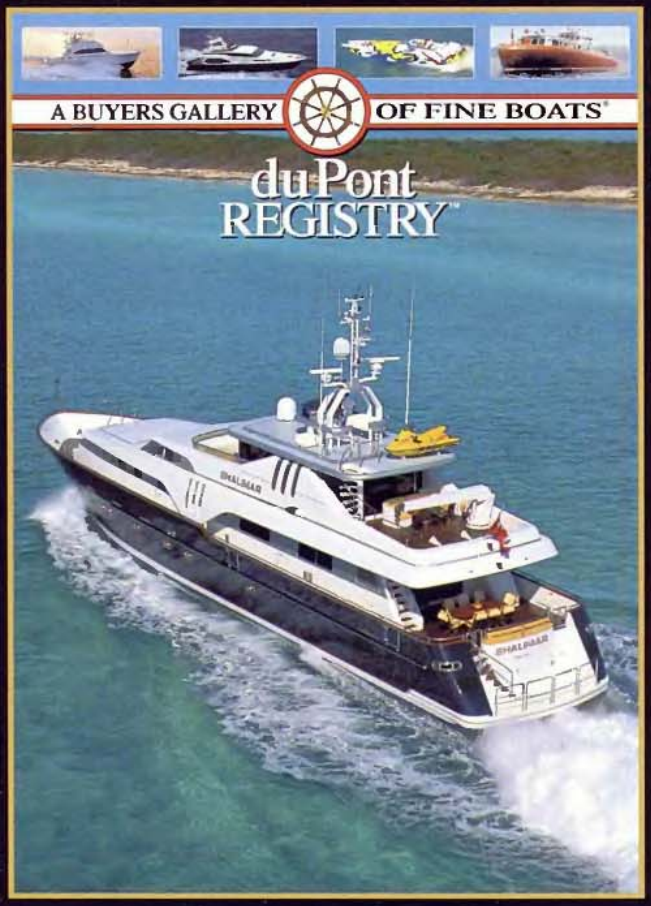

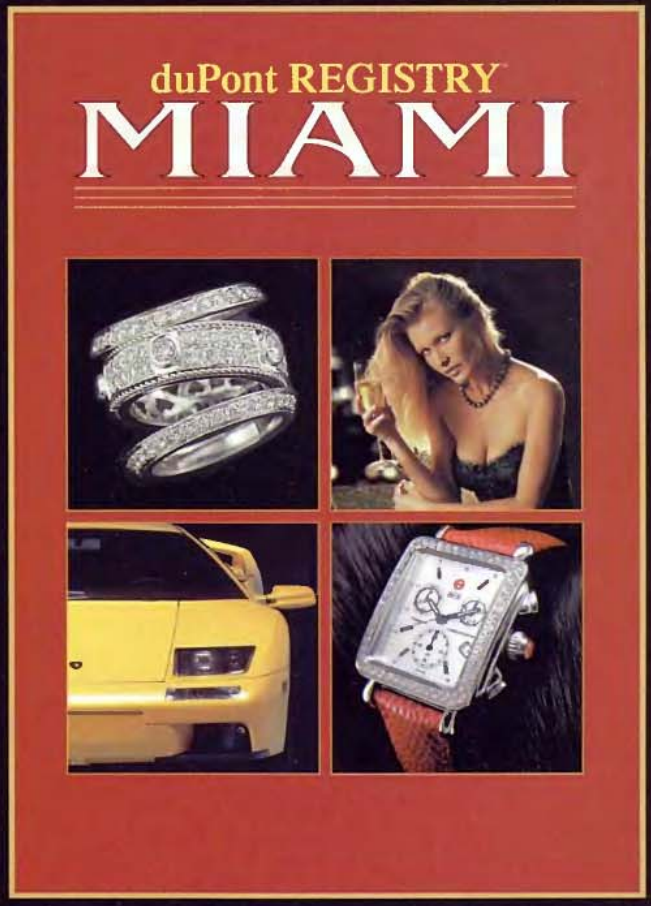

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Dear Playboy

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ANGELIC ANGELICA

Angelica Bridges (*Angelica*, November) reminds me of another red-haired beauty in a similar pose more than 20 years ago—Raquel Welch. Both of them are gorgeous.

Roy Cappadona
Durham, North Carolina

Angelica is sensational. I have pined for her since she was a *Baywatch* babe, so it is a thrill to see her in a sexy PLAYBOY pictorial and well worth the wait.

Duane Brooks
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

PLAYBOY has had many excellent pictorials over the years, but Angelica's is by far your best yet.

Al Goetz
Denver, Colorado

WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY

I enjoyed your *20 Questions* with Will Ferrell (November). He brings out the silliness in all of us.

Alex Waddell
Annapolis, Maryland

Fiery Bridges.

I am disappointed to discover that a very good comedian, perhaps *Saturday Night Live*'s best ever, is so misguided. I assume the interview took place before September 11, but to flaunt a HE'S NOT MY PRESIDENT bumper sticker shows how far in left field Ferrell is. It's too bad celebrities wear their politics on their sleeve—or, in this case, on their car.

Carson Bunce
Tampa, Florida

SKOAL

Many thanks for Richard Carleton Hacker's article *Martini Moment* (November). I live in the city that gave birth to the martini, yet I've always been partial to manhattans. I'm working my way through Hacker's list of exotic martini concoctions, and I've been delighted with every one so far. I can't wait to try the rest.

Bob Benschine
San Francisco, California

THANKS A LOT

I usually enjoy your *Men* column, but this month I was insulted by Asa Baber's generalization about women as confused, money-grubbing shopaholics ("Let Us Say Thanks," November). I'm a 21-year-old college student who dislikes shopping. I'm also frugal and not very talkative. I would never judge a man based on what other men do, and Baber shouldn't do that with women. He's either a misogynist or he doesn't get laid enough.

Laura Ballard
Spartanburg, South Carolina

Baber responds: I'm proud to have you as a reader. If you dislike shopping and are frugal and not talkative, would you marry me?

PUT YOUR LIPS TOGETHER

You failed to mention one of the most famous blow jobs in history (*Oral History*, November). That would be when Eve gave Adam his

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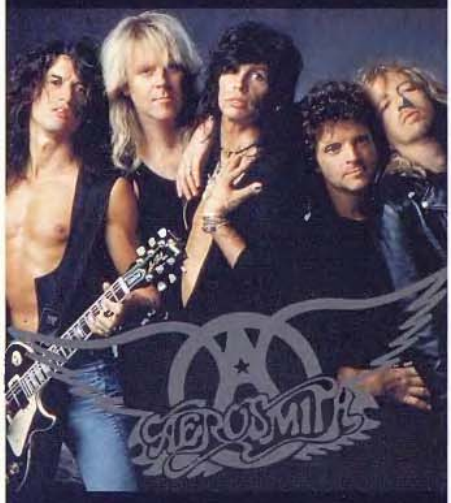
Young Lust:
The Aerosmith Anthology



Features memorable hits like "Janie's Got A Gun," "Dude (Looks Like A Lady)," "Angel," "Love In An Elevator," "Cryin'," "Amazing" and "Walk This Way." Rounding out *Young Lust*... are live takes on old favorites like "Dream On" and "Sweet Emotion."

- 34 tracks on 2 CDs - Over 2 1/2 hours of Aerosmith classics.
- First ever double anthology of the band's Geffen years (1985-1994, 1998).
- Includes all their biggest '80s hits, album classics, rarities, b-sides and live tracks.

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first oral history lesson, after being told not to eat the forbidden fruit. We know the rest of the story.

Angel Church
Denver, Colorado

I enjoyed peeking into obscure sexual corners, but I wonder how a Roman could have caught anyone stealing potatoes from his field. Potatoes didn't get to Europe until after Pizarro visited Peru.

Ken Packer
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Further research has revealed that the Romans had only one potato, and that gay farmers passed it around.

GET SMART

Will Lee's *How to Date a Girl Smarter Than You* (November) is on target. It's refreshing and lighthearted for women, and helpful to men. I admit I was surprised that a man wrote it.

Melinda White
Long Beach, California

Lee's article is way out of line and offensive. He claims men are becoming intellectual artifacts. But one statistic Lee fails to mention is that there are many

Smart girls.

more male geniuses than there are female ones. If the article was intended to be funny, it fell woefully short.

Keith Laferriere
Troy, New York

The best way to date a smart girl and have a relationship with her is to be smarter. Lee's short-term solutions won't work. Men need to be voracious readers and become more goal oriented. They should go to college.

Jayant Prasad
San Ramon, California

GOING GLOBAL

I'm disappointed that you didn't answer the question you posed in your antiglobalization article by Gina Welch (*What Do These People Want?*, November). They want to send us back to the Stone Age economically, technologically and politically. They attack individual rights and capitalism, the very system that lifts people out of the abject poverty they profess to fight. Don't let your readers be fooled. Mankind's well-being is not this movement's goal. Your readers would have been better informed by a reprint of the 1964 *Playboy Interview* with Ayn Rand.

Nate Brahm
Boston, Massachusetts

Most of us don't care for banking industry tactics, whether they're local and personal or global. But before we go on rampages, let's admit our complicity. The standard of living that allows these people to demonstrate against the world financial institutions is based on the very things they demonstrate against. It's easy to be negative and tougher to offer viable positive alternatives, but lighting even one candle is far better than cursing the darkness.

Daniel Axt
St. Cloud, Florida

TWO SCOOPS

The best part of the *Playboy Interview* with Joel and Ethan Coen (November) is their comment that little improvisation takes place in their movies. They must be geniuses, because the dialogue seems to be all just that. Frances McDormand's "*Ja*, you betcha" is the epitome of Minnesotaspeak.

Jim Moss
Minneapolis, Minnesota

I have always wondered if the Coen brothers' quirky characters were made up. Now I see they all come from within.

Julia Williams
Boston, Massachusetts

NATURAL WOMAN

Lindsey Vuolo (*Lindsey*, November) is so hot she could stop traffic just walking down the street.

John Felt
South Lyon, Michigan

As an exotic dancer who regularly enjoys PLAYBOY, I would like to compliment you on Miss November's pictorial. The photos are elegant and artistic, sensuous and playful. Your editors' instincts are always governed by good taste.

Sandra Anderson
New York, New York

Miss November is PLAYBOY's all-time best. Lindsey is babe-a-licious.

Dave Simmons
Pleasant Hill, California

Three things I found incredible about Miss November: Her hair is untouched by peroxide, her breasts are untouched by surgeons and her ambitions are untouched by Hollywood. If PLAYBOY continues to highlight future Playmates like Lindsey Vuolo, I may just have to stop reading the articles.

Playmate Lindsey.

John Hartwell
Atlanta, Georgia

SHIP AHOY

The submarine *U.S.S. Henry L. Stimson* was taken out of active service in 1993, after 28 years of defending our nation. Our crew played hard, and someone once referred to us as a bunch of playboys. Out of this came the idea of getting a mascot. One of our torpedo men made a Playboy Bunny ensign and we decided this would be our legacy. For nine years the Bunny flag flew atop the submarine as she entered port. I asked Mr. Hefner to sign the flag so I could present it to our skipper, Commander Bob Weeks, at our reunion in October. I thank Mr. Hefner for his generous spirit.

Raymond Kreul
Narragansett, Rhode Island

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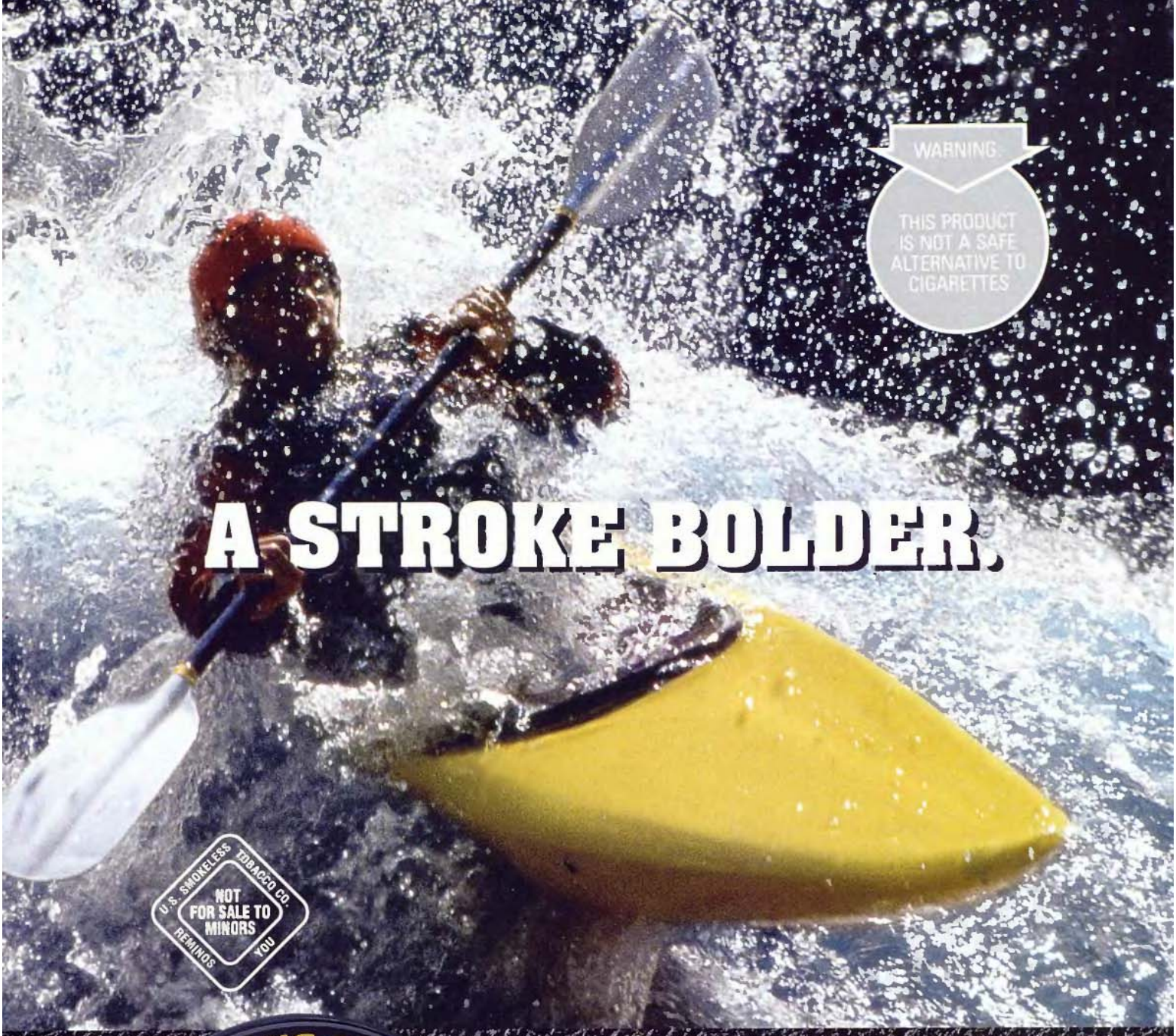
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PLAYBOY after hours

A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

LEGS BENEDICT

Is Helena Bonham Carter in the house? Drawn from a study on mate poaching by David Schmitt of Bradley University and David Buss of the University of Texas (published in the *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology*), here are five signs your girlfriend's girlfriend wants to give you a gondola ride.

She drops hints that your girlfriend is cheating or may be inclined to cheat on you. She'll also imply that she would never do such a thing—stirring your innate biological anxiety of being cuckolded and assuaging it in one hot breath.

She knocks your girlfriend's looks. As in, "I can't believe you're wearing that!"

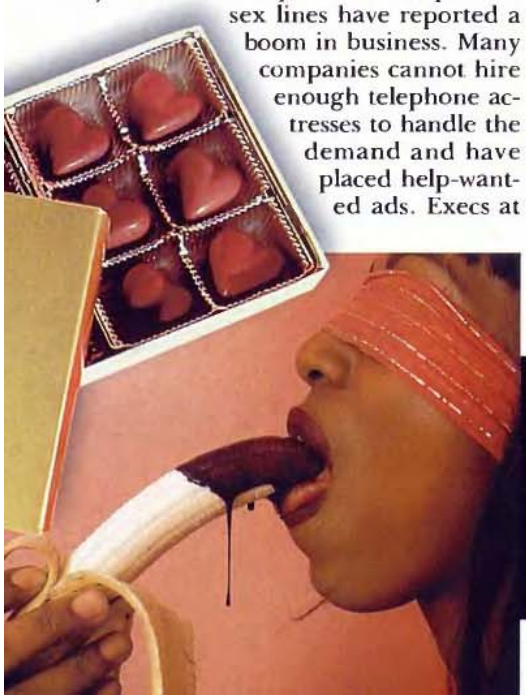
She always looks good around you. Tight top? Check. Slinky jeans? Check. Flashing some thong? Yikes!

She has established herself as your friend, too. Yes, she's supposed to get along with the boyfriend, but not too well. Beware of those movie dates without your honey.

She says things like, "I'd love to blow you in your car right now." The academic phrase for this is "a suggestion of easy, low-cost sexual access." We call it the hard sell.

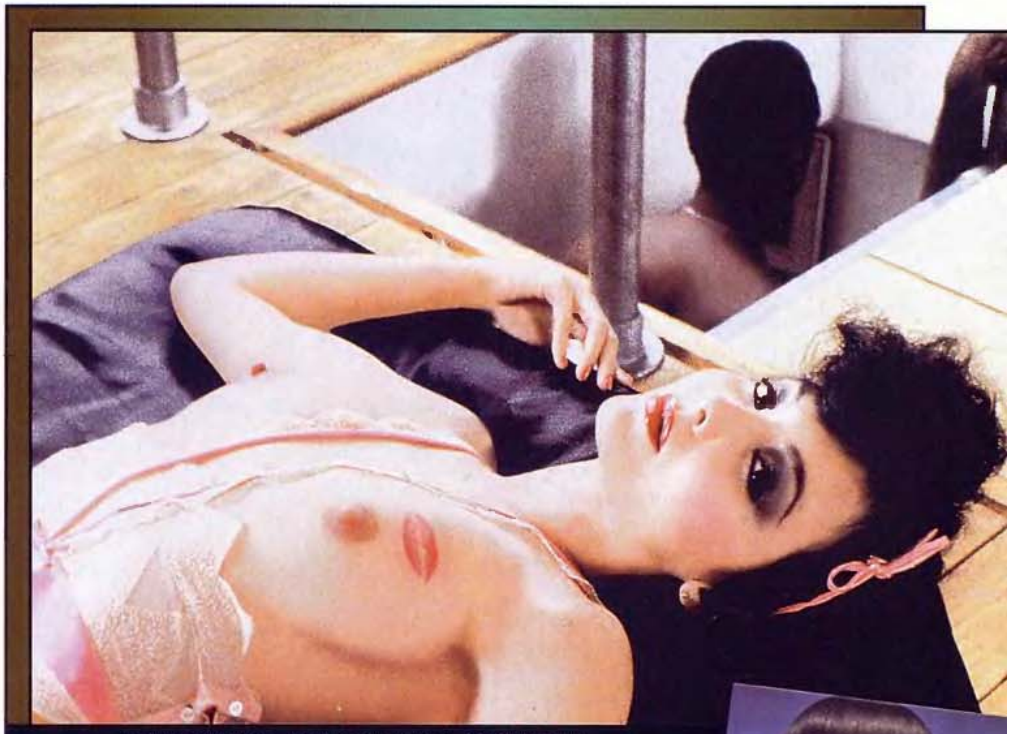
GRANNY GOT BACK

As recession cuts a swath through the country, there's one sector of the economy that's breathing easy, and a bit heavily, too. Since September 11, phone-sex lines have reported a boom in business. Many companies cannot hire enough telephone actresses to handle the demand and have placed help-wanted ads. Execs at the Boulevard Entertainment of Burbank, which runs more than 200 phone-sex lines (including the inspirational 1-800-JACK-OFF), say the industry had its best quarter ever, and claim the Boulevard is having its best season in 13 years. (The last week in October 2001 was a record breaker for number of calls.) Apparently, Americans are staying home more and feel the need to reach out and almost touch someone. Also, the high unemployment rate has caused a surprising number of older women to respond to the ads. "We'll take women in their 60s if they can keep the customer happy," said the Boulevard's owner, Scott Jacobson. At $8 to $12 an hour, it beats knitting sweaters.



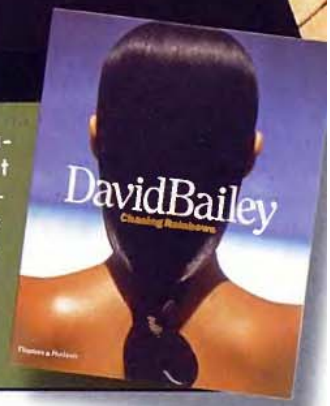
HOT CHOCOLATES

Alizé Hearts of Passion (left, top) are the latest creations from Jacques Torres, famed chocolatier from Le Cirque 2000. For Valentine treats on the savory side, see *The Pocket Book of Sex and Chocolate* (Hunter House) from which this happy banana was pulled.



BAILEY'S ENGLISH CREAM

David Bailey has shot beautiful people for fashion magazines since the Sixties, most notably for British *Vogue*. But his interests are not limited to his playful high-fashion sensibilities. His new book, *David Bailey: Chasing Rainbows* (Thames and Hudson), is a collection of images from his advertising work, portraits of Papuan tribesmen and examples of his more daring fashion work, with some paintings thrown in for good measure. Bailey has an accomplished eye—and not just for beautiful women.



IF HIS CHEST IS SLICK, YOU MUST CONVICT

There are bad drug trips, and then there is the experience endured by the gang of teenage stoners who broke into a

LITTLE BLACK BOX

Keep your Palm slick and up-to-date with the CardScan. There's no more need to wark the skinny pencil thing on PalmPilots or type in entries on Outlook. Feed business cards into the sconner and it will zap the information into your address book. (Of course, you lose the excuse of telling people you got their number wrong.) If things keep up like this, the day will come when business card exchanges will consist of nothing more than two boxes bumping in the night.

veterinarian's office in Noblesville, Indiana. They made off with what they thought was OxyContin but was actually oxytocin, which induces childbirth and increased milk production in women. In males, we imagine, it merely causes confusion and embarrassment. The thieves were spotted easily.

RIGHT QUAD ANGLE

The conservative Young America's Foundation has issued its annual Dirty Dozen list of ridiculous college classes culled from the catalogs of various institutions of higher learning. On this year's list were Vassar's Black Marxism, Harvard's Multicultural Biblical Criticism and Villanova's mossbacked hit, Eco-Feminism. The Harvard course carried the claim that "aboriginal, womanist and queer studies have begun to de-center the hegemonic paradigm of biblical studies." We won't bother with a read of Villanova's class, but we're willing to give lectures on our pet subject, Phallology (you know, stamp collecting).

GETTING THEIR FREE KICKS

Those folks who would watch soccer if there were just more scoring will love Eduard Geyer, coach of the German team Energie Cottbus. The coach has likened his players to "the whores of St. Pauli," which is Hamburg's red-light district. "They smoke, they booze and they are whoring around." His comments produced outrage among the defamed. The hookers protested that they worked 12 or more hours daily, took few days off and trained rigorously. Said one local, "If Geyer's team were in as good condition as the whores of St. Pauli, they'd be in first place."

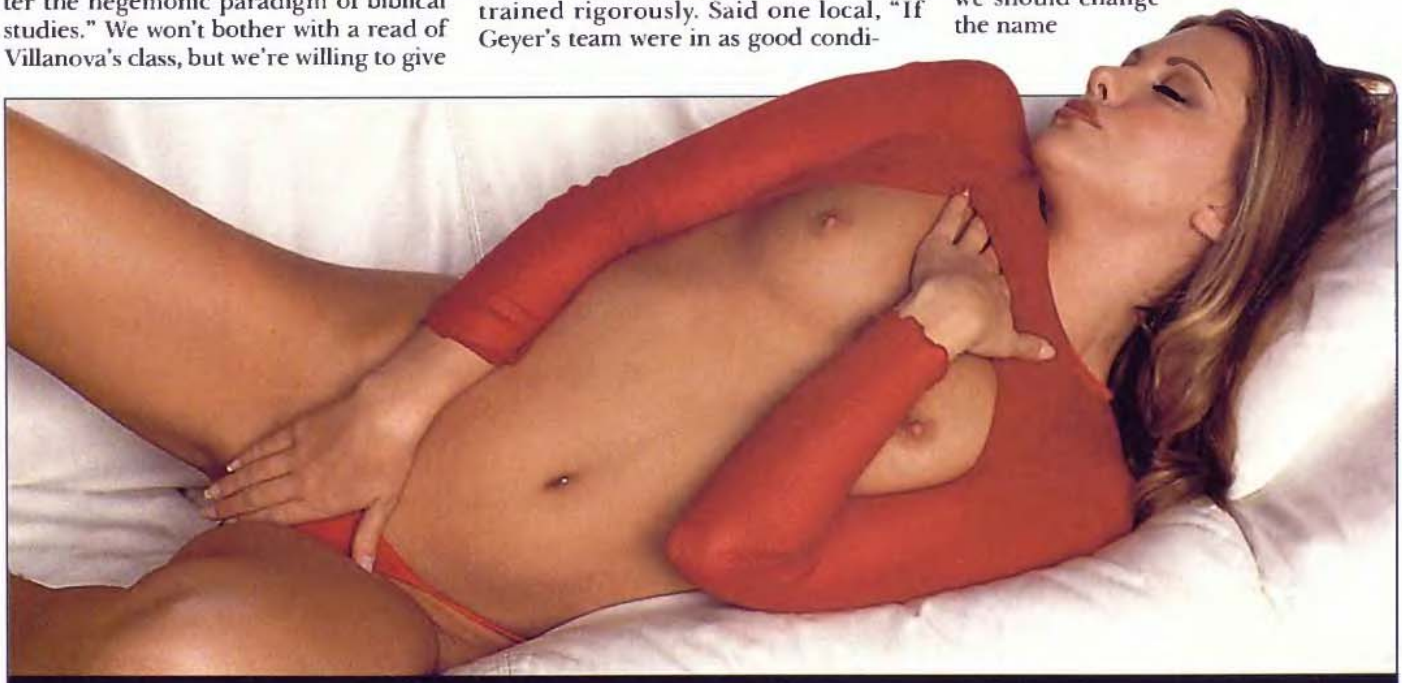
"I'll try anything twice."
—Yancy Butler

BELLY INTERESTING

Cosmetic surgeon Dr. Elliot Jacobs of New York has capitalized on the trend of navel-baring, low-rise jeans by building a better belly button. A youthful belly button has a vertical shape, but after weight gain or pregnancy, women often sport a poochy, round target. In the past year, Dr. Jacobs has seen a rise in the number of women who want navel work. The mini tummy tuck is only for women in good shape. An outpatient procedure, it requires liposuction and a tightening of the stomach muscles. In the coup de grâce, Jacobs makes an incision, pulls down on the skin and elongates the button. It costs from $8000 to $12,000.

DUST NEVER SLEEPS

Anthrax guitarist Scott Ian wouldn't mind more fame, but not like this. "People keep coming up to me saying, 'Hey, wouldn't it be funny if you got anthrax?' I'm like, 'Oh yeah, that would be hilarious.' I will not die an ironic death," Ian, who has a stash of the antibiotic Cipro, told *The Washington Post*. "It's as though it's 1937 and I'm a bandleader called Freddie Hitler. Maybe we should change the name



WHY GIRLS SAY YES—REASON #33

Because it was Valentine's Day. "For the first time in years I was single. I didn't get roses or a single card, so I went looking for comfort. Rebound boy was a guy who bartended with me. We flirted constantly between slugging shots. I was dumped from a longtime affair and grabbed the first penis I could find. He didn't argue about being rebound guy (maybe he didn't realize that's what he was). I used him for sex and for some masculine attention. It didn't last long. I think he felt kind of manipulated. But I don't think anyone should feel sorry for the guy. He got some good action." *—L.L., Miami*

now." Good idea. May we suggest:

Painful Intestinal Blockage: Don't dismiss this one until you've experienced it. It makes other illnesses feel like hay fever.

Smallpox: Anthrax, it turns out, is actually an inefficient and treatable disease compared with this scourge, which in the 17th century ravaged Europe more destructively than disco.

Hemorrhoids the Size of Eggplants: When you think about it, it's even more alienating than their current name. Nobody ever winced at the word anthrax.

The Clap: It's rhythmic, it's something people can relate to, and geriatric Clash fans may buy some CDs by mistake.

Enrico Caruso: What the hell, he's not using it.

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT

It's winter, but it's always harvesttime for the collectors of chain e-mail. The following slang made its way into our in box and we can't help but pass it on. *Airplane blonde*: A woman who has bleached her hair but still has a black box. BOBFOC: Body off *Baywatch*, face off *Cops*. *Millennium domes*: The contents of a Wonderbra—nice on the outside, but there's nothing in there worth seeing. *Low-resolution fox*: Looks good at a distance, not so hot at close inspection. *Salad dodger*: An obese individual. *Sitcoms*: Single income, two children, oppressive mortgage—it's what happens when one of you stays home to raise the kids. *Starter marriage*: A first marriage that ends in divorce with no children and no regrets.

"I don't know where it's coming from, but I think studios are finally realizing that people want to see girls who can kick butt as well as guys can." —Rebecca Romijn-Stamos

THE TIP SHEET

Aussie Nad's Hair Removal Gel: Nothing in the literature for this infomercial and retail goop suggests a new ball-waxing trend among men, but the name sure does. Good for aspiring porn actors.

Sweet soul: With the exception of *Kojak*, the best thing about the Seventies was the music. *Can You Dig It?*, Rhino's six-CD set of soul from the Jimmy Carter Era, lays out the perfect all-night groove.

Marva Lussbody: One of 2700 movie character names suggested to espn.com after it was rumored that Anna Kournikova might play the role of 007's love interest in the next James Bond film. Other names included Ivana C. Hertopolous, Iva Finebottom, Love Forty and Anita Tourwin.

Frequent Flier bras: Introduced by Triumph International Ltd. of Japan, these bras feature nonmetallic fasteners and wires that won't trigger airport detectors in the Era of Heightened Security.

Rectal Foreign Bodies: A crack website devoted to medical accounts of foreign objects that have found their way into, but not out of, thrill seekers' rectums. Impacted with heart-stopping stories such as "Concrete Enema Mix" and "Artillery Shell Substantiated."

Brotherhood of the Wolf (Universal): A French mélange of a movie combining period-piece drama, horror thrills and Hong Kong action moves. Not to mention Monica Bellucci's bare breasts.

SKIN SHIRTS

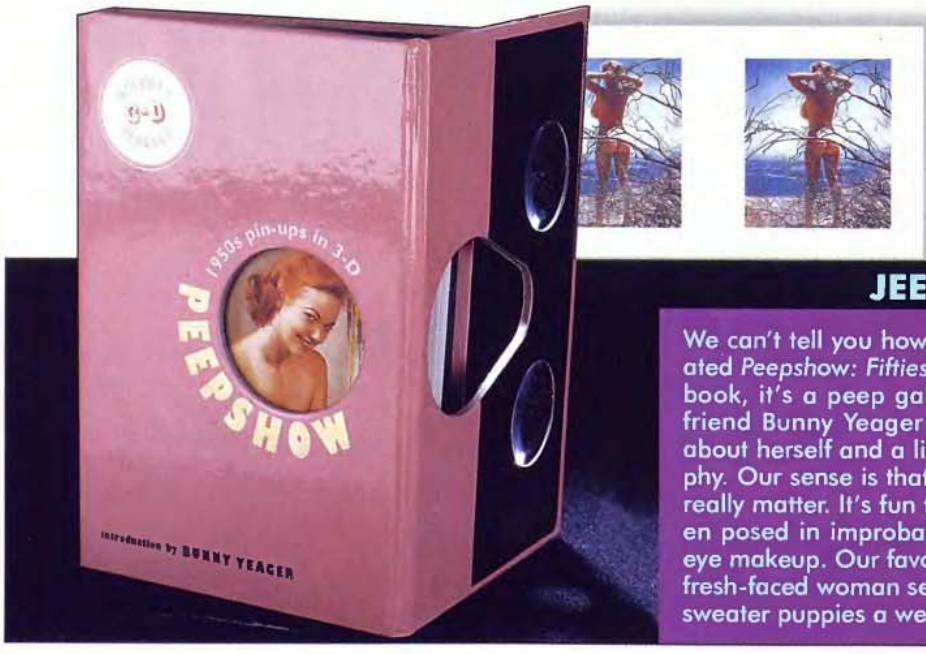
Working up a good sweat is a wonderful thing, unless you're out in the cold. Enter, closet left, Under Armour Performance Apparel, winner of the Most Likely to Disappear on the Back of Your Girlfriend Award. Under Armour shirts retain heat while wicking away moisture. In fact, you have probably spotted the telltale tight sleeves under the uniforms of many footballers. You will love it as much as the model above does—no more rug burns.

New morning aftertastes: Coupe DeVille's bar near the University of Virginia serves the Come in Your Mouth, the Fuck and Fuck, and the Yeast Infection (gin, tequila, sour cream, pineapple juice and Tabasco). Prosit!

Picosatellites: Tiny eyes in the skies that are about the size of a pencil. Prototypes have been powered by butane.

Thin-skinned women: A new study says pain is experienced differently by gender—women have a higher density of nerve fibers than men.

Tomahawk weapons program: No, not the missiles. Special Forces troopers order these hand weapons custom-made by Tennessee mechanical engineer Ryan Johnson, at prices ranging from $150 to



JEEPERS PEEPERS

We can't tell you how happy we are that Melcher Media created *Peepshow: Fifties Pin-Ups in 3D* (St. Martin's Press). It's a book, it's a peep gallery—whatever, it's terrific. Our good friend Bunny Yeager wrote an introduction that talks a lot about herself and a little about the wonders of 3D photography. Our sense is that even when 3D doesn't work, it doesn't really matter. It's fun to look at these pictures of naked women posed in improbable settings—some with way too much eye makeup. Our favorites, of course, are the ones where the fresh-faced woman seems to be caught giving her prodigious sweater puppies a well-earned vacation from clothes.

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

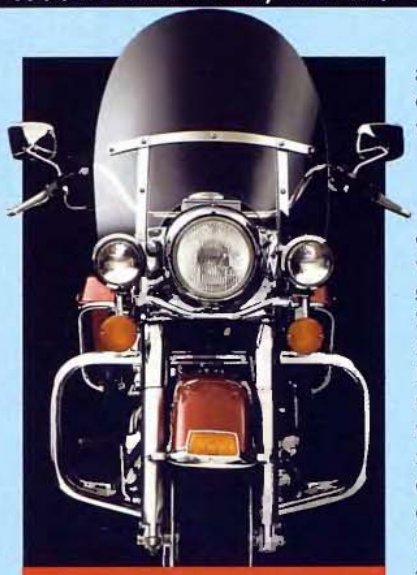
"I'm like an expensive menu. You can look, but you can't afford it."—TENNIS PRINCESS ANNA KOURNIKOVA

BUYING VOTES

Cost of Pentagon project to let overseas soldiers vote by Internet in the 2000 election: $6.2 million. Total number of ballots cast: 84. Cost per ballot: $74,000.

FACTS OF FAITH

Percentage of religious Arab Americans who are Muslim: 23. Percentage of Arab Americans who are Protestant or Greek Orthodox: 35. Percentage who are Roman Catholic: 42.



FACT OF THE MONTH

Proving that Americans remain high on the hog, Harley-Davidson shipped 203,000 of its motorcycles in 2000, up from 118,771 bikes in 1996.

BASIC TWAINING

From the first appearance of the byline until his death, the number of years Samuel Clemens wrote as Mark Twain: 47. The number of years Hal Holbrook has been performing as Mark Twain: 47.

RICH REWARDS

Cost of the Internal Revenue Service's mass mailing that heralded President George W. Bush's tax-cut checks: $21 million. According to the Citizens for Tax Justice, average dollar amount of the tax cut for the top 1 percent of the population: $13,469. Average size of tax cut for the middle 20 percent of taxpayers: $170. Size of tax cut for richest 1 percent in 2004: $31,201. Size of cut for middle 20 percent in 2004: $409.

CHICK CLICK

According to a survey of top-selling video games commissioned by a child advocacy group, percent of female characters with large breasts: 38. Percentage of female characters with "unusually small waists": 46. Percentage of female characters depicted as violent: 54. According to industry analysts, percentage of video game users who are girls: 33.

THE BIG PICTURE

Amount of revenue generated by video and DVD sales and rentals in 2000: $20 billion. Ratio of video and DVD revenue to theater revenue: 3 to 1. Estimate of revenue generated by adult videos, DVDs and CD-ROMs: $12 billion. Amount of money generated by adult media on the Internet: $2 billion.

THE SMALL PICTURE

The number of stores that belong to the Blockbuster chain: 5000. The number of stores in the Hollywood Entertainment chain: 1800. The number of stores in the Movie Gallery chain: 1050.

TRAFFIC PATTERN

According to statistics from the White House Office of National Drug Control Policy, percentage decrease in the rate of casual cocaine use during the past 10 years: 70. Percentage increase in heroin use during the past 5 years: 100.

VOTER TURNOUT

Percentage of Americans of voting age who said they voted in the most recent presidential election: 78. Percentage who actually did vote: 51.

TECH LAG

According to University of California professor Steven Weber, percentage of world's population that's never used the Internet: 80. Percentage that's never made a phone call: 33.

HONORS SYSTEM

According to *The Boston Globe*, percentage of Harvard students who graduate with honors: 90. Minimum grade average that is required for honors: B–. —PAUL ENGLEMAN

$1200, to augment standard-issue gear.

Jedi Knight: After more than 10,000 *Star Wars*–obsessed Brits cited this as their official religion in 2001, news reports incorrectly claimed that the Office of National Statistics would list it as a bona fide religious affiliation in this year's census.

The Rat Pack Live at the Sands and *Eee-O-11* (Capitol): Two albums that summon the cooler-than-thou magic of Frank and the boys and the town they owned.

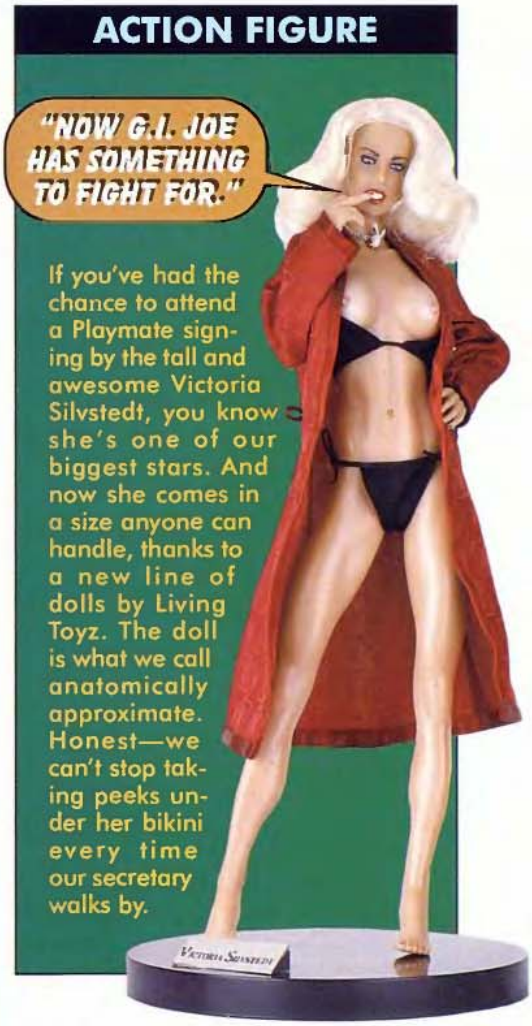
Heritage: Civilization and the Jews (Home Vision Entertainment): A three-DVD set (plus DVD-ROM), worth passing along to folks with low tolerance.

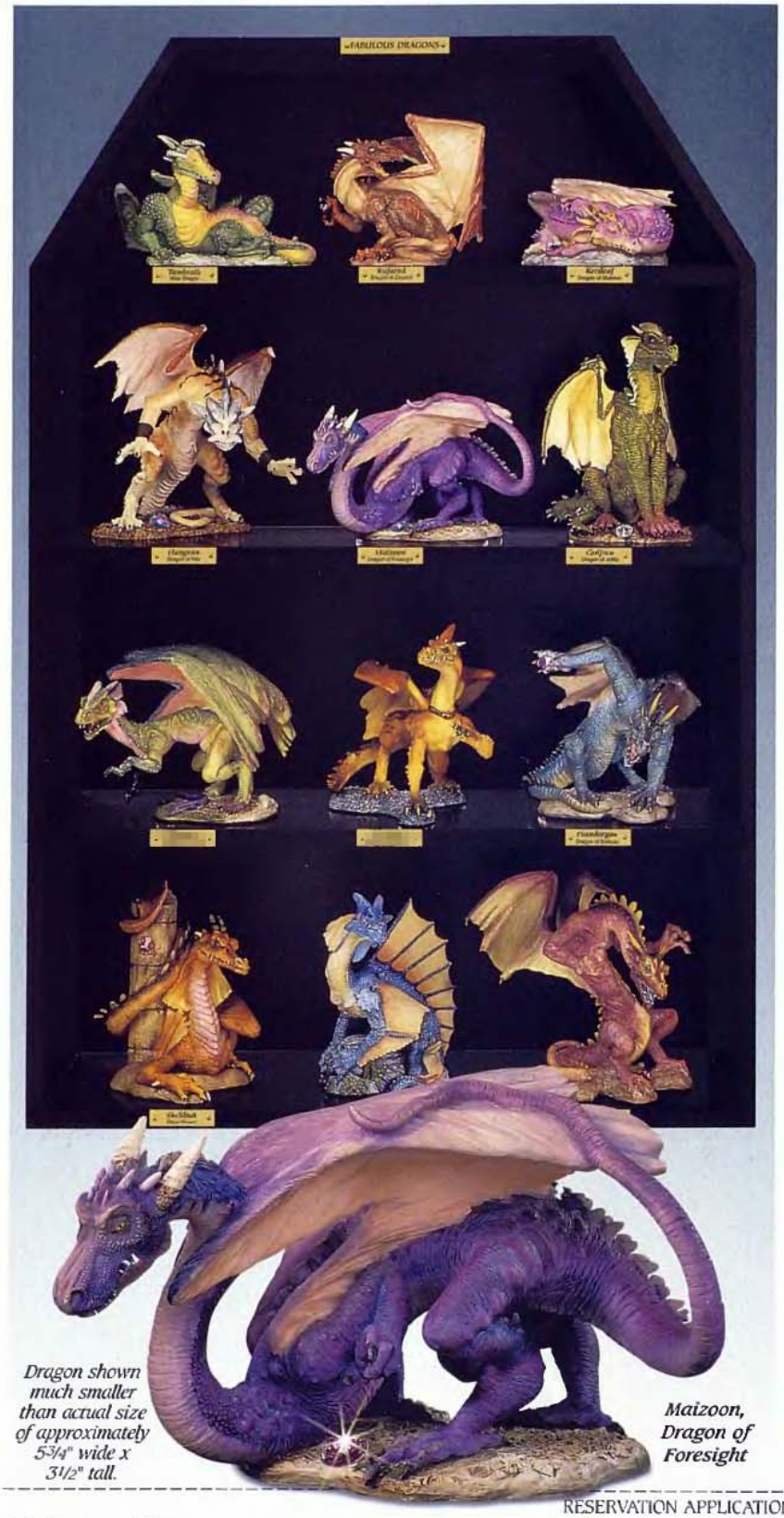
HARI KARAOKE

The college kid at the next table just brought down the house with an impassioned version of *Bohemian Rhapsody*, and now it's your turn to respond. Our advice: Keep it simple, grasshopper. Like Mandarin ballads, there are some songs you should never attempt at karaoke.

The Gambler by Kenny Rogers: Sure, everyone knows the chorus, but the spoken-word verses are impossible after a few Buds.

Close the Door by Teddy Pendergrass: With this water bed of a tune, Pendergrass ascended to Tender Pender the Lady Bender. Then there's you, Stanley.


ACTION FIGURE
"NOW G.I. JOE HAS SOMETHING TO FIGHT FOR."
If you've had the chance to attend a Playmate signing by the tall and awesome Victoria Silvstedt, you know she's one of our biggest stars. And now she comes in a size anyone can handle, thanks to a new line of dolls by Living Toyz. The doll is what we call anatomically approximate. Honest—we can't stop taking peeks under her bikini every time our secretary walks by.



Dragon shown much smaller than actual size of approximately 5¾" wide x 3½" tall.

Maizoon, Dragon of Foresight

Fabulous Dragons

Expertly sculpted and hand-painted figurines...each set with a sparkling crystal!

Legend has it that dragons are fearsome beasts. But, while some are easily angered and quick to attack, others are peaceful, even gentle and caring.

Now, you can acquire *Fabulous Dragons*, an amazing fantasy figurine collection of twelve expertly sculpted, awe-inspiring, fire-breathing creatures.

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Each dragon is superbly crafted in cold-cast porcelain and expertly hand painted in vibrant colors by skilled artisans. Each sculpture also comes with its own unique crystal.

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Completing the collection is a striking, black wooden display, complete with brass title plaques. You will also receive *at no extra cost* a dragon talisman struck in lustrous pewter and wearable as a necklace.

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The *Fabulous Dragons* collection is available *exclusively* from the Danbury Mint and is favorably priced at $35 for each sculpture, payable in two convenient installments of $17.50 (plus a total of $4 for shipping and handling per sculpture). The finely crafted display is also priced at just $35, payable in two installments of $17.50 (plus a total of $4 for shipping and handling). You will receive your sculptures at the rate of one every other month. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. Order today!

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Fabulous Dragons

Send no money now.

YES! Please reserve the *Fabulous Dragons* as described in this announcement.

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(Orders subject to acceptance.)

Name _____
(Please print clearly.)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Allow 2 to 4 weeks after initial payment for shipment.

FDF1E065

BACK-LOT BABY #1

When the view from the tripod in the corner gets dull, you may be ready to book time at Live Acts Video in Los Angeles. The studio has everything you need—like privacy—to produce a professional-quality porn video set in a barn, dungeon or doctor's office. The nurse will see you now and for many weeks afterward, too.

We knew you'd understand.

American Pie by Don McLean. You'll be up there so long, you'll be in danger of sobering up and realizing you're making an ass of yourself.

B.O.B. by Outkast: Outkast are trained microphone professionals. Any attempt to replicate their fabulous flow will only result in humiliation for you and your loved ones.

Der Kommissar by Falco: Add two points for degree of difficulty because of unforgiving language barrier.

Ohio by Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young: Songs of domestic atrocity during wartime penned by introspective hippies don't make for festive karaoke fare.

Fuck tha Police by N.W.A.: Endured Lady Justice's blind eye at the hands of corrupt cops? Go ahead, grab the mike. Otherwise, sit down and grab a beer.

The Blood of Jesus by Reverend James Cleveland: We like irony with our karaoke, but you'll have a hard time carrying the tune.

Do-Re-Mi by Julie Andrews: Usually followed by cries of "Kill the monster!"

Subterranean Homesick Blues by Bob Dylan: The bard needed flash-cards to get through this wordy, rapid-fire number. You'll sound like Uncle Lou warbling after a few tom and jerrys at Christmas.

"The weirdest thing about me is that I like to walk around naked. I grew up walking around naked in my house. My mom was like that and my sisters. My father worked nights and slept during the day, so we had no one to hide from." — Jennifer Lopez

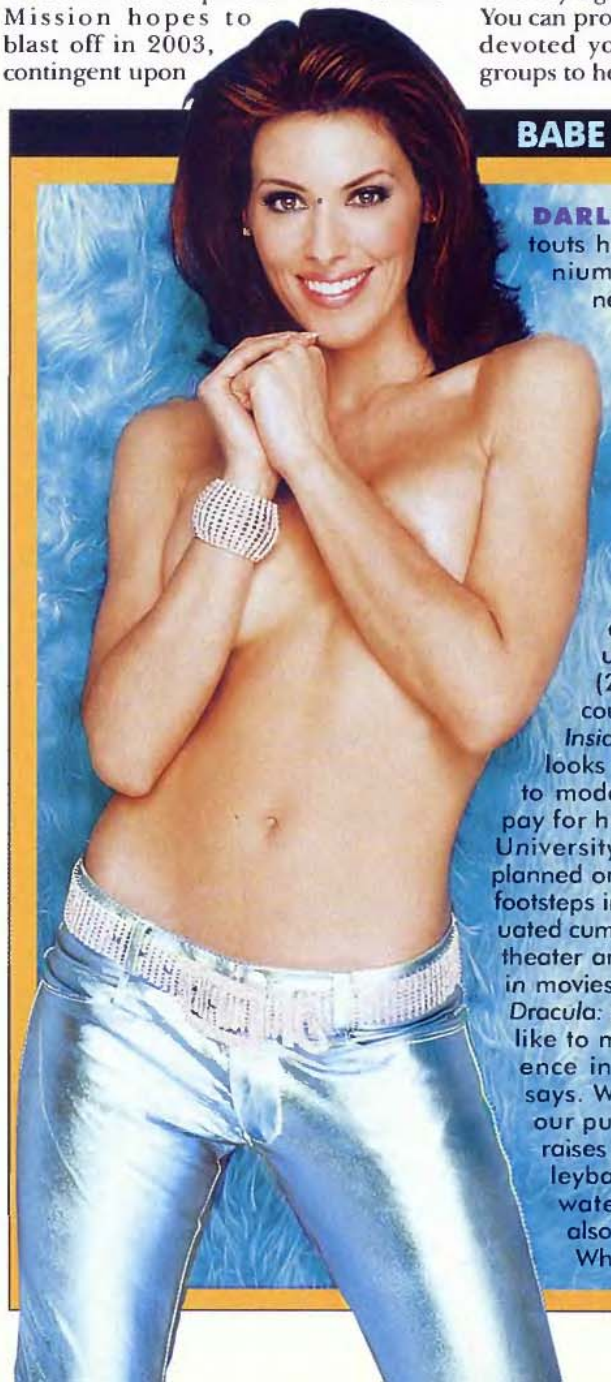
SPACE JAM

The Times of London has broken the news that NASA is supplying female astronauts with pregnancy test kits. Because female astronauts haven't been allowed in space while pregnant, this move could mark a change in the U.S. space program's long-standing puritanical position against extraterrestrial tang. If you're thinking that scientists will want to test out-of-this-world sex on mice first, the Mars Society is one step ahead of you, as usual. They're building a sex capsule so mice can copulate, reproduce and have the little critters grow to adulthood while in orbit. Then they will be studied to see how low gravity affects their development. The Translife Mission hopes to blast off in 2003, contingent upon funding. Just what the universe needs—more mice.

BLESSED ARE THE BEERMAKERS

As with all myths, the origins of this one are mysterious. When fundamentalist students printed a pro-abstinence T-shirt listing the Top 10 Reasons Jesus Is Better Than Beer years back, hophead students responded with their Top 10 Reasons Why Beer Is Better Than Religion. Now the list enjoys an afterlife online: "No one will kill you for not drinking beer. Beer doesn't tell you how to have sex. Beer has never caused a major war. They don't force beer on minors who can't think for themselves. When you have beer, you don't knock on people's doors trying to give it away. Nobody's ever been burned at the stake, hanged or tortured over their brand of beer. You don't have to wait more than 2000 years for a second beer. There are laws saying beer labels can't lie to you. You can prove you have a beer. If you've devoted your life to beer, there are groups to help you."

BABE OF THE MONTH



DARLA HAUN's website touts her as the New Millennium Woman, and, being new millennium men, we were pleased to find that she dresses the part. You are certain to have seen the So Cal native on shows such as *Baywatch*, *Silk Stalkings*, *Dave's World*, *Ellen*, *Party of Five* and *Sunset Beach*. These days, as her bleary-eyed fans are aware, Haun is a habitual *Tonight Show* guest (21 appearances and counting) and the host of *Inside DirectTV*. Darla's sexy looks and brilliant smile led to modeling gigs that helped pay for her tuition at Cal State University, where she initially planned on following her father's footsteps into dentistry. She graduated cum laude with a degree in theater arts and picked up roles in movies like *Sight Unseen* and *Dracula: Dead and Loving It*. "I'd like to make a positive difference in people's lives," she says. When she's not raising our pulses on-screen, Darla raises her own by playing volleyball, skating and white-water rafting. The actress also volunteers at Meals on Wheels. More, please.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 143.

movies

By LEONARD MALTIN

IT OFTEN SEEMS as if no one makes movies for grown-ups anymore. Then, every December, distributors seeking positions on critics' top 10 lists and Oscar nominations finally offer us mature entertainment, which happily spills over into January.

From Spain comes ***The Devil's Backbone*** (Sony Pictures Classics), a sinewy ghost story set during the Spanish Civil War. A remote outpost in the desert, several miles from town, has become a boys' school and a haven from the fighting, but it hides its own grisly secrets—as the newest boy to arrive soon discovers. Director Guillermo del Toro has worked successfully in Mexico (*Cronos*) and Hollywood (*Mimic*), but this film achieves a level of subtlety and sophistication that's world-class.

The Australian import ***Lantana*** (Lions Gate) is a provocative study of marriage and infidelity in the guise of a crime thriller. Anthony LaPaglia plays a police detective whose involvement in the disappearance of Geoffrey Rush's wife (Barbara Hershey) is colored by his own extramarital affair. LaPaglia's exceptional portrayal of a man in conflict is just one reason to see this film.

The pleasure of watching some of the greatest British actors alive (from Maggie Smith to Michael Gambon) makes Robert Altman's ***Gosford Park*** (USA Films) worth seeing—that, and the richly detailed portrait of Thirties life, upstairs and down, during a weekend in the country. Alas, the whodunit that calls all this talent together begins to plod after a while, and goes on far too long. Bob Balaban, who conceived the story with Altman, plays an American producer of Charlie Chan films. Doesn't anyone remember that those wonderful movies ran scarcely an hour and a quarter?

Monster's Ball: Kudos for Halle Berry.

As for homegrown product, ***Monster's Ball*** (Lions Gate) is one of the best films of the past year, a dramatically challenging movie that—unlike some other dark-tinged stories—allows us to experience a catharsis along with its characters and reach a rewarding resolution. Billy Bob Thornton plays a death row functionary whose latest execution shatters his world. Halle Berry is the widow of a prisoner whose own life, it seems, can't get any worse. Director Marc Forster leads his actors through Milo Addica and Will Rokos' script with equal parts daring and grace. The result is extraordinary.

SCENE STEALER

KATHLEEN ROBERTSON. **FIRST NOTICED:** On *Beverly Hills 90210*. **SOON TO BE SEEN IN:** *Speaking of Sex* with Bill Murray, opposite Mark Ruffalo in *XX/XY* and as real-life Canadian murderer Evelyn Dick in *Torso*. **HOW A JOB INTERVIEW WITH DIRECTOR JESSIE NELSON LED TO A SCENE IN *I AM SAM*:** "She was really sweet and amazing, and she said, 'I really want you in my movie, so I'm going to write you a scene.' This was at the same time I was doing *Scary Movie 2*, so leaving the set with all these crazy comedians and going to work with Sean Penn was a very weird transition. But it was great." **HOW FEMALE DIRECTORS DIFFER FROM THEIR MALE COUNTERPARTS:** "They're protective of you, especially of young women. I think they know what you're faced with, and the way you can be treated sometimes. When we were working on *Beautiful* and had to do a scene in our bathing suits, Sally Field, who was directing, would talk to us and make sure we were all comfortable." **WHAT WAS IT LIKE PLAYING A REAL-LIFE MURDERER?** "It was a weird experience. I was living in a hotel for months by myself, and my room was plastered with photos of her. But that's what makes actors different. Actors have to visit the places that other people avoid their whole lives." —L.M.

SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by leonard maltin

The Brotherhood of the Wolf The wolf-like creature that is terrorizing the countryside in 18th century France may not be imaginary. This bizarre French mélange of historical fiction, myth and monster movie has to be seen to be disbelieved. ¥¥

The Devil's Backbone The Spanish Civil War is the backdrop for this eerie ghost story set at a remote boys' school that hides dark secrets. A memorable film from writer and director Guillermo del Toro. ¥¥¥½

Gosford Park Maggie Smith, Michael Gambon, Kristin Scott Thomas and Clive Owen are among the British cast of this Thirties whodunit directed by Robert Altman. The performances are delicious, but the film is longer than it ought to be. ¥¥½

Heist Gene Hackman leads the cast in David Mamet's version of a caper film, which is too self-consciously clever to make its mark. ¥¥½

Iris Judi Dench and Jim Broadbent are great, as usual, in this wrenching story about British novelist Iris Murdoch and her battle with Alzheimer's. Kate Winslet plays Iris as a young woman in this well-acted film, which is awfully tough to watch. ¥¥½

Lantana Anthony LaPaglia is so guilt-ridden about cheating on his wife that it colors his investigation of a woman's disappearance—and his feelings toward her husband, Geoffrey Rush. Barbara Hershey co-stars in this terrific Australian drama. ¥¥¥¥

Monster's Ball Billy Bob Thornton and Halle Berry give great performances in this difficult—but rewarding—drama about repression and redemption. Heath Ledger, Sean Combs and Peter Boyle co-star under Marc Forster's impressive direction. ¥¥¥¥

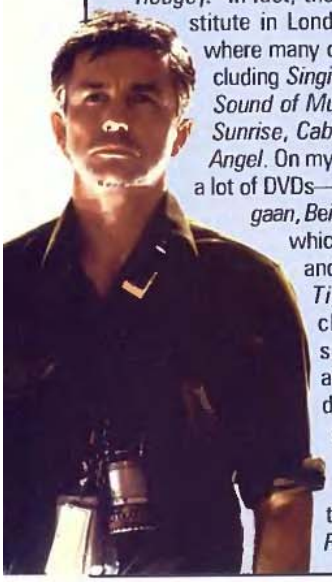
No Man's Land This parable about war in Bosnia proves a movie can be timely, provocative, sardonic, funny and entertaining all at once. ¥¥¥¥

Ocean's 11 George Clooney, Brad Pitt and Julia Roberts bring star power to this Las Vegas caper heist—but no one created characters worth caring about. An all-star disappointment, directed by Steven Soderbergh. ¥¥

Spy Game Robert Redford and Brad Pitt have charisma to spare, but this spy thriller is strictly routine, despite its high-energy, high-style trappings. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

GUEST SHOT



"There are a lot of films that have informed my cinematic language," says director **Baz Luhrmann** (*Romeo and Juliet, Moulin Rouge*). "In fact, the National Film Institute in London had a festival where many of them played, including *Singin' in the Rain, The Sound of Music, Lola Montès, Sunrise, Cabaret* and *The Blue Angel*. On my nightstand, I have a lot of DVDs—the Indian film *Lagaan, Being John Malkovich*, which I think is terrific, and *Tears of the Black Tiger*. DVDs have changed how we see movies. They allow us to have a deepened relationship with each film. That's what I tried to do with the DVD of *Moulin Rouge*." —JOHN REZEK

KAFFIYEH CINEMA

Much of Islam is a mystery to Western effendis like us. Use this cinematic primer to learn the difference between a *dishdasha* (tunic) and kaffiyeh (headdress). *Ma'asalaam!*

Lawrence of Arabia (1962): Peter O'Toole makes a dramatic fashion statement as a blue-eyed Brit in *smagh* (headcover) and *egal* (headband), riding a camel, in this intensely literate epic. It won seven Oscars, including Best Picture, but, oddly, not Best Costumes.

The Man Who Would Be King (1975): Colonial British military outcasts Sean Connery and Michael Caine aim to plunder remote Kafiristan (a northeastern region of Afghanistan), until Connery comes to believe "it's good to be king." Then the trouble starts. Great swashbuckling, if unapologetically non-PC.

The Little Drummer Girl (1984): Pro-Palestinian actress Charlie (Diane Keaton), looking trim in battle fatigues, is recruited to spy for Israel and becomes a bomb-toting terrorist in this John Le Carré thriller, directed with the usual twists by George Roy Hill (*The Sting*).

Not Without My Daughter (1991): Her Iranian husband, though swearing on the Koran they'd return to the U.S. after a short visit, prevents Betty Mahmoody (Sally Field) and their young daughter from leaving Iran. An uncomfortably intense look at Muslim fanatics.

Exodus (1960): Paul Newman leads the fight to let post–World War II Jewish survivors settle in part of Palestine. Of course, nobody asked the Palestinians. It might be time to look at this movie again to see how all the trouble began.

Four Feathers (1939): Desperately in need of redemption, presumed coward Harry Faversham (John Clements) disguises himself as an Arab in 19th century Sudan to save his three best friends. Filmed five times already, look for a remake with Heath Ledger this year.

Lion of the Desert (1980): Libyan Bedouins, dashing in *dishdashas*, battle invading forces from Mussolini's fascist Italy. Great action sequences—watch out for those tanks!—but one question: Who to root for? Financed by that famous Hollywood mogul Muammar el-Qaddafi.

Khartoum (1966): Uh-oh, it's a holy war. Followers of Muslim fanatic the Mahdi (Laurence Olivier in blackface) slaughter 8000 Brit colonials in 1884, and General Charles "Chinese" Gordon (Charlton Heston) diverts the Nile (!) to keep them out of Khartoum. It ends badly for the Brits.

The Thief of Baghdad (1924): With flying horses, magic carpets and bejeweled belly dancers, this romanticized spectacle recalls the Middle East when it was cool to vacation there. Sorry we missed it. Douglas Fairbanks Sr. in one of the great films of the silent era.

Life of Brian (1979): Monty Python's irreverent—OK, blasphemous—farce about reluctant prophet Brian (Graham Chapman, who also plays Biggus Dickus), born in a manger next to you know who. Finally, something funny in the Middle East. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

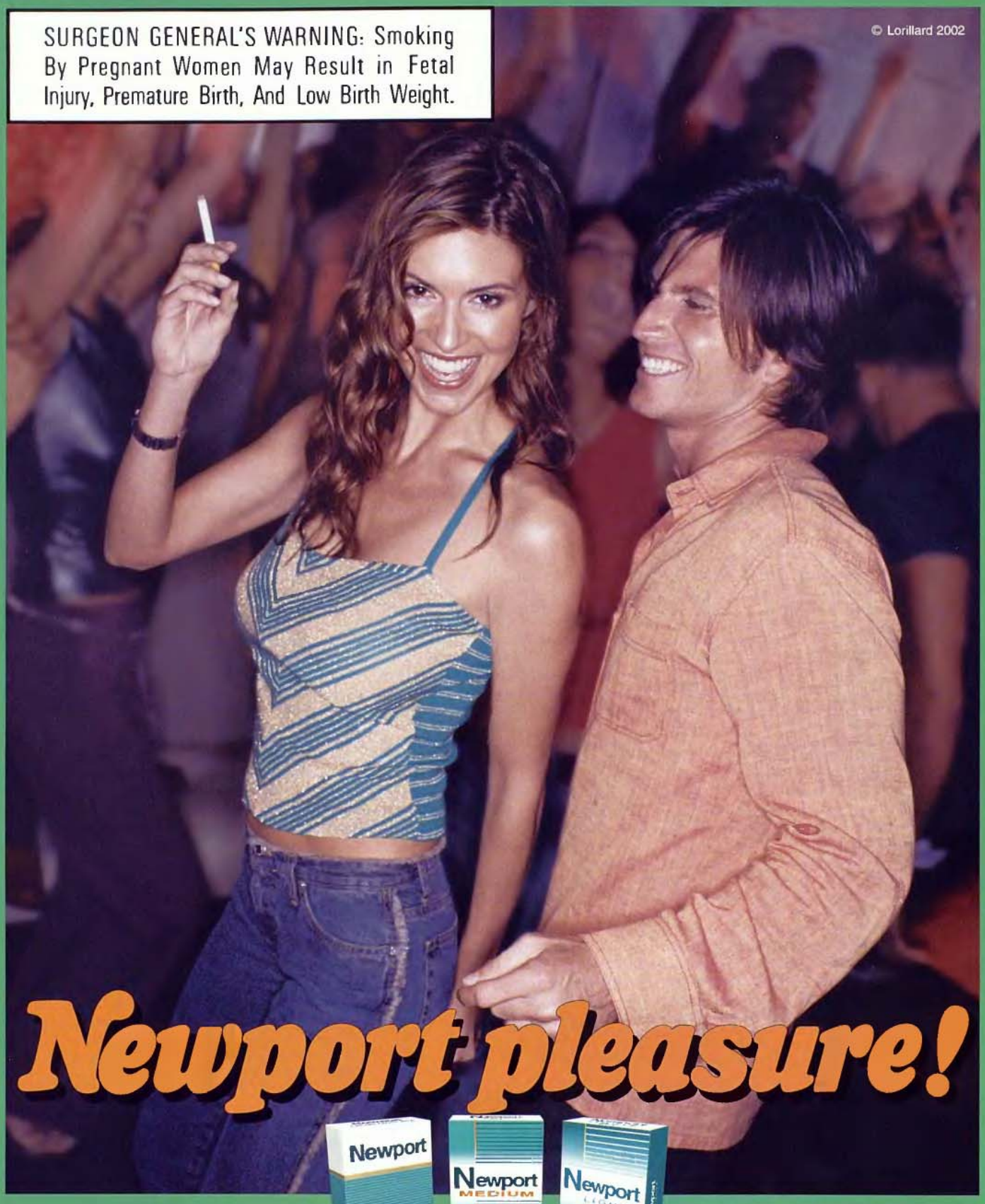
The defining point between the ages of the New Economy and the New Patriotism is an odd time to celebrate one of the most popular of all antiwar movies, but it's hard to ignore the Five Star Collection DVD (Fox, $27) of Robert Altman's seminal 1970 satire ***MASH***. This new two-disc edition of the countercultural landmark affords an Altman commentary and multiple behind-the-scenes and historical documentaries, though the primary draw remains the film itself, which is presented here in its original wide-screen aspect ratio (2.35 to 1). In his breakthrough film, Altman introduces the battery of techniques that gave birth to the adjective Altmanesque, including improvisational performances (which, at first, don't sit well with stars Elliot Gould and Donald Sutherland), multilayered dialogue and sound effects and long-lens shots of bustling wide-screen action. This bitingly funny and unapologetically irreverent film never looked better than it does on this disc. However, after seeing it, reverent viewers may want an apology. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

GUILTY PLEASURE

Those of you who long for a time when law and order were under siege from the dark forces of left-wing secular humanism will rejoice to see that Inspector Harry Callahan's entire oeuvre is spiffed up and available on DVD (Warner). *Dirty Harry, Magnum Force, The Enforcer, Sudden Impact* and *The Dead Pool* in sparkling digital transfers have gone ahead and made our day. Yours, too, if you're feeling lucky, punk. —J.R.

video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
COMEDY	***Rat Race*** (losers chase $2 million in cash; *Airplane* honcho Jerry Zucker revives all-star chase movies), ***What's the Worst That Could Happen?*** (one-upmanship consumes Martin Lawrence and Danny DeVito; dopey fun).
ART HOUSE	***Gojitmal*** (sculptor and schoolgirl take slap and tickle to extremes; Korean Sun-Woo Jang's oddly sweet drama), ***Dancing at the Blue Iguana*** (strippers Jennifer Tilly, Daryl Hannah and Sandra Oh bare all; great naked bits).
MONSTER	***Jeepers Creepers*** (on the road, brother and sister encounter a weird, winged whatchamacallit of death; refreshingly eerie), ***Ghosts of Mars*** (Ice Cube and Natasha Henstridge try to blast them to bits; spirited cheese).
TEENS IN JEOPARDY	***The Smokers*** (prep-school girls do bong hits and rape guys at gunpoint, almost; Thora Birch has her moments, though), ***The Glass House*** (chilly, nutty neighbors adopt the orphans next door; Leelee Sobieski is particularly hot and menaced).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music

DAVID COWLES

Cookie: The Anthropological Mix Tape (Maverick), Me'Shell Ndegéocello's fourth CD, marks an advance for the singer-bassist. As the title suggests, Me'Shell is after more than a hit record. The grooves are as deep and rich as her previous efforts, but the lyrics have a thoughtful, biting sociopolitical slant. The voices of poets and activists are sampled throughout, adding layers of intensity to the funk arrangements. —NELSON GEORGE

Pianist D.D. Jackson plays with enough fire to merit asbestos mittens. On ***Sigame*** (Justin Time), he leads a sparkling trio that can follow him anywhere, from lyrical Keith Jarrett–like lullabies to aggressive chord clusters that stir the soul. Maybe 21st century mainstream begins here. —NEIL TESSER

Check out an astute collection of North African pop, ***Tea in Marrakech*** (Earthworks). The disc begins with the Arabic peace greeting salaam over music that you could macarena to and tours 15 of the region's best-sellers. As with most hits, these songs place a premium on catchiness, with a distinct desert tinge. They're funky, too, reproducing beats from all over the pop world on indigenous drums and fretboards and adapting local rhythms to electric instruments.—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

John Cohen has contributed to the folk revival as a musician, filmmaker, photographer and producer. ***There Is No Eye: Music for Photographs*** (Smithsonian Folkways) is the soundtrack for Cohen's book. Besides a fine old unreleased Dylan track (*Roll On John*), the CD features Roscoe Holcomb's incomparable *Man of Constant Sorrow* and other gospel, blues and bluegrass treasures. —DAVE MARSH

fast tracks

DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT BIOLOGY DEPARTMENT: But they do know their history. **Ben E. King** (*Stand by Me*) followed former Master Class teachers **Mary Wilson** and **Isaac Hayes** into the classroom at a Harlem school that is preserving history and culture through music. **REELING AND ROCKING: Snoop Dogg** has another movie lined up—*Lady T and Mojo Slim*. He'll play a small-time crook who falls for a cop's daughter. . . . **Gillian Grisman,** daughter of mandolin player **David,** has made a documentary about her father's collaboration with **Jerry Garcia.** It's in theaters around the country this month. . . . *Save the Last Dance* is being turned into a Fox-TV series. **NEWS-BREAKS:** *American Bandstand* will celebrate its 50th anniversary this spring with an ABC special hosted by—who else—**Dick Clark.** . . . Music Maker helps American roots musicians with medical and living expenses by selling their CDs of country, blues and mountain music. Go to musicmaker.org for more information. . . . **Leon Russell's** record label expects to release about 15 CDs a year, including his own CD of ballads and standards, *Moonlight and Love Songs*, in collaboration with a big band. Look for a 30-city tour. . . . **Tony Toni Tone** founder **Raphael Saadiq's** new solo CD, with special guests **D'Angelo, T-Boz, Ronald Isley** and **Angie Stone,** is called *Instant Vintage*.
—BARBARA NELLIS

Who fans, be alerted to ***The Oceanic Concerts*** (Rhino) by Pete Townshend and harpist Raphael Rudd. Pete's sweet tenor voice and mastery of the acoustic guitar have rarely been displayed with greater drama. His influences mix perfectly with Rudd's. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

Col. Parker started out as an LA cover band, led by ex–Guns n' Roses Gilby Clarke and Stray Cats Slim Jim Phantom, that paid homage to Sixties bands. But the group's debut album, ***Rock 'n' Roll Music*** (V2), is no relic. It has terrific songs, great hooks and heart and soul.
—VIC GARBARINI

Bitch and Animal open their ***Eternally Hard*** (Righteous Babe) with an ode to the dildo, turning macho rap to their advantage with parody. They maintain that in-your-face attitude as they explore relationship weirdness and pot smoking. —C.Y.

It remains to be seen whether America is ready for a Canadian rapper, but Jelleestone's self-titled debut (Warner) is a promising start. Big on the Toronto rap scene, he minimizes local references to make it below the border. —N.G.

Driving Rain (Capitol) is Paul McCartney's most emotionally open and musically fresh album since the Beatles' heyday. The death of his wife, Linda, and his impending marriage inspire this bittersweet pop from grief to renewal. —V.G.

Nobody makes better alt-country than ***Buddy and Julie Miller*** (Hightone). They've both had fine solo CDs; none comes close to this. —D.M.

Fifteen years ago, the funky D.C. dance style called go-go was a certified next big thing. It didn't happen, but that didn't stop it locally. ***The Beat: Go-Go's Fusion of Funk and Hip Hop*** (Liaison) is two CDs of swinging party rap. —R.C.

The magnificent ***Screamin' and Hollerin' the Blues: The Worlds of Charley Patton*** (Revenant) contains powerful Delta blues recorded in the late Twenties. Patton may have had the most frightening vocal delivery in American music—ravings mixed with powerhouse shouts. —D.M.

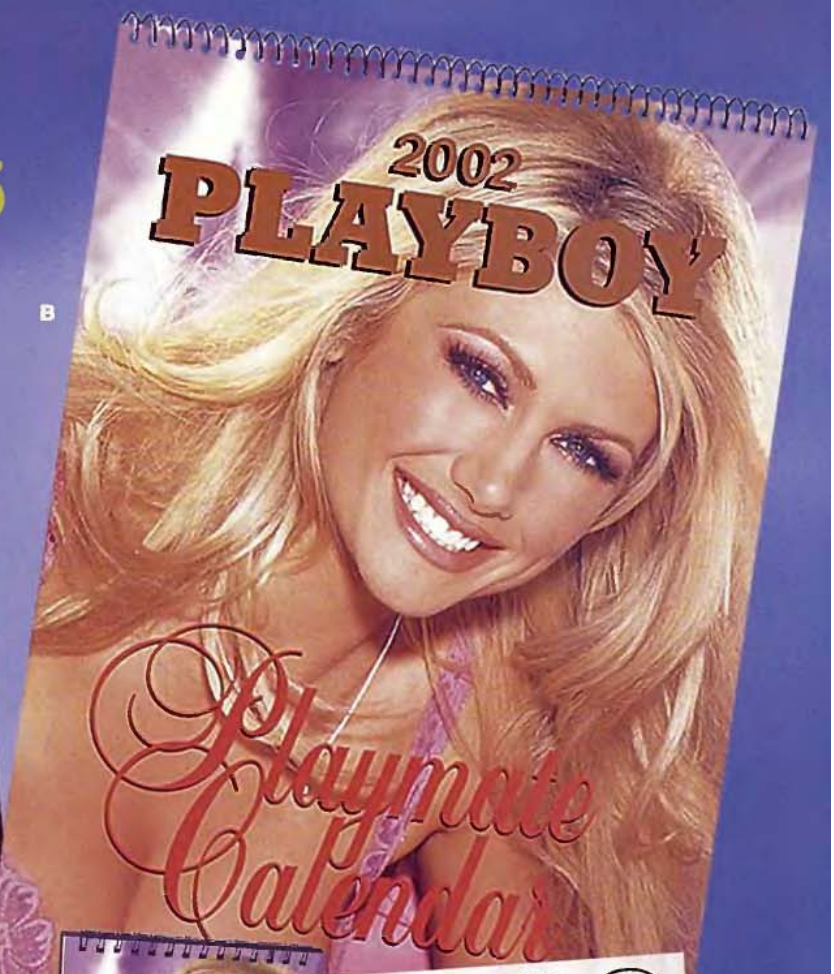
ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Bitch and Animal *Eternally Hard*	7	8	7	7	8
Col. Parker *Rock 'n' Roll Music*	4	8	6	6	8
Me'Shell Ndegéocello *Cookie*	9	8	9	7	7
Various artists *Tea in Marrakech*	9	7	9	7	7
Various artists *There Is No Eye*	5	10	9	9	9

PLAYBOY Calendars

The sexy way to keep track of your 2002 appointments.

A



B

C

D

E

F

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2002 Playboy Lingerie Calendar
The Bernaola twins make it a baker's dozen Playmates who appear in this 12-month calendar, and they're all clad in nothing but the sexiest intimate wear we could find! Also featuring cover girl Jaime Bergman, Nicole Marie Lenz, Summer Altice, Shannon Stewart, Buffy Tyler, Neferteri Shepherd, Nichole Van Croft, Brooke Berry, Brande Roderick, Cara Wakelin and Stacy Fuson.
A. NR7365 $14.99

2002 Playboy Playmate Calendars
Cover girl and 2001 PMOY Brande Roderick appears in these sensational 12-month calendars, along with Irina Voronina, Lauren Michelle Hill, Shannon Stewart, Victoria Silvstedt, Summer Altice, Buffy Tyler, Nicole Van Croft, Neferteri Shepherd, Heather Kozar, Crista Nicole and Cara Michelle! Full nudity.
B. NRCC2002W Wall $6.95
C. NRCC2002D Desk $6.95

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Featuring images from Playboy Special Editions' Nudes series. Full nudity. 12" x 12".
D. NR7677 $12.95

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TAKE COMMAND OF YOUR TV

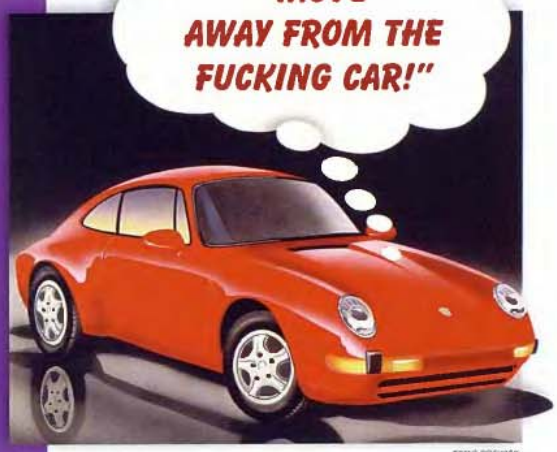
There are more tools for controlling your TV than just the remote. Sonicblue has launched its ReplayTV 4000 series of personal video recorders—the first to allow the sharing of videos between users anywhere. Connect the unit to a PC with an Ethernet connection and you can e-mail the latest episode of *The Simpsons* to a friend or download TV listings. The ReplayTV 4000 can also pause and rewind live TV, automatically skip commercials and store recorded programming (up to 320 hours) on its hard drive. Prices range from $700 (with a 40-hour memory) to $2000 (with a 320-hour memory). Plus, the systems don't require monthly fees like other services. Also new from Sonicblue is the Go-Video Dual-Deck VCR. Hardcore users can record their favorite TV shows and the dual-deck VCR will automatically dub another version onto a second VHS tape, eliminating marked commercial groups. Features vary among the three available models (from $250 to $350), but all include S-VHS playback, VCR Plus+ C3 and Movie Advance, a feature that skips film trailers. If you prefer to watch TV on your PC, try NVIDIA's new Personal Cinema. Connect your TV cable to the video card and you'll be able to watch, record and pause live TV, play DVDs and edit video. The product also ships with a wireless remote—a first for a video card. Prices range from $150 to $400, depending on the memory (32MB or 64MB) and the 3D chip set that is being used.

—MARC SALTZMAN

Above: Sonicblue's Go-Video VCR can automoticolly cut commerciols out of recorded programs.

NVIDIA's Personol Cinemo is the first PC video cord with o remote.

Watch TV on your PC with NVIDIA's Personol Cinema.



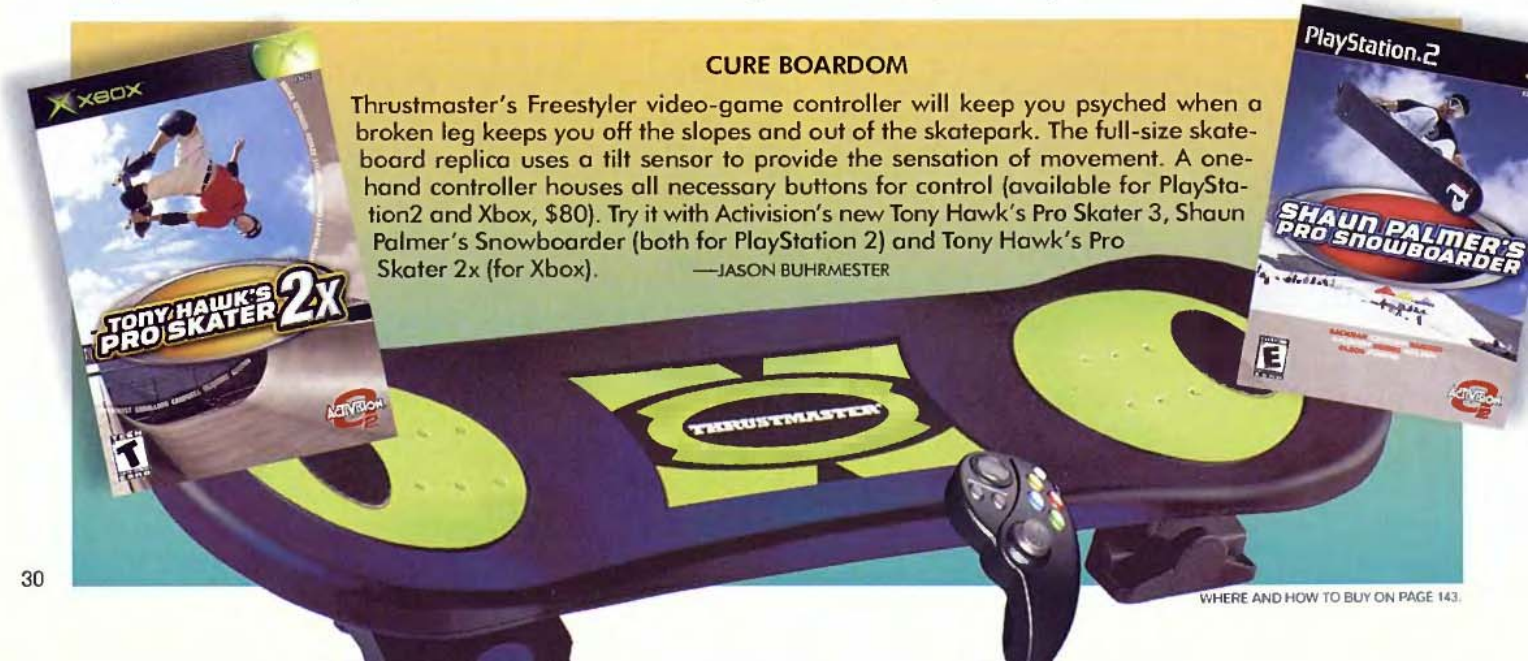
STEVE BOSWICK

IS THAT YOU, HAL?

You'll soon be able to replace the Robocop voice in your electronic devices with your own vocal stylings. Natural Voices, a software application that was developed at AT&T Labs, replaces current mechanized speech synthesis technology with custom computer-generated voices that are based on actual human recordings. You dial up a virtual recording studio and read the supplied text into the phone. A week or so later, a CD-ROM with the recording will arrive in your mailbox. Down the road, you could feed a few dollars into a voice booth and walk out of it with your CD-ROM. Bring that disc to your auto dealer and the Natural Voices software will translate your recorded words into a database of sounds based on your unique dialect. Once the database has been created, the software can transform any written words into lines of speech uttered in your voice—including words you've never spoken. In the future, if you want to change your voice mail greeting, you won't have to record and rerecord to get the words just right. Simply type the new message into your computer and let the software transform the text into your voice. Even cooler is AT&T's claim that you will be able to choose voices based on archival recordings. That way you can have Marilyn Monroe remind you to lock your car doors. Natural Voices is currently available to businesses for $5000, including the ability to record and transcribe one male and one female voice. AT&T expects a consumer PC version to debut in about a year, presumably at a lower cost. —BETH TOMKIW

CURE BOARDOM

Thrustmaster's Freestyler video-game controller will keep you psyched when a broken leg keeps you off the slopes and out of the skatepark. The full-size skateboard replica uses a tilt sensor to provide the sensation of movement. A one-hand controller houses all necessary buttons for control (available for PlayStation2 and Xbox, $80). Try it with Activision's new Tony Hawk's Pro Skater 3, Shaun Palmer's Snowboarder (both for PlayStation 2) and Tony Hawk's Pro Skater 2x (for Xbox). —JASON BUHRMESTER



WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 143.

By MARK FRAUENFELDER

PASSION PREDICTOR

HowGoodInBed.com claims that by knowing a few things about a person's appearance and social behavior, it can accurately predict sexual skill and adventurousness. To try it out, go to the site and answer the list of questions about a person you wonder about. You'll be asked to enter the person's approximate age, height, weight, hair length, mood, activity level, etc. HowGoodInBed.com takes this information, compares it with a database and presents you with the person's bedroom profile. If you don't have a particular somebody in mind but you're keen on finding a partner to meet your ideals, click on "What to Look For." If the information there is correct, then short, talkative women with long hair are going to be in short supply.

IMPROVE YOUR MEMORY

Even if you have a fast computer and a high-speed connection, you'll feel like you're bogged down in the mud unless you have plenty of memory installed. Prices are currently at an all-time low—you can buy a 256-megabyte memory card for as little as $25. If you aren't afraid to get under your PC's hood, and if you have a set of jeweler's screwdrivers (both Phillips-head and flat-blade), order as much RAM online as your computer can handle. My favorite site for buying memory is **ramjet.com,** which has a reputation for excellent customer service. Memory comes in different flavors, but Ramjet's "configurator" will help you get the right kind. It's a smart idea to buy an antistatic wrist strap for $7 so you don't ruin any microchips with an errant spark of electricity. Ramjet doesn't supply installation instructions, but I found a good page that explains how to install memory: **pcmech.com/show/memory/87.** Also, check the website of the company that made your PC for specific instructions.

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Next Page

HOST OF HOAXES

In 1972, *National Geographic* ran a cover story about a tribe of Stone Age people who had been discovered living in the Philippines. Dressed in leaves, the Tasaday appeared to have stepped out of a time machine. The tribe was billed as one of the greatest discoveries of the century. Unfortunately, the whole thing may have been a hoax perpetrated by a wealthy Philippine politician. You can find out more about the Tasaday and hundreds of other hoaxes by going to Cliff Pickover's Internet Encyclopedia of Hoaxes at **pickover.com/hoax.html.** You'll find links to dozens of hoax-busting sites. Each time you load the page, you'll be presented with a photograph of a different hoax, along with a multiple-choice guess-the-hoax game.

FREE ANSWERS

Can you feel pain after you've been guillotined? Do giraffes ever get struck by lightning? Why doesn't superglue stick to the tube? You can get the answers to these questions and hundreds more at *New Scientist* magazine's Last Word (**www.newscientist.com/lastword/**), an online column of reader-submitted questions and answers. If you don't have a question, you can review a list of unanswered questions such as "How was the first ruler made, since the person who made it needed something with a straight edge?" and then you can educate the rest of us.

MASTER YOUR DOMAIN

Even if you don't run a business online, it's still fun to have your own domain name (the stuff after the "@" sign in e-mail messages). You can use a domain as your personal website and e-mail address. In the early days of the Internet, you could register domain names free. But that ended when the web became huge. The federal government gave the sole right to register .com, .org and .net domain names to Network Solutions and allowed it to charge a fee for each name it registered. At $35 per name per year, it raked in hundreds of millions of dollars for what amounted to adding a few numbers to a database. Network Solutions finally had to give up its monopoly. You can now register a domain for as little as $15 a year. I use **dotster.com.** It has a different special offer every Sunday—last time I checked it offered domain registration for $9.

QUICK HITS

Cowabunga! Bone up on your surfing lore at **surfhistory.com.** . . . Lice-ridden man shampoos with gasoline, head ignites: Read about him and other unlucky recipients of the Darwin Awards at **darwinawards.com.** . . . Pocket full of fun: porn for your PDA at **pocket-xxx.com.**

books

ROCK AND CORPSES

One would think mystery writers had exhausted their options for world-weary characters who encounter death on a daily basis. Leave it to Carl Hiaasen to find another hero, a former hotshot investigative reporter assigned to the obituary desk in ***Basket Case*** (Knopf). Contrary to rumors, the death of irony has been greatly exaggerated—that is, if Jack Tagger is doing the obits. When Jimmy Stoma, former lead singer of Jimmy and the Slut Puppies, has a diving accident, Tagger interviews the deceased's wife, Cleo Rio, a one-hit punk wonder. Not quite the grieving widow, she sparks Tagger's professional curiosity. Was Stoma, the source of such albums as *A Painful Burning Sensation*, really retired, or was he working on a comeback album? Then other musicians start to bite the dust. Those familiar with Hiaasen know the plot is the hook on which he hangs odd characters and drive-by social commentary. There are weird would-be record producers, a club scene right out of a Courtney Love scrapbook, helpful computer geeks and pompous newspaper publishers. The singer's sister even runs a webcam porn site. Hiaasen's riff is not as funny as some he has played, but it works. —JAMES R. PETERSEN

LISTEN UP

What's hot in audio books? Crime and trouble and how to avoid them. A quick crook's tour starts with Brad Meltzer's ***The Millionaires*** (Time Warner Audio), in which two brothers plan a little $3 million bank job and wind up with $300 million. ***Hell to Pay*** (Brilliance) by George Pelecanos, one of the new kings of hard-boiled fiction, sends a couple of D.C. private eyes on a hunt for a 14-year-old hooker. A cast led by Keith Carradine enacts Joyce Carol Oates' chilling ***American Appetites,*** about a group of Eighties scholars hit by scandal. Craig Holden's ***The Jazz Bird*** (Simon and Schuster Audio) is a fictional account of the murder of a Roaring Twenties socialite by her bootlegger husband. Felonious nonfiction comes from Frank Abagnale, a onetime con man turned best-selling author (*Catch Me If You Can*) who discloses fantastic but true tricks of the scam trade in ***The Art of the Steal*** (Blackstone Audio), along with ways to avoid them. And, on the subject of dodging the bullet, Joshua Piven and David Borgenicht, creators of the tongue-in-cheek *Worst Case Scenario* best-sellers, have come up with a surefire new sequel with Jennifer Worick, ***The Worst-Case Scenario Survival Handbook: Dating and Sex*** (Listen and Live Audio). Covered are such crucial topics as how to have sex in a small space and, a real peril of romance, how to survive waking up next to someone whose name you don't remember. —DICK LOCHTE

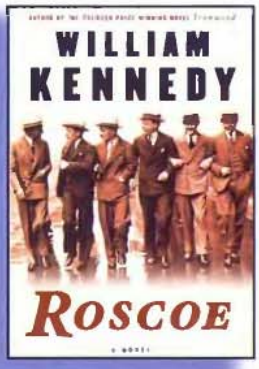
ARIE SCHMELTZ

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

We're big fans of the Govinda Gallery, which publishes signed limited-edition books of rock photographs and art. ***Exile,*** with only 2000 copies available, is a pictorial history of the summer of 1971 at the French chateau where the Stones recorded *Exile on Main Street*. Beautifully shot by photographer Dominique Tarlé, with interviews by Robert Greenfield, *Exile* sells for $390. It's well worth it. Call Govinda at 800-775-1111.

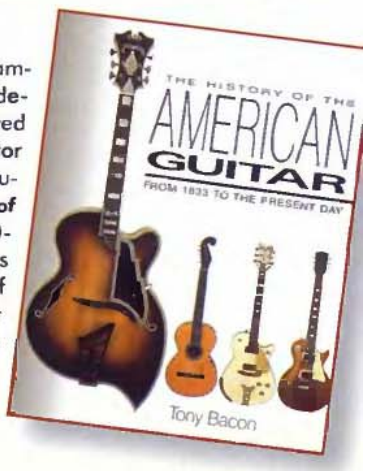
MACHINE DREAMS

Unless you're a New York State taxpayer, you probably don't give Albany much thought. Yet, in the hands of William Kennedy, New York's capital takes on the scope of Moscow or Paris. ***Roscoe*** (Viking), the seventh book in Kennedy's cycle of Albany novels, details the postwar last hurrah of the city's Democratic machine. Filled with the same sort of kitchen-table history that characterized Kennedy's *Legs* and *Ironweed*, *Roscoe* marks the fall of political boss Roscoe Conway. As Roscoe's story makes clear, politics ain't beanbag—it's betrayal and heartbreak.



ZING WENT THE STRINGS

B.B. King memorialized his guitar by naming it Lucille, while Pete Townshend destroyed his onstage. Jimi Hendrix played his Strotocaster with his teeth. But guitar historian Tony Bacon honors the instrument in another way, with ***The History of the American Guitar*** (Sterling), a 150-page book with foldout photographs and text that trace the development of the guitar. Martin, Gibson and Fender are a major part of the story, but it's the obscure six-stringers that keep it interesting. —JASON BUHRMESTER



It takes one man to plug a **leaky** Jack Daniel's barrel. And a second to keep him from getting any ideas.

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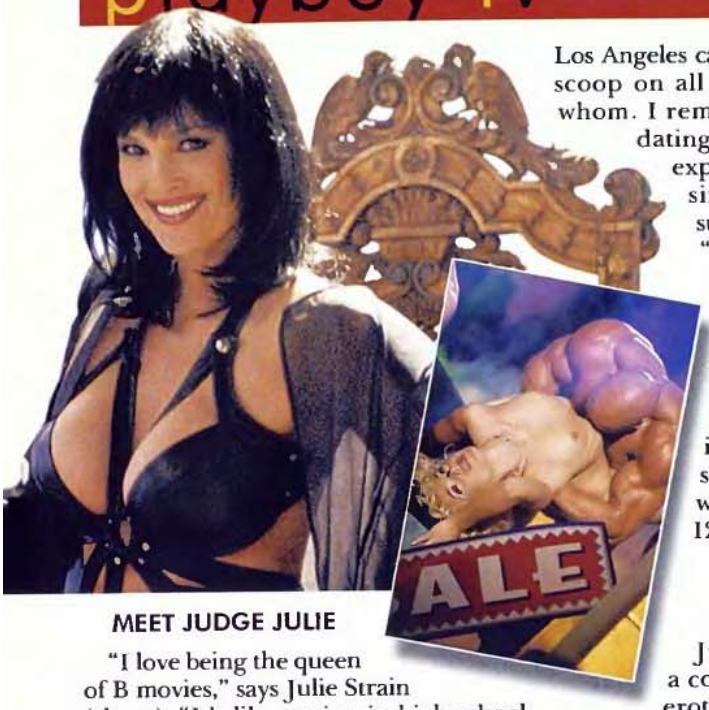


MEET JUDGE JULIE

"I love being the queen of B movies," says Julie Strain (above). "It's like staying in high school forever and being crowned prom queen every year." The star of such action-adventure flicks as *Heavy Metal 2000* and *Sorceress* occasionally crosses over into mainstream films. "I did *The Independent* with Jerry Stiller. I was Geena Davis' body double in *Thelma and Louise*. I have 115 babies—my movies—and, good or bad, I love them all." Strain, who does many of her own stunts, survived a horseback riding accident 12 years ago. "I had amnesia. I woke up in the hospital and didn't know my mother," she says. "With the lawsuit winnings, I started over in Los Angeles and got discovered." Now she's laying down the law as Judge Julie on Playboy TV's *Sex Court* and co-teaching a popular UCLA photography class. "I'm also working on a diet book called *Take the Top Bun Off*, the cover of which features a bunless hot dog with goo dripping into my mouth!"

The kinky cast of *Sexcetera* (above) reports from the sexual frontier.

SEXCETERA

The major TV networks won't even touch erotic reality television, but the reporters on Playboy TV's documentary series *Sexcetera* have made it their mission to introduce you to the world's sexual pioneers. "They produced a segment about me—at home, the artist, the model, Judge Julie," says Strain. "If I were a *Sexcetera* reporter, I would love to go undercover in the Los Angeles call-girl scene. I'd want the scoop on all the stars—who's doing whom. I remember being single and dating some celebrities." Don't expect Julie, who got married six years ago, to look for such adventures anymore. "The only place I party is the Playboy Mansion," she says. "You can't dynamite my ass out of bed unless Hugh Hefner is there with a bunch of Playmates. LA nightlife isn't for me. I don't like to see the same people I saw when I got off the airplane 12 years ago."

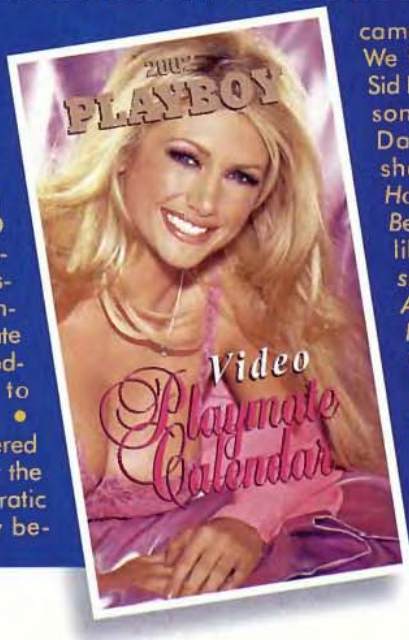
SEX COURT

Judge Julie presides over a courtroom brimming with erotic crimes and sexual misdemeanors on *Sex Court* (left), where she implements her own brand of justice. "I have a whip in my hand and I'm not afraid to use it," says Strain. "I wear a wig because the viewers want to see my tits, and they can't see them with my hair cascading over them. My favorite case was called the Orgasmic Narcoleptic. The guy had a lot of piercings. His tongue ring was so intense that when he ate his girlfriend out, she was thrown into a wild, orgasmic frenzy and then would fall asleep, leaving him with a stiff one in his hand. My judgment required him to remove the tongue ring, eat her until she had the orgasm of her life, fuck her hard, put the tongue ring back in and lick her to sleep. There was another case where a guy had to dress like a woman, and I think he was enjoying his costume a little too much. Mr. Dressy Pants locked himself in my dressing room and started masturbating, broke the toilet and caused a flood in the studio. I think that was a compliment, don't you?" Indeed, and she might have to impose an even tougher sentence if he gets his hands on one of the Judge Julie figurines that are sold at PinUpLegends.com.

PLAYBOY'S SEXY GIRLS NEXT DOOR

Featuring some of the neighborhood girls of your dreams, *Playboy's Sexy Girls Next Door* compares the photos of three aspiring starlets competing for the chance to shoot a sexy video. What advice would photographer Julie give the gals? "This might be her one big shot, so she should get in shape, wear heels, arch her back and stick out her ass and titties. She should be naughty and pretend she's taking pictures for her boyfriend. That will make the shots more realistic." For *Sex Court*, *Sexcetera* and *Playboy's Sexy Girls Next Door* viewing times, click on playboytv.com.

THIS MONTH'S PICKS



Keep warm this winter by watching a dozen amazing Centerfolds bare it all in the *2002 Video Playmate Calendar*, which includes a nude slide show (DVD only), a bonus *Calendar Retrospective* cassette and a mini calendar with 2001 Playmate of the Year Brande Roderick on the cover to stash in your wallet. • Have you ever wondered what life was like for the libidinous stars of erotic cinema before they became familiar names? We have the goods on Sid Deuce, Jenna Jameson, Juli Ashton and Dallas—pre–money shots—in *Sex Under Hot Lights: Adult Stars Before the Fame*. It's like *Behind the Music*, only hotter. • In *Amanda's Naughty Pool Party*, we capture one frisky day of play. It's a girls-only celebration. Need we say more? To purchase the videos, log on to playboytv.com.

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PLAYMATES IN MOTION

What could be better than seeing a Playmate's sexy Centerfold? Well, nothing, actually. But spending some quality time watching your favorite Playmate playing around in the nude in her Playboy video can be almost as satisfying. In the Playboy Cyber Club's exclusive Playmate Video Jukebox, we're continually adding Playmate video clips, and you don't even need to drop a quarter in the jukebox to see one. Just flip through the list of Playmates, click on the one you want to see and let the action begin. From lusty little Angela Little, Miss August 1998, slinking around on satin sheets to 45th Anniversary Playmate Jaime Bergman horsing around, it's video on demand at its finest and sexiest. And don't

forget that in addition to the Video Jukebox, the Cyber Club (cyber.playboy.com) features a pictorial of every Playmate in PLAYBOY's nearly 50-year history.

HOP ALONG WITH THE BETTING BUNNY

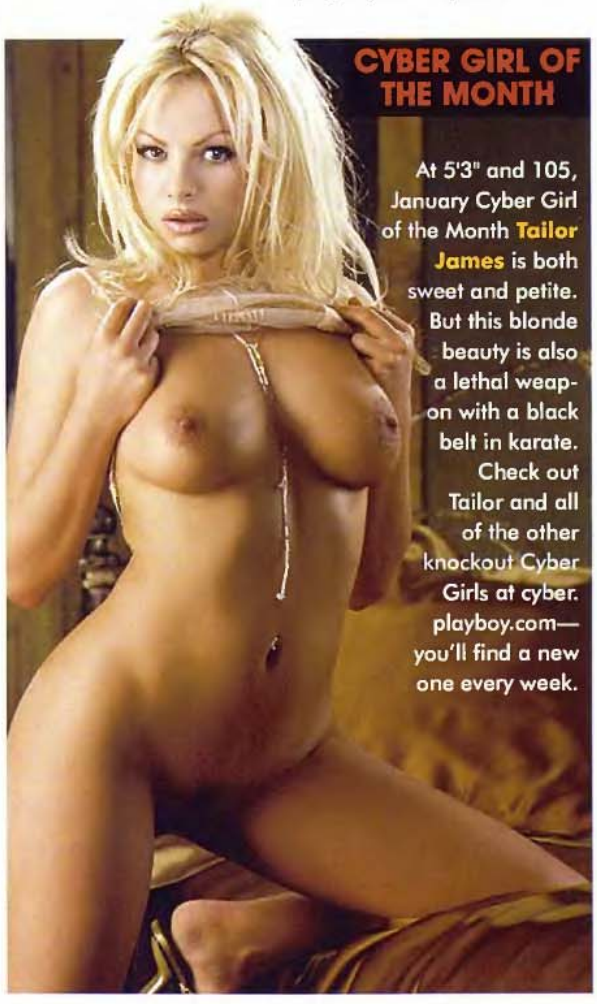
Are you a betting man? If so, hop on over to playboycasino.com and get acquainted with Deanna, our alluring online Betting Bunny. She'll introduce you to all of the high-stakes fun Playboy offers on its online casino. Play more than 50 of your favorite games, including blackjack, slots, keno, craps and video poker. It's the ultimate bettor's paradise (void where prohibited by law). Log on to www.playboycasino.com and start getting in on the action today.

WWW.HUGHHEFNER.COM

Playboy.com is celebrating Hugh M. Hefner's personal achievements, his media exposure and even his "special ladies" in a 300-page subsite dedicated to all things Hef. At hughhefner.com, you can take an interactive, insider tour of the Playboy Mansion and the Grotto, or view streaming video clips of Hef's countless television appearances, from *The Simpsons*, *Just Shoot Me* and *Sex and the City* to *Blossom*, *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air* and *Laverne and Shirley*. Another highlight of the site includes a fully illustrated scrolling timeline starting with Hef's baby picture and continuing through his recent immortalization (in silicone, of course) at the Hollywood Wax Museum. You don't want to miss the animated A Day in the Life, a detailed primer on Hef's girlfriends, an official photo album from Hef's 1989 royal wedding and up-to-the-minute snapshots from Hef's personal cameras, taken on the town with his playful posse of sexy girlfriends. And for the PLAYBOY scholar: the complete and unedited Playboy Philosophy, published for the first time since 1962.

GIRLS WITH GAME

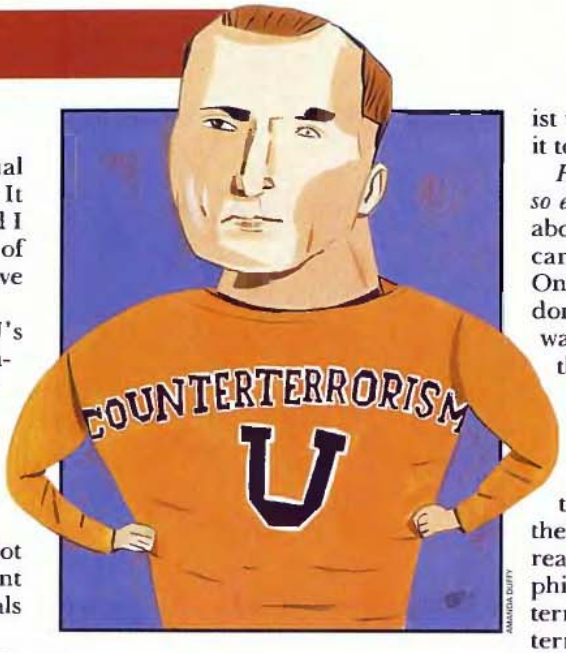
Two things near and dear to every PLAYBOY man's heart are sex and sports. When they collide, it usually involves a deliciously scandalous affair. Whether it's NBA legends getting head in an Atlanta strip club or exhibitionist couples copulating in Skydome seats during Blue Jays baseball games, nearly every sport has had its public displays of affection. Historically, PLAYBOY has done its fair share to marry both sex and sports, including featuring pictorials of NFL cheerleaders, a Chicago Cubs batgirl and star athletes such as volleyball goddess Gabrielle Reece and ice-skating queen Katarina Witt. Now playboy.com devotes an entire portion of its sports section (playboy.com/sports) to a historical look at those headline-grabbing episodes when sex and sports butt heads. In addition to those sexy, sweat-soaked features, you'll also find weekly reviews of the hottest sports video games and interviews with some of the world's top jocks. That means insights into the likes of Shaquille O'Neal and Dale Earnhardt Jr. Get in the game at playboy.com/sports.



CYBER GIRL OF THE MONTH

At 5'3" and 105, January Cyber Girl of the Month **Tailor James** is both sweet and petite. But this blonde beauty is also a lethal weapon with a black belt in karate. Check out Tailor and all of the other knockout Cyber Girls at cyber.playboy.com—you'll find a new one every week.

By ASA BABER



OUTSMARTING THE ENEMY

WELCOME TO the world's most unusual school, Counterterrorism University. It is a pleasure to see you here today, and I wish you luck as you investigate one of the toughest subjects you will ever have to deal with.

You are hereby enrolled in CU's required course for beginners, Counterterrorism 101, also known as Counterterrorism for Dummies. It addresses the regular guys of America, most of whom dislike being sitting ducks in the face of terrorist violence. Most guys are restless, ready and rambunctious. Being passive is not their style, even when the government makes inane and ineffective proposals for the public's defense.

Few men are thrilled with the suggestion that they combat terrorism as private citizens by looking for vaguely suspicious people who are applying for hazardous-materials trucking permits or crop-dusting licenses. Few men are impressed with the directive that they keep a sharp lookout in their neighborhoods for people who transport small suitcases that could contain: (a) personal clothing and toiletries, (b) pornographic videotapes, (c) 20 pounds of powdered anthrax or (d) miniaturized but powerful nuclear weapons.

Those kinds of counterterrorism assignments, which Uncle Sam has suggested to pacify the average citizen, are too tame for the rowdy buckaroos I know, all of whom are men of action. They like to analyze problems rationally, fix them efficiently and then move on. "I've got it handled" is the real man's mantra, not "I'll just sit here and knit baby booties while a hijacked jumbo jet flies up my butt and vaporizes me."

For most men, the worst part of living under terrorist threats isn't the increased level of physical risk but the feelings of helplessness that come with terrorist scenarios. When we feel helpless, we feel emasculated, and that is a humiliating condition. We know we need to do something when terrorists strike, but what? Some of us fantasize briefly about becoming heroes and saving the day.

If that description fits you, you would probably prefer to skip this class and move on to my more popular Counterterrorism 102 course. There you will learn the fundamentals of heroic action, such as hand-to-hand combat, satellite reconnaissance, interrogation and assassination techniques, voice-print recognition, microwave communications, international banking scams, street surveillance, breaking-and-entering foreign embassies, camouflage and disguise strategies, night-vision devices, reprogramming handheld computers, bribing and blackmailing potential informants, language training, demolitions, first aid and medical surgery, clearing land mines, identifying chemical and biological agents, and other subjects a professional counterterrorist has to understand. (Come to think of it, if this sounds too good to be true, why not enlist in the military now and choose the Special Forces option?)

Here at CU, you will eventually master this material, but all such training takes time, and we do not have the luxury of time. So let me give you four rules you can use immediately. They are not as exciting as the curriculum above, but they focus on the most important aspects of the subject—how to feel less helpless as you confront terrorism and how to take a more active role in the conflict of the century:

Rule One: Understand the name of the game. Terrorism is a mental battle. It is a war for your mind and imagination, and it uses physical intimidation to play on your fears and insecurities. The terrorist may act like he wants to cut off your balls, but what he really wants to do is cut out your brain and walk away with it.

Think about that image for a minute: The terrorist wants to open the top of your skull and remove your brain and control it. But you can win this one by sheer denial, by thinking and reading and researching things on your own and by refusing to surrender passively to anyone else. Rule One may sound simplistic, but nothing takes more energy, guts and determination than the protection of your own thinking when it is under deadly assault. This is your first line of defense—identifying what the terrorist wants from you and refusing to give it to him.

Rule Two: An empty brain is easily stolen, so educate yourself. The more you know about the terrorist's world, the less he can dominate and propagandize you. Once again, establish your mental freedom in the presence of an enemy who wants to dominate your thoughts and thereby control you.

In Counterterrorism 101, we will spend a lot of time studying maps and population statistics. Most important, we'll track the progress of the world's religions and learn about their similarities and differences. We will read religious texts along with biographies of terrorist leaders, because most terrorist grievances begin with complex territorial and religious disputes, some of which go back thousands of years.

We will learn that revenge is a powerful motivation and that geography can determine a nation's destiny, especially in the Middle East. Terrorists discuss these issues all the time, from cradle to grave, but most Americans are woefully unprepared for such debates.

Therefore, buy a map of the world. Better yet, buy a globe so you can see our earth as if you were looking at it from outer space. Educate yourself, because if you don't do it, nobody else will. Our high school and university systems have long ignored geography, and the result has been disastrous when we've met people from other regions who feel disenfranchised and landlocked and disaffected, and blame us for their predicaments. But if you do your homework, you will feel more in control of your life, I promise.

Rule Three: Anger is OK, but if it controls your thoughts, you have just become a terrorist, too. You observe the slaughter of your fellow citizens, an unprincipled attack on our way of life, and dread the prospect of more of the same. You have every right to feel overwhelming anger. The millennium ushered in a new and darker direction in our history, one that is difficult to track today. But if we become a people bent on revenge above all else, we will have lost the battle and become the enemy ourselves.

Rule Four: The only good counterterrorist is a shrewd and patient counterterrorist. You are a man of action? So is a Special Ops sniper, but it can take him hours to crawl a few yards. Get the picture? This is going to be a long war, and your fellow Americans are not always patient people. But it is your job to stay the course and lie in the weeds and take your shot at the right time. In this business, the quiet man wins.

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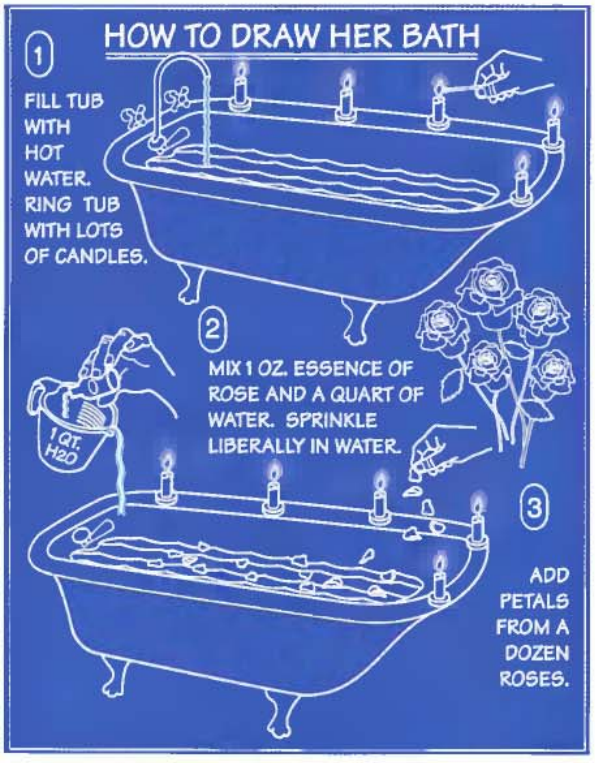
MANTRACK hey...it's personal

Saab's Story

According to Michael Maurer, Saab's executive director of design, the 9X concept car "is a feasible prototype that could go into production with little modification." If it does, this baby will take automotive innovations to a new level. In fact, the 9X is four cars in one: a 2+2 coupe, a roadster with detachable roof panels, a station wagon with fold-flat seating and a flip-down tailgate and a pickup with an open rear deck and a telescopic floor extension. Who says Swedes are stuffy? Under the hood is a 300-horsepower, turbocharged V6 coupled to all-wheel drive. The 9X's handleless doors are opened from the outside via a one-touch panel or a remote control. "You'll see at least one new product or concept car every year for the next six years," says Saab's president Peter Augustsson. We can hardly wait.


HOW TO DRAW HER BATH
1
FILL TUB WITH HOT WATER. RING TUB WITH LOTS OF CANDLES.
2
MIX 1 OZ. ESSENCE OF ROSE AND A QUART OF WATER. SPRINKLE LIBERALLY IN WATER.
1 QT. H2O
3
ADD PETALS FROM A DOZEN ROSES.

Hip and Cheap

Thames & Hudson's Hip Hotels series includes the titles *France*, *Escape* and *City*, and it has just added *Budget*—a guide to cheap, hip hotels around the world. The lobby of a W Hotel in Sydney's inner harborside district is pictured here. Caravanserai in Marrakech has a Berber influence, with unexpected courtyards and terroces. The Club Med on Bora Bora is the place to hong out. Shells have replaced beads os the coins of the realm. If your travels take you to India, stay ot the Samode Haveli in Jaipur. It's described os "maharojo shobby chic," and room rotes are $58 and up. Hip Hotels guides cost $29.95 each.

MANTRACK

The Write Stuff

In this world of faxes, e-mails and cellular phones, there's nothing like a handwritten note to catch someone's eye. Crane & Co., makers of 100 percent cotton correspondence papers since 1801, created the Design Ink Collection—a dozen cards with hand-engraved motifs of objects guys like. Pictured here are a martini glass and a roadster. Other notes feature an Adirondack chair, a balloon-tire bicycle, a motor scooter and a propeller plane. Price per box of 10 cards is $12 to $14, depending on size. Shown with the stationery is a stainless steel Porsche Design fountain pen by Faber-Castell that's made of TecFlex, the substance used in Porsche race cars to protect the engine's cables from heat and shock. The price: $270.

Clothesline: Bryan Cranston and Scott Cohen

"My wife shops for me," says Bryon Cranston (left), who plays Hal Wilkerson (the dad) on Fox' *Malcolm in the Middle*. "She dresses me because I'm a moron when it comes to clothes. She likes my outfits to contrast with the character I play on *Malcolm*, who's very soft. So when I'm out in public I'll wear a sports coat from Nordstrom, pressed jeans, a black T-shirt and cowboy boots. She wants people to know that there's a tough side to this guy." Scott Cohen (right), who formerly played detective Harry Denby on *NYPD Blue*, says anything Clork Gable wore he'd like to wear, "especially those Thirties boxy suits with big shoulders, a belt in the bock and loose unpleated pants." He also loves long coats, practically to his ankles—the kind 19th century Russians wore. Cohen's favorite item of clothing? A pair of East German woolen pants he bought years ago at an Army–Navy store. "They're sentimental, but I won't say why."

Our Kind of Chair

Think better in a reclining position, Mr. Big Shot? Steelcase has a chair for you. The Leap WorkLounge and ottoman pictured here, developed in conjunction with the design firm IDEO, "are the first seating products that provide support to both the upper and lower spine while reclining," according to Jan Carlson, general manager of Steelcase. Part of the trick is Live Bock technology, which changes the chair's shape to mimic the ways a user's spine moves while seoted. Upper and lower bock controls offer support, as does a Natural Glide System, which enables the seat to move forward os the user reclines. We can feel those brilliant thoughts flowing now. Both the WorkLounge and ottoman are available in a variety of fabrics. Prices: about $2400 for the WorkLounge, $400 for the ottoman. By adjusting the ottoman you can convert it to a work surface on which you can place your laptop, notebook or calculator.

Guys Are Talking About...

Alternative ways to fly. Given today's travel challenges, fractional aircraft ownership offered by companies such as Executive Jet makes a lot of sense. Participants in its NetJets program choose from a fleet of light, midsize or large-cabin aircraft built by Boeing, Cessna, Dassault, Gulfstream and Raytheon. Fifty air hours for $400,000 is the minimum, so this isn't for jaunts to your summer home (unless you're Donald Trump, who has his own plane anyway). Go to www.netjets.com for more information. • *Draft beer to go.* Guinness Draught in a can has been around since 1992. Now the company is offering Guinness Draught in a bottle, thanks to a free-floating plastic gizmo called the Rocket Widget that emits a mixture of gas each time you tip the bottle. The result is a creamy head with each pour. Check liquor stores. • *Thirty-day cantact lenses.* The FDA has approved CIBA Vision's Focus Night and Day contact lenses, which you can wear for up to a month. They allow more oxygen to reach the eyes than ordinary contacts do. Price: about $30.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 143.

Have the sex you tell your friends you have.

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The Playboy Advisor

My new girlfriend wants me to go down on her, but I've never done it before (none of my previous girlfriends liked getting head). I'm a little nervous about it, because I want her to enjoy the experience. Are there any special techniques you could let me in on?—R.N., Honolulu, Hawaii

The simplest way to find out how a woman likes to be licked is to ask her. By doing so you won't reveal anything except your skill as a lover. Here are some general tips: (1) Forget the movies—porn actors move aside for the camera. Lose your face between her thighs. Lou Paget, author of How to Give Her Absolute Pleasure, says, "The men who are best at this resemble glazed doughnuts." (2) On the approach, be sure to coat your tongue and lips with saliva. Don't flick your tongue (another porn move) unless she's already turned on—it's likely to cause dryness and discomfort. (3) If she's on her back, put a pillow under her ass for a better angle or have her put her legs over your shoulders. (4) Gently separate her outer lips with your fingers, for better access. (5) Don't attack the clitoris. Instead, work slowly, to build tension. (6) Take a moment to tell her how good she tastes. (7) Try long, broad licks from the bottom of her vulva (often overlooked) to the top. (8) If you find yourself at a loss for your next move, get back to basics: Write the alphabet with your tongue, then do it backward. (9) Try kissing her genitals the way you kiss her lips. Suck her clit the way you suck her tongue. (10) If she says, "That's great" or "There!" don't speed up. But do keep going.

Eight years ago I hired a married college student as a secretary. Two years later I violated a sacred rule: Never dip your pen into the corporate ink. Our affair grew into love. She told her husband, and they separated. One problem is that I'm 16 years older than she is (her mother has told her to wait until she's dead and buried before hooking up with me). Another is that I'm married and have two teenage children. I love this girl with all my heart. I also love my wife, but in a different way. I haven't had a good night's sleep in three years because of the guilt. Whose happiness do I sacrifice? If I stay with my wife, I will never be a complete husband or father, and I will ruin my girlfriend's life. If I leave my wife, I will ruin her life and damage our kids beyond repair. What should I do?—P.L., Newark, New Jersey

You left your family years ago—you just haven't told them yet. And for all you know, your departure may be the best thing that's ever happened to your wife. Don't be surprised if your kids already know what's up. Regardless, they're old enough to hear the truth and decide what kind of relationship they want with their father. We hope it works out—for everyone.

Last week I lost a dear friend—my favorite adult video—to an unruly hotel VCR. A three- to four-inch section was mangled and ripped. I've tried to find another copy but can't. Can an ordinary schmo repair a VHS tape, thereby avoiding the spectacle of asking a repair shop to mend his favorite spanker? The tear is smack-dab in the middle of the reel, which, from what I've read, makes for a tricky fix.—J.R., Arlington, Virginia

We asked an experienced videotape technician about home repair and, after filling four pages with notes, suggest you forget it. (For the record, the easiest fix is when the damage is on a leader, not the actual movie, and you can reach it without taking apart the case.) If you're concerned about your reputation among tapeheads, search online for a mail-order service. Remove the labels and ask that they not watch the video or duplicate it. (Most will refuse to do the latter anyway if it's a copyrighted, mass-produced film.) Once you receive the repaired tape, make a viewing copy. There's a slim chance that the splice could harm your VCR heads, but you'll have to risk it to create the dub. If there's no other damage, you should see only a tiny bump in your favorite scene and momentary snow where the splice disrupts the tracking.

I'm studying business. I was wondering what you think of my latest idea: waterproof adult magazines. The Advisor's online FAQ says that 90 to 95 percent of men masturbate. My research indicates that 47 percent of men who masturbate do so in the shower. I think many of them would find a waterproof magazine handy.—R.P., Wallingford, Connecticut

You've overlooked a key element here—the waterproof-magazine holder.

I've toyed with the idea of writing a porn movie. Where should I send my screenplay? Are the sex scenes scripted, or is that left to the actors and director?—D.S., Oakland Gardens, New York

We could provide a list of production houses, but unless you're giving the stuff away, it's a waste of your time and theirs. Most porn directors write their own scripts. Even if someone purchased your 35 pages of dialogue, you'd earn only a few hundred dollars. Plots, when they exist, are usually inspired by convenience—a director considers which locations, sets, props and actors he can get on the cheap, then weaves a story around them. The sex isn't scripted unless there's some plot point, such as a good girl refusing anal sex. Plus, the director is going to film his fantasies, not yours. If you've written a hot script, you may have to shoot it yourself.

What's the etiquette to selecting and positioning a pocket square?—J.K., Baltimore, Maryland

The most common faux pas is to wear a matching pocket square and tie, though the colors in each may complement the other. Their styles and textures also should differ. The idea is to avoid having your tie and handkerchief grab all the attention. There are a number of ways to fold a square, which we lack the space to describe here, and which depend somewhat on your personal style. We've seen prefab pocket squares for 20 bucks, but it's better to fold your own.

My wife says birth control pills fail about three percent of the time, while I've read that condoms fail about 12 percent of the time. So what would the failure rate be if a couple used both the pill and a condom—0.36 percent?—J.T., College Station, Texas

Your calculations are on target, but they're based on the worst-case scenario, i.e., the woman forgets to take her pill, the guy is a klutz with the condom and they don't use spermicide. In the best-case scenario, in which both people know what they're doing and do it well, the probability of simultaneous failure is one in a million. About the only way to get better odds is not to have sex.

A few months ago you published a letter from a guy who couldn't get a date. Another reader said the guy's problem must be his choice of ladies. That's not it.

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

Having listened to hundreds of women over the years, I've concluded that there simply are men nobody wants. Women call these guys jerks, creeps, nerds, losers, dorks, dweebs, etc. If it's not his lack of money, he is either too short or losing his hair. The world's zeros need to leave women alone. The Advisor has pioneered other social issues—pioneer this one. Your female readers will thank you.—R.S., Garland, Texas

We've heard from thousands of women over the years, and we don't share your cynical view of their outlooks or motivations. In fact, many insist that short, bald guys are better in the sack. Besides, if there weren't any jerks, creeps, nerds, losers, dorks or dweebs, we wouldn't look so good by comparison. Let's keep them circulating.

I am a 20-year-old female with a question I'm too embarrassed to ask anyone else. During anal sex, what is the chance that the woman (and there is no nice way to put this) shits on her partner? I want to try anal intercourse, but not if that happens.—M.W., Buffalo, New York

Unless you're bursting at the seams, it's as unlikely that you would defecate during anal sex as during any other type of intercourse. But there's a simple remedy: Sit before you spread. As a courtesy, and to encourage your partner to use his tongue, you also should wash thoroughly. Your partner may still encounter bits of potpourri in your rectum and anal canal, but that's the price he pays for the pleasure. Some women have an enema at least two hours before, which is reassuring but not necessary. Two other requirements are condoms and gobs of artificial lubricant. Your partner should start with a finger or small butt plug before attempting to insert his penis.

My girlfriend moved into a furnished apartment that has a metal bed. It makes more noise than we do. Do you know how to silence a squeaky bed?—Z.E., Des Moines, Iowa

Have your girlfriend finger each nut while you add lube. Then do the same to fix the bed.

Do you have any tips on writing a letter of complaint?—P.L., Dover, Delaware

You got a problem with our advice? The first order of business is to remain calm. If you present yourself as a reasonable consumer, you'll stand out from the hotheads. Consumer advocate Ellen Phillips (ellenphillips.net) says that an effective letter is polite but firm, states the facts, includes documentation (such as when you called and who you spoke with), is addressed to the highest level and is copied to appropriate government agencies. Her book Shocked, Appalled and Dismayed! contains sample letters. Give a two-week deadline for a response, but wait a month before sending a follow-up. State clearly what you want done, whether it's an apology, a refund or compensation, but be reasonable. (A business traveler once asked Phillips to demand four first-class United tickets because a wheel had broken off his luggage. She declined.) Don't give up too quickly, but know when to cut your losses. If you want professional help, Phillips will bitch on your behalf for $65 an hour.

My girlfriend and I have decided to seek counseling before our small problems become big ones. She wants to see a therapist because she says they're more action oriented. I see therapists as arbitrators whose function is to strike deals that will keep each member of the couple happy half the time and, presumably, unhappy half the time. I like psychiatrists because they seem more able to open new paths. What should we do?—T.T., Windsor, Ontario

We would find a counselor—therapist or psychiatrist—who has experience with couples. Whoever you choose, he or she will act as a therapist simply because you're both in the room. Credentials don't matter so much as results, and how comfortable you feel with the individual (the average couple's therapy lasts about 12 sessions). You aren't looking for new paths as much as you're trying to share the one you're on. So compromise is the goal, which has the potential to make everyone happier in the long run. Of all things, don't let this small problem become a big one.

After we'd fought, I invited my girlfriend over so I could apologize. We ended up having great make-up sex. The thing is, we fell into this weird cheating fantasy. She kept saying things like, "I hope your girlfriend won't mind me sucking your cock right now" and "I can't wait until the next time my boyfriend and I fight, so you can fuck me." It spooked me. I thought, If she gets off on the idea of cheating, maybe she has already cheated, or she will. I was hoping that you could give me your take.—M.E., Shelton, Connecticut

If your girlfriend were cheating on you, she wouldn't need to fantasize about it. Encourage her to tell you more of her bad-girl fantasies, then make them happen. Try this: Call her at work at noon and give her a room number at a nearby motel. Be waiting for her there in a suit. After your quickie, hide her panties. Back at work, she'll think about you every time she shifts in her seat.

I leased a Toyota MR2 Spyder fitted with performance tires that aren't effective in the snow. The owner's manual says I shouldn't install snow tires unless they're 185/55R15 for the front and 205/50R15 for the rear, with construction and load capacities that match the original tires. It states, "A wheel of a different size or type may adversely affect handling, wheel and bearing life, brake cooling, speedometer or odometer calibration, stopping ability, headlight aim, bumper height, vehicle ground clearance and tire or snow-chain clearance to the body or chassis." Yikes. The problem is that the manufacturer of the original tires, Bridgestone, makes snow tires for the size of the front set only. Michelin makes snow tires for the size of the back set, but I've been told that all four tires should come from the same manufacturer. Can you help?—P.V., Northbrook, Illinois

In a perfect world, the manufacturer of the original tires would make winter tires to match. In the real world, you can make minor modifications with little impact as long as you stay within about 10 percent of the measurements of the originals. For the best traction, get a taller sidewall with a narrower tread—try a 185/55R15 at each corner. Keep in mind that midengine, rear-driven performance cars tend to oversteer in corners, so they're equipped with wider back tires. Be sure to switch back to summer tires as soon as the weather warms up.

I read my boyfriend's diary and discovered that he'd had sexual relationships with quite a few women before we started dating. When I confronted him he said he had made up 90 percent of the incidents to boost his male ego. What do you think?—S.A., Chicago, Illinois

We think you should stop snooping.

Over the past year I have bought several pairs of used panties offered by women at an online auction site. The panties are vacuum sealed and shipped through UPS. Are there any health risks? I'm most concerned about the more durable diseases such as chlamydia and genital warts.—G.H., Laramie, Wyoming

It's possible you could catch a sexually transmitted disease from a pair of days-old panties, but not probable. According to Dr. Peter Leone, a professor of infectious diseases at the University of North Carolina, the most likely STD to survive would be genital warts (there are concerns that warts can be passed via sex toys that aren't sterilized between users). But in this case, you would have to rub the fabric against a skin abrasion to have even a remote chance of infection. A more realistic concern would be intestinal illnesses such as E. coli, especially if you touch the panties to your lips. We suggest you microwave your purchases.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting playboyadvisor.com. The Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, 365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life, is available in stores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*

SEX AND WAR

tales from the vietnam era

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

This past summer Francis Coppola released *Apocalypse Now Redux*. The director restored several of the film's missing scenes, including a long interlude between Martin Sheen's character and a widow on a French plantation, and an odd bit of business involving Playmates who trade sexual favors for helicopter fuel. In December, the History Channel aired the documentary *The XY Factor*, which examined how the Vietnam war affected sex, both overseas and at home.

These events inspired us to ask our readers who served in Vietnam to recall their sexual experiences during the conflict. We put out calls to friends and to visitors at Playboy Online. Some vets remembered the awkwardness that they felt as young, sexually inexperienced men thrown into a foreign culture under extreme circumstances. Others suggested that Vietnam gave many young American men their sexual confidence, much as the French are said to have educated the Americans who fought in the world wars.

One vet told us about visiting a brothel, walking past rooms where buttocks moved up and down, imagining that it was just like a college dormitory. Trust us: College wasn't that wild until long after the conflict ended. Some encounters were catch-as-catch-can, sex with "anything that would lift a leg." Another told us about liaisons bartered at the perimeters of base camps, blow jobs given through barbed wire. Some vets described encounters as luxurious, sensuous evenings that combined massage, baths and hand jobs in brothels with unlikely names like the Perfect Hotel Room. Were the massage parlors that proliferated in the U.S. in the Seventies a legacy of R&R encounters overseas? More than one vet confessed that after meeting the unfettered women of the East, the girls back home seemed almost coarse.

Skimming through histories about that time, we spotted few references to sex. Colin Powell and Norman Schwarzkopf, in writing about their time in Vietnam, insist that on R&R they spent their time drinking beer and shopping. Schwarzkopf admits visiting a steam bath at a base camp and being surprised to find it was a brothel. He also talks of having a local girlfriend, and how Tu Do Street in Saigon grew to resemble Dodge City as the American military presence went from a handful of "advisors" to more than half a million men.

We were surprised to find that some rumors of war were still alive and well. We heard about the Black Rose of Calcutta, a horrific sexually transmitted disease that was supposed to make your penis shrivel and fall off, and something called Hammerhead Clap, caused by microbes with claws that embedded themselves in one's most sensitive spots. We were asked to investigate stories that MIAs were actually soldiers who had contracted incurable venereal diseases. (Supposedly, they were quarantined on an island in the Pacific.) What astonished us was the variety of stories. Everyone, it seems, had a different war. Here, in their own words:

JOHN LAGGE

The Flashback

When I was 19, I wasn't a sexual veteran. I was part of a reconnaissance team, and we would go to villages to partake of the local prostitutes. I had heard rumors that the Viet Cong would wait until you were about to have an orgasm and then strike. To this day, as soon as I feel myself starting to blow, I disconnect mentally from my partner and become acutely aware of my surroundings. I listen intently for the enemy. Are they there? Are they coming? I have tried to prevent this, but I can't. I retired on July 17, 1969 at the age of 20 for wounds received in combat. Vietnam affected my life in many ways. The sex part bothers me to this day.

S.J.
First Infantry Division

What Sex?

I was in Vietnam eight months as a Marine machine gunner. I was wounded twice. I spent nights at ambush sites or stalking trails on kilo tangos [kill teams]. The closest thing to me was my M-60 and around 500 rounds of link-belt 7.62mm. I spent seven days on R&R drinking screwdrivers in the bar of the Ala Moana Hotel in Honolulu. I was old enough to kill or die for my country, but I wasn't old enough to rent a car. Besides, none of the round-eyed women there wanted anything to do with any cat they even remotely suspected was in the military. The haircut gave me away.

A.R.
Second Combined Action Group, Marines

Rumors of War

The story, if I remember it right, was that a patrol had stopped to rest. One of the Marines actually sat right on top of a trap door covered by sand. The Marine could see sand seeping around the edges of the door. With his hand, he cleared away the sand and then flipped open the trap door. In the small hole in the ground was an NVA soldier and a Vietnamese

girl. They were nude. The rumor had it that they were in the act of making love when the Marine patrol shot them dead.

P.O.
Fifth Marines

By the Numbers, Count Off

I served in Nam from 1966 to 1967. I was a Marine grunt, sniper and squad leader. PLAYBOY was a given and a must, along with the New Testament. We would cut out the Centerfolds and stick them on the inside of a bunker or tree or in a foxhole. Outside of R&R, the only means of relief was masturbation. Prostitutes weren't available to grunts. Most of our girlfriends, if we had them, had long since dumped us. You can't crank it to thoughts of family and pets.

Did we think about sex? We were 18 to 20 years old. We would get hard watching the peasants tend to their rice crops with mud up to their vaginas. We dug in at night, which meant digging foxholes and standing watch while looking out into darkness. If you fell asleep, it could mean a loss of a stripe or, more important, an ass whupping on the spot. One way to stay awake was to jack off. One, two, three times, whatever it took. I used to hang tough till my eyeballs started to drift down and then beat the monkey thinking of the new Cinderella in PLAYBOY. We all did it and joked about it.

On Operation Prairie in 1966, it was a hellacious night of rain and mud and the NVA lobbing mortars at us from a mountain across the way. The next morning, our squad leader put on his pack, ready to move out, and shouted, "It was a three jack-off night!"

My first R&R came nine months into my tour, after a horrific operation (DeSoto) in which most of my company had been medevaced or worse. I arrived in Bangkok with no expectations other than shelter and food. My only experience with ass had been with my high school sweetheart, who had Dear Johned me. My cabdriver asked if he could take me to meet a girl. I said OK. She was beautiful. The word whore never entered my mind and doesn't today. I felt alone and lost. I wanted to touch a soft body and forget about war and death, if only for five days. I went through seven of those soft bodies and wanted to die in the arms of each one. It beat dying facedown in the mud.

As much as I dreaded climbing aboard the Pan Am for Da Nang, I thought how far I had moved down the scale in a short time. I was not only a killer, albeit through war, but a sex maniac to boot. My sexual exploits and stories carried the other boot grunts until their number came up, one way or the other. I never felt the same after Nam. I couldn't go back to church. I shook off friends. But I was good in the sack because I felt love regardless of the situation.

S.W.G.
First Marine Division

Rest and Relaxation

I was a Marine officer. In the spring of 1961, long before Uncle Sam indicated there were troubles in the Far East, I was sent overseas to join a special task force preparing to invade Laos if President Kennedy decided to do so. I had been married for two years and until that time had not entertained any idea of testing my vows. But the prospect of engaging in a secret war, and the intensity of that situation, led me straight to the bathhouses of Okinawa, where I found sexual release in a limited fashion, which is exactly what

I felt alone and lost. I wanted to touch a soft body and forget about war and death, if only for five days.

I wanted. Picture a large white-tiled room with a huge bathtub and a shelf to lie on. Picture a cute woman in a skimpy bathing suit who gives you a shampoo and lets you soak in the tub and then pulls you out, only to pour buckets of warm water all over you as she soaps your horny body. The hand jobs were divine, the blow jobs sensational, and I wish, to this day, that we had bathhouses in every city center here. It is a relatively innocent way for men to engage in what we now call stress management, and I truly believe we would have a more peaceful culture if the bathhouse became a mainstream American institution.

A.B.
Third Marine Division

Breaking Out

In February 1970, on my way to Vietnam, off-base liberty was canceled in Okinawa. So I jumped the fence at the staging camp and flagged a cab. I asked the cabbie to find me a prostitute. It's hard for me to believe I was so bold and trusting. He took me to a bar and introduced me to a cute girl. She took me into the back room and put a rubber on me and it was over in a very short time. Later that night, the driver dropped me off in a field so that I could break back into the base. That was my first of nine encounters with Oriental women. It wasn't until eight months later and two cases of the clap that a much changed young man would return to Okinawa. I had been with two women in Vietnam. I had sex with a prostitute on Hill 85 with several Vietnamese soldiers watching me through a window in the bunker. I had sex with a 15-year-old wannabe prostitute in a burned-out building near My Lai.

Looking back, it's hard to say how much my sexual experiences affected me. I feel a little ashamed and embarrassed, but I'm honest about my experiences. The fear of going to and fighting in a war was the driving factor behind some of the things I did.

B.R.M.
First Combined Action Group, Marines

Line Up

Months had passed since I'd arrived in Vietnam. The only women I had contact with were those from the Red Cross (donut dollies), and hooch maids (local women who performed general cleanup around the camp). At long last, we were told that we were going to have a weekend off in Pleiku. We all knew we weren't going into town to attend cultural enrichment classes. The first sergeant explained the necessity of using condoms and avoiding venereal disease. I felt like I was in high school and about to go on a first date. We rode into Pleiku and turned down a road known for prostitution and drugs. In my fantasies, I hadn't realized that there would be dozens and dozens of GIs all looking for sex at the same time. I approached a ramshackle building that clearly housed prostitutes. I had never visited a prostitute before. In military fashion, there was a line, and I dutifully stood and waited my turn. I bought a few beers and several of us shared a joint laced with opium. I was a nervous wreck. Finally, I could at least see a bed and a naked Vietnamese woman having intercourse with a

soldier. I was alarmed that he hadn't taken off his boots and that the sheets had mud on them from the guys who had knelt and humped before me.

It was finally my turn. A few prostitutes had spent time in line flirting with me and rubbing my penis. I wanted to say forget it right then. This was all too sterile—clearly nothing more than a business transaction—but I chickened out and went ahead. I dropped my pants, left my boots on and climbed aboard, as numerous GIs had before me. The prostitute seemed stoned as she gave me a half-smile when I entered her.

Within seconds I came, and it felt absolutely great. Just seconds later, a deep depression came over me as I realized that I had just paid someone to touch me. I never felt more worthless and can recall that feeling all these decades later.

G.S.
Fourth Infantry Division

Round-Eye Revenge

I was 19 years old, serving with the 101st Airborne Division in Phu Bai. I had decided to go to Hong Kong for R&R. My buddy Doug wanted to go to Australia for the round eyes. Doug got his R&R before the rest of us and came back with stories about all the free sex he got from a girl he met on the beach. Each of us had our own vision of this ravishing blonde.

A few days later we had to go out on another patrol—without Doug. He had the worst drip from the largest swollen penis any of us had ever seen. I'll never forget the sight of him inside our hooch with a warm towel across his waist. When I went to Hong Kong, I visited a well-respected house where the madam kept medical papers for each of the girls. I had a pleasurable time, treated my lady around town and grew to understand that respect when given is returned twicefold.

F.J.D.
101st Airborne Division

Thunder Road

In February 1970 I left for Nam. I remember when we were near Xuan Loc, we would go down to the village at sunset, get these girls and bring them back to the fire base in our tank. (One of our tracks even had the Playboy Rabbit Head on it. Proud Mary 2.) We would take them shirts and hats as gifts. After dark we would do our thing. Then somebody got VD and we got caught.

Nam was an easy place to get laid. We would be miles from anything, near the Cambodian border, and the girls would show up on bikes and three-wheelers. I had a girlfriend from the village next to fire base Thunder 3. On my day off I would go into the village to see her. I remember some days right at noon I would hear some of the crew say, "Here comes K_____'s girlfriend." I would look and see this dust cloud coming from the village. She would bring lunch, stay awhile and eat with me. Each place was different. At some bases, the girls would come at sundown and spend the night. I even had one girl offer to go on guard duty with me. I told her that was not a good idea.

D.K.
Army Second Field Force

Fond Memories

I was a virgin when I arrived in Vietnam in June 1969 at the age of 24. I had my first semisexual experiences

with Vietnamese girls. I learned to kiss and hug and talk with them. I was still a virgin when I left, but I'll always remember their willingness to be kind and help an overly repressed GI, even if they were being paid for it. My lovely wife was the one who finally broke the "barrier" for me when I was 27. But the whores of Vietnam, often unjustly maligned, did their part.

F.P.
159th Transportation Battalion

Bangkok

In 1966 I was stationed aboard an oceangoing minesweeper—the *U.S.S. Engage*. We had spent 59 days on patrol off the coast of Chu Lai. When we were relieved, we were sent to Bangkok for nine days of R&R. There aren't many docks in Bangkok, so ships have to anchor in the middle of the river. We arrived and set anchor and the liberty party was taken ashore. I had duty the first night, so 11 of us were stuck on board.

There were several small boats surrounding us, trying to sell trinkets and souvenirs. One of us asked if the operators had any booze. An hour later, we were all shit-faced or stoned. Somebody asked a boat operator if he could get us girls. Ten minutes or so later, he returned with three of them. One girl worked forward berthing, one worked after berthing and one girl worked the mine locker. I was so stoned I thought my brain had melted out of my ears. Our master of arms, a deeply religious man, was beside himself. He grabbed me in the hallway and yelled, "Where is the officer of the day?" I said, "I don't know, man, last time I saw him, he was third in line at the mine locker."

I never did get to the girls, but two days later, I tied up with a bar girl in Bangkok and stayed with her for four days. I have never had such incredible sex before or since. It changed my perspective on what I should expect from sex. She did things with her vagina—it was almost like sucking me inside of her. The first 24 hours we were together we spent in bed. My cock was so sore. She took me to many sites in Bangkok and the countryside. She spoke good English and we were able to communicate fairly well. Filipino girls were shy sexually. Japanese girls were methodical. Hong Kong girls were too businesslike. But Thai girls, they never wanted to let you go. Once you have your cock in one of them, they have you forever.

The next time I was in Bangkok, it was 1970 and a lot had changed. But for me it was basically the same, just a different girl. We spent three days together. I have to say that I never once used a condom and I did not worry about the diseases, and never caught any. I was in the Navy for eight years and never had a problem, but I would not do that now.

B.T.
U.S.S. Engage

Steam Room Sex

The steam room was like a prison cell straight from Turkey. There was a lightbulb, a wooden bench and a pipe in one of the top corners of this room that was supposed to be a showerhead but looked more like a leaky faucet. We

(you never went in by yourself) would take our 16s and ammo with us. We would sit on the bench and smoke dope till we couldn't anymore. Nam grass was good. Then we would move to another small room. This time it was one-on-one. The *mamasan* would give a rubdown just to get you started. Then she would give the price. She wouldn't have intercourse. Only a hand job. She wanted 500 piaster. I tried to talk her down to 250 piaster. She wouldn't negotiate. I finally agreed to her price, but I told her she had to use both hands. I went back a second time but refused to pay her. I knew I wouldn't be in the area again.

D.P.
First Infantry Division

Young Love

I shipped out for Vietnam during the spring of 1968. The next four months were unrelentingly brutal; as a replacement platoon leader I was mostly in the Iron Triangle, enduring some of the most ferocious combat of the war. When the tired remnants of my unit were finally reassigned to road security in the beautiful upland village of An Loc, there was much celebration. Not only was An Loc relatively easy duty, it was also best known for its short-time girls: "Hey, GI, you come spend a short time with me."

As an officer, I felt it would be undignified to participate in the mating ritual that took place every night just beyond our perimeter of barbed wire. But I was both amused and envious as I watched the bare white asses of my men bobbing up and down in the pucker brush through the lens of our starlight scope. During the day, my men teased me. "C'mon, sir, you're taking this war too seriously. Don't be so uptight."

The services being offered cost $3, and the girls themselves were not bad-looking, wearing tight little shorts and their hair in bobs. Still, I resisted, until late one night after I had climbed into the sandbag bunker I shared with my platoon sergeant, medic and radio man. There was somebody under my poncho liner. Somebody with bobbed black hair. Within moments I was lost in a bliss I had all but forgotten, while the other three men tried not to laugh. Then, on the roof of the bunker, a fourth man began to strum a guitar and sing *Young Love*. It was one of the happiest moments of my life.

N.T.
First Infantry Division

PORK BARREL PRISONS

who profits from the war on drugs?

By JAMES BOVARD

The war on drugs staggers on. Since 1980, the number of people locked in jails and prisons has quadrupled, breaking the 2 million mark last year. A lawmaker in Louisiana observed that things had become so bad his state had "half the population in prison and the other half watching them."

We continue to read stories of draconian sentences, of racist enforcement polices, of police brutality and violence, of families shattered by the crusade against marijuana and so-called hard drugs. The grim statistics have prompted calls from journalists, judges, governors, police chiefs, mayors and lobbies such as Families Against Mandatory Minimums to end the war—to no avail.

Why the resistance to rethinking the war on drugs? The answers are not simple, but consider these two factors: money and jobs. In the past six years, the federal government has awarded $8 billion to pay for building state penal facilities. Call it a bribe. As it swells local coffers, the flow of money to small towns and depressed areas corrupts the public conscience. A Florida state brochure estimates that "a prison with 1158 beds is worth $25 million a year and 350 jobs to a community." In Lexington, Kentucky, authorities promised this past year that two new prisons in the area would invigorate the local economy. Never mind that the drug laws there fill those prisons with nonviolent offenders. America needs its new cars, its fat construction contracts and jobs, any jobs, even those built on injustice.

Profiteering has political rewards that go beyond pork barrel greed: It creates and maintains clout. Towns that have a new prison built in their domain—or annex land that includes a nearby prison—can see their "population" double or triple. Many federal grants are based on raw population figures, regardless of how many residents live in jail cells. Prisoners become tokens redeemed for funds for public housing, roads and environmental and social programs. Officials in Luzerne Township, Pennsylvania celebrated when their area was chosen for a prison: It meant $4 million worth of sewer improvements.

Local governments also collect federal windfalls because most prisoners have zero income, thus making the locales appear to be poverty zones. Florence, Arizona receives almost two thirds of its budget from federal grants keyed to the number of convicts within town limits. Prisoners are definitely a cash crop.

The Wall Street Journal noted recently that the prison phenomenon also is reshaping the political landscape: "Although inmates aren't allowed to vote in most states, they are counted for legislative apportionment and redistricting. In states such as New York, the prison boom has helped shift political muscle from minority-dominated inner-city neighborhoods to rural areas dominated by whites."

In the Seventies New York governor Nelson Rockefeller, a Republican, launched the zero tolerance, mandatory minimum, lock 'em up and throw away the key approach to drug offenders. It is no coincidence that 40 of the 41 prisons built in New York since 1983 have been placed in

Republican senatorial districts. The City Project reported in March 2000 that 26 of the state's 71 prisons enrich the districts of just three Republican senators—the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, the chairman of the Crime Victims, Crime and Corrections Committee and the chairman of the Codes Committee.

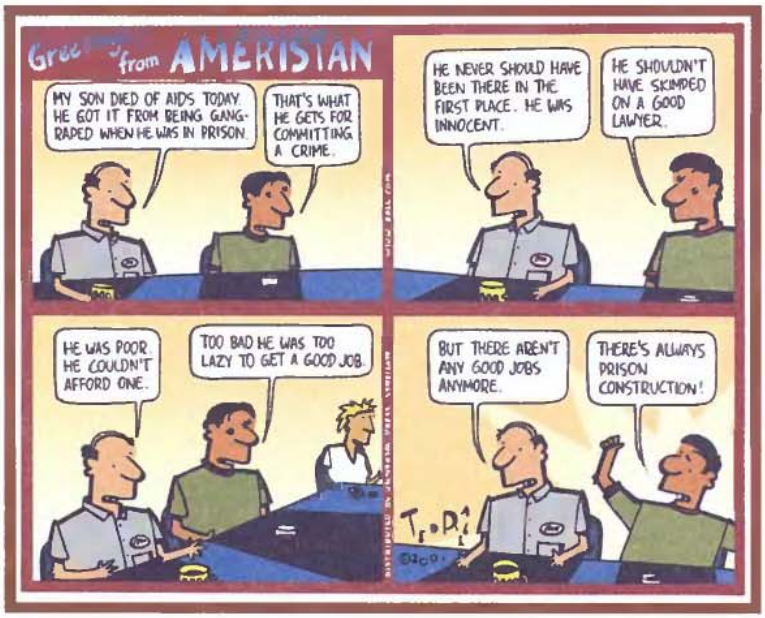
Last year, activists challenged Governor George Pataki to turn just one of those prisons into a drug treatment center. Don't hold your breath.

Every jail needs its keepers. Since 1980, the number of people employed as prison guards and other correctional employees has grown from fewer than 100,000 to more than 400,000. In some states prison-guard unions have done far more to rig the political game than the contractors who build prisons, or the private companies that run some of them. The California Correctional Peace Officers Association is the most powerful lobby in the state, or at least the most generous, donating more to legislators than any other entity. In 1998 the CCPOA gave more than $2 million to aid gubernatorial candidate Gray Davis, who, after winning the election, quickly approved more than half a billion dollars for building new prisons. Davis' political appointees also gave the union $4 million from the state treasury.

Prison guards have milked the political system to turn themselves into a blue-collar aristocracy, with the senior guards pulling down salaries of $52,000, plus ample overtime. Not a few guards earn more than some professors at the University of California. The CCPOA has used its political muscle to push through numerous laws to create perpetual full employment for its members. In 1994 the union spearheaded a campaign for the three-strikes law that has resulted in life sentences for many relatively small-fry offenders. A state corrections official estimated that passage of the three-strikes bill would necessitate the building of 20 penitentiaries in the following six years.

The CCPOA ran a big media campaign against the commonsense and compassionate Proposition 36, which directed the state government to send people convicted of nonviolent drug offenses to treatment facilities instead of prison. Thanks in part to the CCPOA, California incarcerates drug users at a rate far higher than the national average. Thanks in part to the prison union anticrime juggernaut, California has since 1980 passed more than a thousand bills that impose harsher sentences.

The CCPOA, which is derisively referred to as the prison thugs union by Californians who fail to share the union's idealism, has flexed its muscle to give its members almost unlimited power over prisoners. Local district attorneys almost never prosecute prison guards for killing or beating inmates, out of fear of the CCPOA's wrath. A district attorney who tried to prosecute a prison guard lost his seat to a candidate the union helped with campaign contributions. When legislators sought to transfer jurisdiction for prison-guard brutality to the state's attorney general, the CCPOA torpedoed the bill. The CCPOA also successfully sued the Department of Corrections and the Department of Justice to prevent the questioning of any prison guard without 24 hours' notice.


Greetings from AMERISTAN
MY SON DIED OF AIDS TODAY. HE GOT IT FROM BEING GANG-RAPED WHEN HE WAS IN PRISON.
THAT'S WHAT HE GETS FOR COMMITTING A CRIME.
HE NEVER SHOULD HAVE BEEN THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE. HE WAS INNOCENT.
HE SHOULDN'T HAVE SKIMPED ON A GOOD LAWYER.
HE WAS POOR. HE COULDN'T AFFORD ONE.
TOO BAD HE WAS TOO LAZY TO GET A GOOD JOB.
BUT THERE AREN'T ANY GOOD JOBS ANYMORE.
THERE'S ALWAYS PRISON CONSTRUCTION!

The CCPOA blocked a bill that would have required random searches of prison guards for drugs, lest any of their members find themselves on the other side of the bars. Union boss Don Novey said that drug trafficking was limited to only five or 10 "ignorant" guards. Internal affairs investigations have detected scores of guards in the drug business.

The CCPOA keeps its eyes open for potential competitors—most notably the private prison industry. "Prisons for profit threaten our professionalism," says the union's legislative policy specialist. Besides, government prisons are much easier to unionize—and to control indirectly through the CCPOA's leash on legislators. In 1998 private prison companies donated $285,000 to state candidates in California. All told, that same year, the CCPOA donated more than $4.5 million.

The CCPOA is not the only heavyweight union in the prison business. The union representing New York prison guards was the second-largest donor to state politicians in the first half of 2001, according to the New York Public Interest Research Group. The union for Illinois prison guards demanded that the state hire an additional 500 guards last year. A new union has formed to represent Pennsylvania's 9500 prison guards; the Pennsylvania State Corrections Officers Association may attempt to mimic the tactics and enjoy the success of the CCPOA.

Money does corrupt. Drug war money corrupts absolutely, blinding politicians to the traditional duties of government. In Mississippi, drug warriors found they had more prison beds than convicts to fill them. Lobbyists for private prison companies, along with local sheriffs with jail space and the county governments, hustled state legislators to pass a bill to pay subsidies for "ghost inmates" to compensate prisons for the shortfall of bodies. *The Wall Street Journal* noted that legislators somehow found the money for ghost inmates at the same time they were cutting state budgets for classroom supplies, community colleges and mental health services.

Some states are realizing that ever-growing prisons create more problems than they solve. Reform legislation in Oklahoma aims to focus prison spending on "people we're afraid of as opposed to those we're just aggravated with," explained state senator Dick Wilkerson.

Last June, a California judge, responding to a lawsuit, temporarily blocked the state Department of Corrections from breaking ground for a new 5000-bed prison.

Enough is enough.

READER

SHAMEFUL SENTENCES

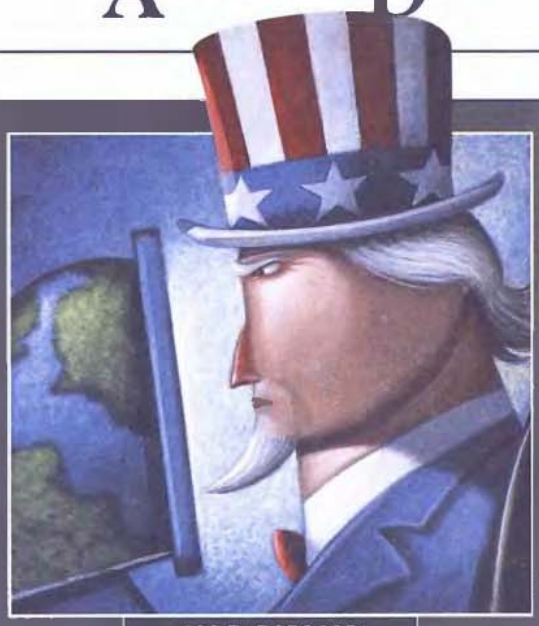
In his article "The Shame Game" (*The Playboy Forum*, November), James R. Petersen described my department's website, which posts photos of men and women who have been arrested for engaging in prostitution. PLAYBOY claimed that the purpose of our site is to humiliate prostitutes and johns. However, you conveniently failed to mention this statement that appears on our site: "These photos will help St. Paul residents identify and alert the police to this criminal activity." It is our position that the primary purpose of this site is to allow residents to directly and positively affect the quality of life in their neighborhoods and to perhaps deter those who would break the law.

PLAYBOY also implied that we violate the due process rights of accused prostitutes and johns by posting their photos. Again, you purposely didn't mention a statement on the site that mitigates such an accusation: "All persons are considered innocent until proven guilty in a court of law." As of October 4, 2001, 14 of the 24 people listed on the site had been convicted. Finally, as stipulated in Minnesota's Data Practices Act, and as supported by the tenets of the federal Constitution, there are no secret arrests and no secret trials. People who are arrested and tried in a court of law for crimes are, in fact, known to the public.

PLAYBOY insinuated that the police department is creating and enforcing its own "moral code." The truth is that we enforce statutes that are the products of the efforts of elected officials. They are, by law, representative of the moral code of "the rest of the populace."

I'm not sure of the point you are trying to make by reprinting e-mails that our site has received. But I must correct the conclusion made by one writer. It is not the fault of the police when a man is arrested for soliciting prostitution or that his family might suffer from having his picture posted. The john is responsible for his actions and their ramifications.

William Finney
Chief of Police
St. Paul, Minnesota



FOR THE RECORD

HE'S GOT MAIL

"Dick, we already read all your e-mails."
—Attorney General John Ashcroft, joking with House Majority Leader Dick Armey (R–Tex.). Armey had told Ashcroft he didn't want new antiterrorism legislation to be so broad that it gave agents the power to read his e-mails.

C'mon, chief, let's shoot straight. A couple of legal disclaimers does not make this right. If you're so convinced that posting the photos of people accused but not yet convicted of crimes is a deterrent, how about a site devoted to accusations of police abuse or misconduct? You could post each officer's photo and a note saying they are considered innocent until proven guilty. This would help residents know which of your officers might be trouble, so they can avoid them. The point of reprinting the e-mails was a simple one: Not everyone who comes across your site thinks it's such a great idea. And while you may be enforcing the laws of the land, you can't say you're not selectively enforcing them, since you post photos of those accused of only this particular type of crime.

LIBRARY FILTERS

Chip Rowe does a great job pointing out the inadequacies of blocking software, which a new U.S. law requires libraries to install on their computers or risk losing federal funds ("Access Denied," *The Playboy Forum*, November). He mentions my organization, peacefire.org, which has conducted tests using a thousand randomly selected commercial sites to see which were blocked by various filtering programs. We found that, of the sites that were blocked, 20 percent to 80 percent should not have been. Cybersitter, Cyber Patrol and I-Gear have all threatened legal action against programmers who decode the secret lists of sites they block—presumably because the error rates are embarrassingly high.

Bennett Haselton
Bellevue, Washington

Spending $49.95 on filtering software does not make you a good parent. It only proves you would rather have some brainless program do your dirty work.

Jim Jenkins
Fort Collins, Colorado

I am the concerned mother mentioned in "Access Denied." My son saw hard-core porn while surfing the Internet in his second-grade classroom. He and a friend were trying to find information on Michael Jordan and other celebrities. Instead, they got porn: a penis ejaculating on women's faces; two naked women sharing a three-foot dildo anally; women with women; a penis penetrating a vagina and anus; a penis ejaculating on a vagina. The more my son hit the back button and escape key, the more images appeared. The computer had to be shut off to get rid of them.

My son told me what happened, and I sought out the site he had seen. He said, "I just don't feel like myself anymore" and "This is the worst day of my life." He went from a child who enjoyed reading to us to a boy who could not sleep and needed bedtime stories again. He regressed to a time when he felt safer. I spoke with two counselors about how my husband and I were handling this, and to ask if outside intervention was needed.

My husband and I were upset to see our son's self-esteem, confidence, safety and security so shaken. But we had to shelter him from our trauma. I did my crying at night and on the way to the grocery store. We began to hear about the older students who were in trouble for accessing porn at school. They said, "It happens all the time."

RESPONSE

The sites that bother me the most are those that appear to be innocent, such as whitehouse.com. How many children have been exposed to porn while visiting this site? The damage is instantly inflicted and never forgotten.

Filters are not perfect, but they are at least an attempt at a solution. The software installed on our school computers functions more effectively than I have seen it portrayed. The children can conduct research on topics such as AIDS and breast cancer without encountering any porn, hate speech or bomb-building instructions. We must stop putting things in front of children that are known to be stepping-stones to violent behavior.

I am not a person who believes in censorship. Curiosity about sex is natural and healthy in children and teens. But we need leaders of the adult industry to say to parents, "Let's work together, in the interest of all children."

Robin Johnson
Glen Arbor, Michigan

We wonder how much of your son's trauma was a response to his momentary exposure to sex and how much was a reaction to the air strike of concern launched by his counselors and parents.

It's amazing that you would print an article questioning that hard-core pornography is easily accessible on the Internet. As many responsible parents and unsuspecting kids can testify, website domains are often hijacked to steer surfers to graphic pornography. It takes only a couple of clicks to stumble onto sites with pornographic photos of naked women hung by the neck, with wounds on their faces, or appearing to be dead. Certain directories allow a person to list his occupation as "child porn addict." One listed his hobby as having sex with his daughter.

Filters protect those children and adults who do not want to be bombarded with photographs of naked women and people having sex. Newspapers frequently report arrests for molestation and rape of women and children where the perpetrators were found to have used library or school computers to access pornography. Parents should be able to have at least a modicum of assurance that schools and libraries are not places where they or their kids could become victims. There is no right to use government equipment for sexual purposes, and it is difficult to justify using tax dollars to subsidize people's access to pornography.

PLAYBOY is obviously behind the times when it comes to understanding filtering technology, as well as knowing how raunchy and violent Internet material has become. I encourage you to publish information on the victims of pornography—the men who become addicted to it and allow it to destroy their marriages; the women who suffer from their partners' degrading expectations; and the children who get used for sex because they are easy to exploit. Voyeurism through photos does have negative effects, and the equivalent of a brown paper wrapper and card-checking bouncer for the Internet is a filter.

Wendy Wright
Concerned Women for America
Washington, D.C.

No argument here: There's plenty of unseemly stuff online. There's also plenty of stuff on library shelves that isn't appropriate for kids. But your solution is the equivalent of throwing out every book not written for a 10-year-old. (When we hear the argument that libraries should limit Net access because they don't stock porn movies or adult magazines, our response is, Why not?) Internet filters are to the culture wars as the Star Wars missile defense shield was to the Cold War. They depend on the delusion that there is only one threat (sexually explicit images) and that the enemy will come from only one direction (the Internet). Some libraries are taking a stand. In October, the San Francisco Board of Supervisors voted unanimously to ban filters on computers used by adults in the city's libraries.

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, e-mail forum@playboy.com or fax 312-951-2939. Please include a daytime phone number and your city and state or province.

FORUM F.Y.I.

Need to order a new copy of *Debbie Does Dallas*? If you live in a "no-ship" zone, don't bother. The orange areas reflect a widely circulated porn industry list of cities, counties and/or states where prosecutors have targeted distributors with obscenity charges. Many adult-video retailers refuse to ship to some or all of these areas.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SERVICE STATIONS

COLOGNE, GERMANY—*Officials hoping to reduce the number of streetwalkers in this cathedral city have introduced a novel idea: drive-in brothels. The city spent about*

$365,000 to build eight Verrichtungsboxen, or relief boxes, on an abandoned athletic field. The area includes an "approach zone" where johns may cruise past the women daily from two P.M. *to two* A.M. *Once he makes a selection, the client pulls his vehicle into one of the garages, which is equipped with a bedroom and shower. It also has an alarm the woman can use to summon police if there's any trouble.*

FAIR NOTICE

NANCY, FRANCE—*When a pet store owner discovered his wife was having an affair with a banker, he placed a neon sign in his window that read: "If your wife has an account at the bank, Patrice Chopin will not only take care of her money. Her intimacy interests him as well." A judge fined Robert Sofolowski the equivalent of $7000 for violating the banker's privacy. Sofolowski's lawyer protested: "Chopin seduces his customers while at work. This affair is therefore in the public domain." Sofolowski vowed to continue his fight "for cuckolds everywhere."*

ACCIDENT OF BIRTH

LONDON—*In 1995, teenager Christina Coles suffered head injuries after being hit by a car. Three years later, after she gave birth to a daughter, she took the driver to court. Coles said the driver should share in the cost of raising the child because the accident caused Coles to suffer from memory loss, which led her to forget to take her birth control. She asked for $750,000. A judge ruled in her favor but said he would reduce the award considerably because the accident had been mostly Coles' fault.*

SEX CRIPPLE

BATAVIA, ILLINOIS—*Soon after Antonio Contreras began working as a forklift operator, he suffered an injury on the job. Months later, when his employer fired him, Contreras sued under the Americans With Disabilities Act. Although he had continued to work, he says the injury qualified as an impairment under the law because it substantially limited a "major life activity"—his sex life. He used to have sex five times a week, he said, but now can only manage it twice a month. A federal appeals court ruled against Contreras, noting that he had not produced "even a scintilla of evidence that he is significantly restricted as to the condition, manner or duration under which he can reproduce."*

PHOTO EVIDENCE

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE—*Can you be guilty of indecent exposure if no one catches you in the act? A soldier's wife thought it would be fun to pose nude outdoors, so she opened her coat for intimate photos in front of the post office and other landmarks around town. A city cop found the snapshots posted online, and the county prosecutor charged the woman with public indecency. Her attorney says the images don't prove anything, since it's easy to digitally alter photos.*

AFTERSHOCKS

CLEVELAND—*Following the September 11 attacks, Aaron Petitt hung signs on his high school locker depicting planes bombing Afghanistan, with captions such as "May God have mercy, because we will not." School officials removed the signs, saying they might offend Arab American students, then suspended Petitt. A federal judge overturned the suspension, saying the school had violated the teen's rights.*

FENTON, MISSOURI—*A fifth grader who sketched the burning World Trade Center received a three-day suspension. "When I asked him why he did this, he just looked at me and smiled," the principal wrote to the boy's father. "This is totally inappropriate." The boy and his classmates had been given an assignment to write journal entries and "peace poems."*

NEW YORK—*A tenant who had a beef with his landlord allegedly posted a* WANTED *poster for Osama bin Laden that he doctored to read "Usama Maurice Herman." He included Herman's description and changed gender to "unknown" and nationality to "loser." When Herman removed the poster, the tenant replaced it with a fake newspaper article claiming that Herman refused to allow his tenants to display the U.S. flag. Herman responded with an $11 million defamation suit.*

FULL MAST

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA—*To raise money for victims of the attacks, the local Planned Parenthood offered red, white and blue condoms to each person who made a donation to the relief efforts at one of its four area clinics. "The incidence of unintended pregnancy rises dramatically in the weeks and months following a death or tragic loss," explained the group's president. He said the condoms would allow patriotic men "to display their colors proudly." The*

president of one anti-abortion group, the American Life League, expressed horror. "What Planned Parenthood is suggesting is utterly disgusting and totally inappropriate," she said. "It's a desecration of our national colors."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

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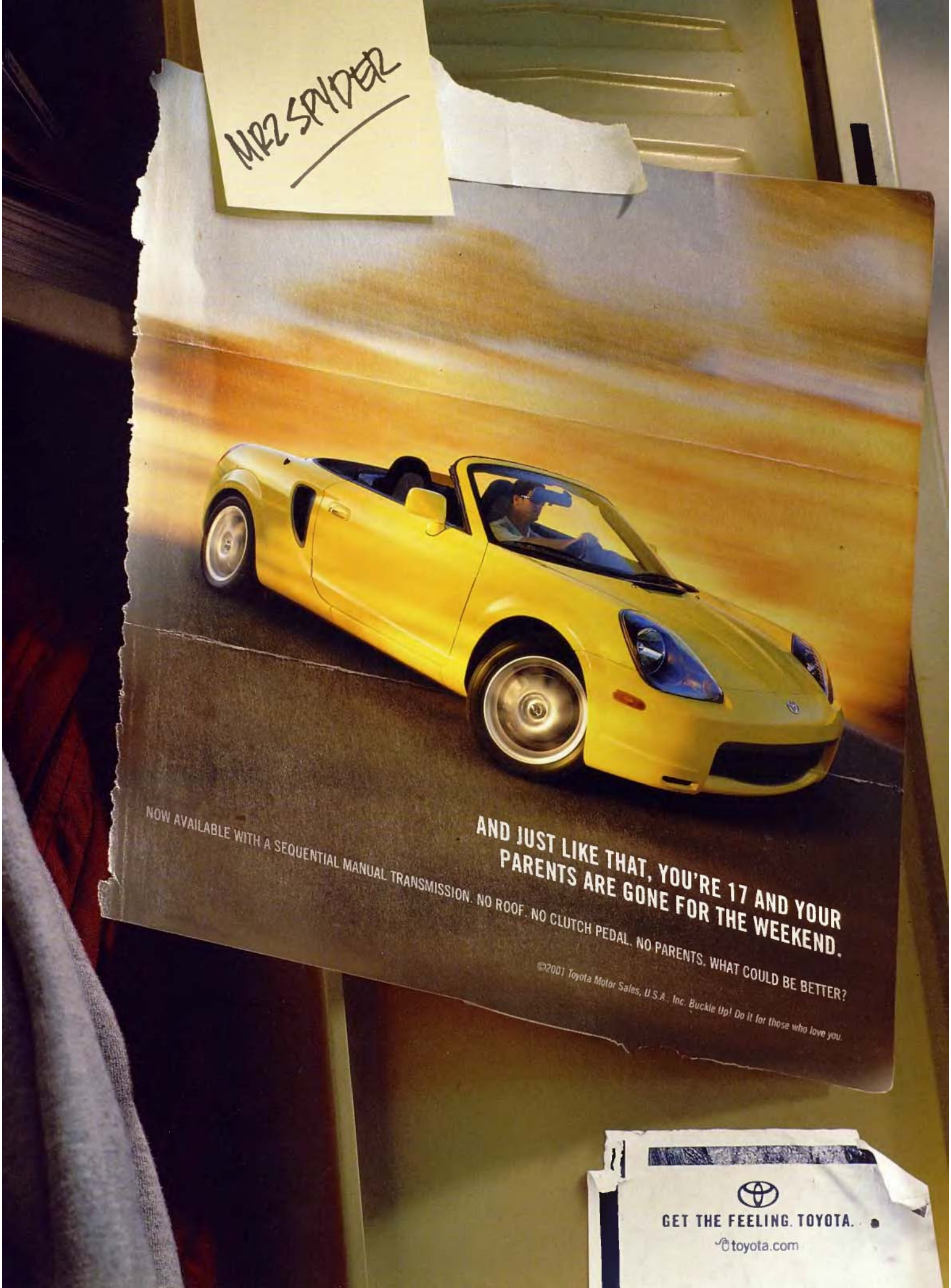
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GARY HART

a candid conversation with the former senator whose prophetic report should have warned us about the devastating attacks of september 11, 2001

As the world wobbled on its axis after September 11, former senator and presidential hopeful Gary Hart emerged from what had been almost 15 years out of the public eye to talk about a national commission he had cochaired that had predicted the terrorist onslaught. The commission's report, published in 1999, warned that unless the country reorganized its national security priorities we would be caught as sorely unprepared as we turned out to be. For Hart it was a sort of public resurrection. In 1988 he had withdrawn from a strong race for the Democratic presidential nomination on the heels of accusations that he had been keeping company with a woman who was not his wife. Though the situation seemed to end his political career, Hart did not skulk from the scene. "I am not a beaten man," he said in May 1987. "I am an angry and defiant man." He went on to indict the style of media coverage that has haunted American politics ever since. "We're all going to have to seriously question the system for selecting our national leaders that reduces the press to hunters and presidential candidates to being hunted, that has reporters in bushes, false and inaccurate stories printed, photographers peeking in our windows, helicopters hovering over our roofs and my very strong wife close to tears because she can't even get in her own house at night without being harassed." With that he went home to Colorado to practice law and to write.

Gary Hart was born in Ottawa, Kansas in 1936. He began his college career in theological studies, graduating from Bethany Nazarene College in Oklahoma, then Yale Divinity School and finally Yale Law School in 1964. After working as an attorney for the Interior Department (where he developed a passionate focus on environmental issues), he moved to Denver in 1967 and has lived there since with Lee, his wife of 43 years.

Hart has always maintained that he never envisioned a political career for himself, preferring, he says, "to serve my country as a concerned citizen, a volunteer outside of elected office." Following his work as the campaign manager for George McGovern's 1972 presidential run, however, Hart emerged as a Democratic darling and was elected to the Senate from Colorado in 1974. He was reelected six years later, despite the state's Republican majority, and in 1984 his national recognition as a champion of governmental reform led him to run for the Democratic presidential nomination. In a surprisingly strong showing at the San Francisco convention that year, he came in second to Walter Mondale, who lost the election to incumbent Ronald Reagan. Following the convention, Hart sent a clear signal that this would not be his last run for president. Promising that the party would continue to hear from him, he told them, "This is one Hart you won't leave in San Francisco."

And, indeed, when he announced his candidacy in April 1987, his youthful good looks, his insistence on a campaign of ideas, his strong sense of social justice and his spirited political knowledge made him the man to beat going into the 1988 contest for the Democratic nomination. Then the allegations of personal misconduct engulfed his campaign. In May 1987, he reluctantly and angrily dropped out of the race. That December he unexpectedly reentered, calling it the toughest thing he had ever done and saying he wanted "to let the people decide." In March 1988, after losing several primary and caucus votes, Hart abandoned his run for the final time. "The people have decided," he said. "I got a fair hearing." He then returned to Colorado to practice international law.

It was a sad end to an otherwise successful

"We're fighting people who are demonic and clever, and we're not used to that kind of enemy. We don't have to become like them, but we have to begin thinking like them in order to protect ourselves."

"You would think that when you predict a major terrorist attack on America, most editors would put it on the front page. That didn't happen. We got nothing on the networks and nothing, I think, in The New York Times."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON COPPOCK-KING

"The national unity we've experienced since the attack is a great thing. If only 10 percent of that were to last, it would signal a huge change in the stability of our society that has been sadly lacking."

political career. During his 12 years in the Senate he had served on the Armed Services Committee, the Budget Committee, the Environment and Public Works Committee and the Intelligence Oversight Committee. His style was intellectual without pretense, and he was widely admired for his conservation and military reform efforts. Such qualities made him a strong choice for appointment as co-chair (with former Senator Warren Rudman) for the study group chartered by Clinton defense secretary William Cohen to reassess U.S. national security issues for the first time since 1947 and to recommend changes that would address the dangerous realities of the first 25 years of the new century.

Called the U.S. Commission on National Security/21st Century, the group was made up of seven Democrats and seven Republicans who spent nearly three years taking testimony and gathering research. Phase one of their three-part report was published in September 1999 under the title New World Coming. In it they urged the government to "expect conflicts in which adversaries, because of cultural affinities different from our own, will resort to forms and levels of violence shocking to our sensibilities." And they predicted that when (not if) those enemies attacked, Americans would likely die on American soil in large numbers. Phases two and three of the report, published in April 2000 and February 2001, went into exhaustive detail on the dangers and opportunities the U.S. faced and the governmental changes required to combat them. The report (available at www.nssg.gov) received scant coverage when it was completed, but it gained a new life in the wake of September 11.

So did Gary Hart, at least in terms of public presence. The face, the voice, the cool thoughtfulness of his approach reappeared among the TV pundits, in newspaper articles and in speeches. We asked **Craig Vetter** *to catch up with Hart to talk with him about the report and assess the country's response to the terror. Vetter writes:*

"I lived in Colorado when Gary Hart was first elected to the Senate and watched him carefully over his bright, then doomed, public career. In recent years I've kept up with him here and there through his son John, a friend. The former senator is a busy man. He has written 12 books and is counsel to Coudert Brothers, a multinational law firm, and in the course of that work seems to make an overseas trip once a week. Because of that, and the schedule of interviews and speeches he's been called to give since the September attacks, most of our conversations were conducted over the phone from his office in Denver or his home in Kittredge, Colorado. We connected briefly in an eerily empty Washington, D.C. a week and a half after the attacks, where he was testifying with Warren Rudman about the report before a Senate committee headed by Senator Joseph Lieberman. Hart and Rudman were frank and powerful in urging congressional adoption of their commission's recommendations for the long-needed change in our national security approach.

"Senator Hart looks good at 65 years old. He's a personable man with a sense of humor and irony, and he listens carefully to the questions put to him. I began by asking for his response to the images of American airliners flying into the World Trade towers on the morning of September 11."

PLAYBOY: Given that the reports of the U.S. Commission on National Security/21st Century, which you co-chaired, predicted in clear and chilling terms the devastating attack on America a full two years before it happened, the events of that September morning must have been particularly painful and frustrating for you.

HART: Yes, they were very frustrating. People were saying we weren't warned, when, in fact, the commission had worked for three years to put together a report that detailed threats we knew the country was not prepared for and that we saw as inevitable.

PLAYBOY: In fact, to quote from the report, you predicted that in the next quarter century "Americans will likely die on American soil, possibly in large numbers." Furthermore, the commission warned that "major countries rarely engage in serious rethinking and reform absent a major defeat, but this is a path the U.S. cannot take. Americans are less secure than they believe themselves to be. The time for reexamination is now, before the American people find themselves shocked by events they never anticipated." How strongly did you believe those words when they were published?

We need to get inside the minds of these people, to think differently. The threat is different. This is not the cold war.

HART: We had absolutely no doubt America was becoming increasingly vulnerable to hostile attack on our homeland and that our military superiority would not entirely protect us. And we tried to make it plain that the threat from terrorist organizations could take many forms and would come sooner than later in the next 25 years. We didn't say maybe. We weren't equivocal. Quotes like the ones you just cited were an attempt to bring the country to vigilance before we had to suffer what we did on September 11.

PLAYBOY: Where were you that morning?

HART: I was in our house in Colorado at my computer reading *The New York Times* online and watching television, as I do every morning. At 6:45 Mountain time, local news carried a report that a twin-engine plane had struck one of the Trade towers. My first thought was that a small plane had gone off course, lost control and hit the building. It never occurred to me that it was a commercial airliner. Then, about three minutes after the networks cut in with pictures of the first tower ablaze, the second plane hit, and I knew it was a major terrorist attack. And given my Senate experience on the Armed Services and Intelligence committees and two and a half years working on the National Security Commission, I knew that if terrorists could do this, they could do anything and that this might not be the end of the incident.

PLAYBOY: And then when the Pentagon was hit?

HART: By then I was on the phone with General Charles Boyd, executive director of the commission, and despite the fact that he is pretty unflappable—he spent seven years in prison in Vietnam—it shook us. I think the first thing we said to each other was that we did our best to tell people this was going to happen. Then we agreed we could not say anything like "We told you so."

PLAYBOY: Did you have a moment of anger that morning over the report's having been virtually ignored in spite of its strong language and the urgency of its recommendations?

HART: Yeah, to be honest, I did, but you have to sublimate that because it doesn't do any good. I've always been frustrated, as long as I've been in public life, with the resistance of our society and its government to anticipate problems and consequences that are as predictable as this horrible event was. We are, I'm afraid, reactive in this country rather than proactive.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think that is?

HART: It's tied in part to our resistance to government. There's been such a resistance to government politically in the past 25 years at least that it has almost shut down our anticipatory function. It's as if when we don't have simple answers to things we would rather just not think about them.

PLAYBOY: The media didn't help much in getting out word of the report, did it?

HART: Well, you would think that when you predict a major terrorist attack on America, most editors would put it on the front page. But that didn't happen. We got fair to good coverage in local papers, but nothing on the networks, a page-two story in *The Washington Post* and nothing, I think, in *The New York Times*. I mean, it wasn't as if our forecast was hesitant or tentative. And this wasn't just another federal commission. We had 14 vastly experienced, bipartisan members, and when the final report was finished, there wasn't one dissenting voice among us.

PLAYBOY: Did the report get international coverage?

HART: Actually, some of the international

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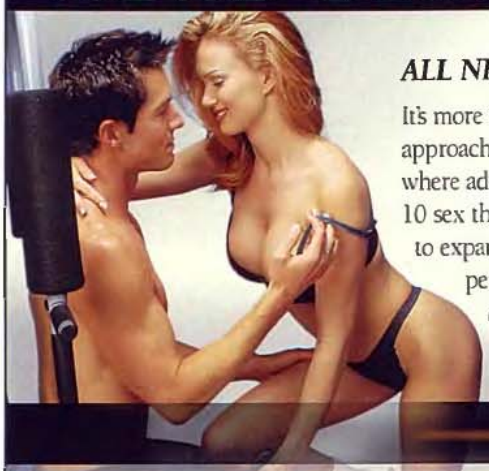

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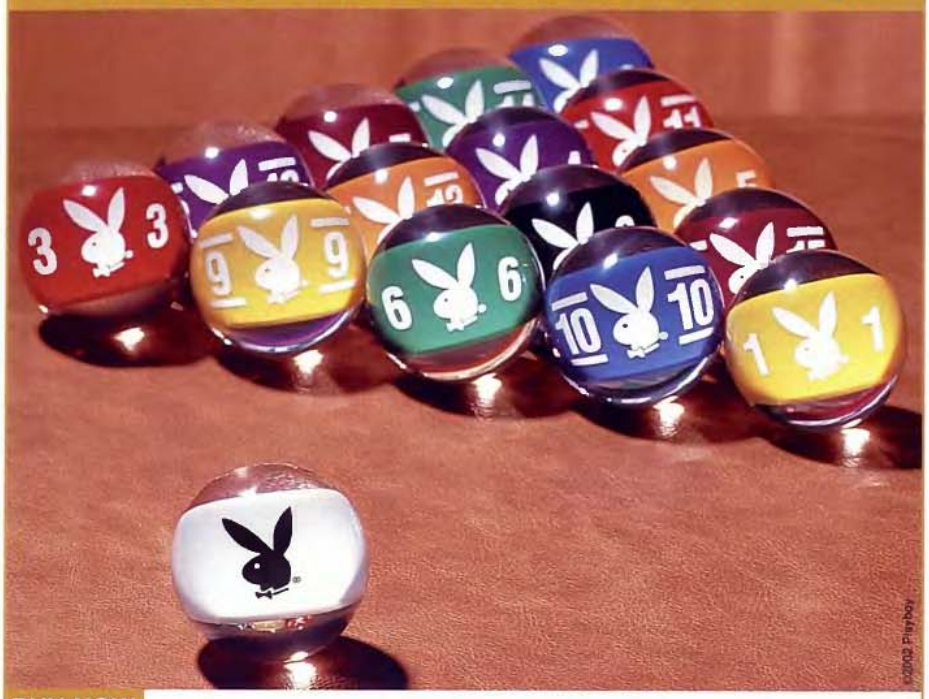

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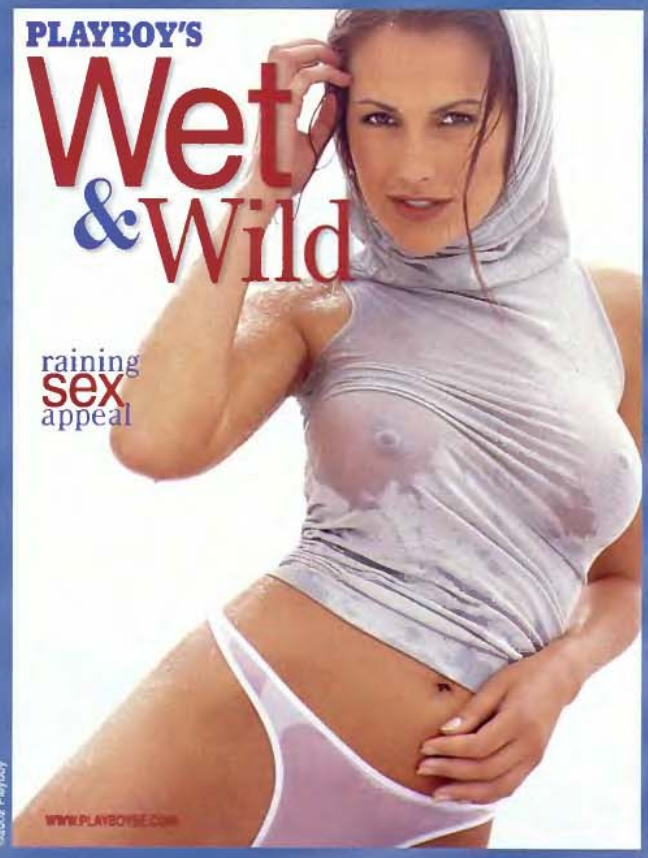

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press, through their bureaus in Washington, followed our deliberations carefully because they were alert to the effect that any changes in American security policy might have on them. And we had the report on a website that got something like 2 million hits worldwide. We worked hard to get the message out.

PLAYBOY: Who set up the commission and why?

HART: It came about after a conversation between President Clinton and Newt Gingrich—which should give you an indication of how bipartisan the idea was. They were concerned that there had been no ongoing study of national security since 1947. The hope was the commission could generate a report that would recommend the reorganization of the entire government that was clearly needed to face the number one danger to the U.S., which we saw as domestic terrorism. That's why we called for the establishment of a National Homeland Security Agency headed by a Cabinet-level secretary and answerable to the president and the Congress.

PLAYBOY: What exactly did you imagine such an agency would do?

HART: Its main purpose would be to replace our fractured, ad hoc approach to homeland security with a focused, coordinated approach. There are now 40 or more activities involved in domestic defense, and they fall under several Cabinet departments. NHSA, as we proposed it, would combine the crucial agencies—Border Patrol, Customs, Coast Guard and the Federal Emergency Management Agency—under one Cabinet position that would focus entirely on preventing and responding to domestic terrorism.

PLAYBOY: Why not leave those agencies where they are and just beef them up?

HART: We certainly need to beef up their resources, but we also need to combine them under one director because their missions have changed. Right now, for instance, the Border Patrol is under the Justice Department because its original mission was a police function to keep people from illegally entering the country. Customs is under Treasury because it was set up to collect revenues. The Coast Guard is under Transportation because it was there to regulate seaboard traffic. But now, if we are at war, a prolonged war—and I believe that we are—these are all frontline defensive organizations, and we need them under one integrated command.

PLAYBOY: President Bush appointed Pennsylvania Governor Tom Ridge to head the Office of Homeland Security. Does that Cabinet-level appointment and agency accomplish what the commission had in mind?

HART: It's hard to know at this point, but I don't think it does. The real fault lines, the gaps and seams between the many agencies involved, are yet to be revealed.

As it is now, Ridge is supposed to "coordinate" the agencies. What he needs is the power to control them. The way the position is set up now is in the category of the czar approach, as in the drug czar, a position that answers only to the president and has never proved effective. I'm concerned that it's shielded from congressional scrutiny and is likely to cause greater confusion than already exists.

PLAYBOY: The commission's final report wasn't published until February 2001, just after George W. Bush took office. Were you able to meet with members of the new Cabinet to lay out the recommendations for them?

HART: Yes, we were, in late January and early February, so they had really just walked in the door. We met separately with Secretary of State Colin Powell, Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld and National Security Advisor Condoleezza Rice. All of them had read the report and were very interested in the kind of national security changes we were asking for. Secretary Rumsfeld was particularly engaged. We met for an hour and a half—he asked us penetrating questions and took several pages of notes. In general, they were sincere and attentive. I just don't think any of them had the sense of urgency we had.

PLAYBOY: Almost no one did, of course, not the administration, not Congress, not the military. But it's the intelligence agencies that are taking the heaviest criticism. Given the information we now know was out there on terrorists, why do you think the intelligence services failed to give us any kind of useful alert to the possibility of attack on our soil?

HART: The commission recommended a strong increase in the drafting of human intelligence, which has been echoed by many since the attack. We need people who can infiltrate or otherwise collect information we can't get through our technical capabilities. But it's a delicate proposition, because it means recruiting undesirable elements to work for you.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean criminals and terrorists?

HART: That's a graphic way to put it, but I think now we have to use every resource we have. We have to be careful, though, that we aren't being doubled by these people, that we aren't having our pockets picked. But we have to find ways to get inside the minds of these people, to think differently. The threat is different. This is not the cold war. We're not fighting enemies in the field, we're fighting people who are demonic and clever, and we're not used to that kind of enemy. We don't have to become like them, but we have to begin thinking like them in order to protect ourselves.

PLAYBOY: Since the attack we seem to be coordinating our intelligence with that of our allies and even that of former enemies. Were we doing enough of that before this emergency?

HART: We have to hope that our intelligence network of democratic or even partly Western-leaning countries is woven a hell of a lot closer than it has been. But the truth is that one of the reasons we've been reluctant to attempt wider networks is that if we ask other countries to share intelligence, we have to share intelligence with them—and we don't like to do that. We like to vacuum it up, but we don't like to tell them what we have for fear of compromising sources. But now, we either have to get involved in this kind of network or not. We can't have it both ways.

PLAYBOY: One of the report's strongest suggestions is that homeland security become the primary mission of the National Guard. Why?

HART: For a couple of reasons. First, it's what the Constitution contemplated for them 225 years ago as a militia that was organized in a homeland defense posture. And second, as they say in the military, they're forward-deployed, they're here, they can be on the scene much faster than conventional military forces. As we've seen in New York, they were on the front lines along with the police, fire and rescue units.

PLAYBOY: Would this replace their role as follow-on expeditionary forces for the regular army, as they were used in the Gulf war?

HART: No, they would still be available for that duty as needed, but I think the chances of that sort of operation are diminished given the character of the new enemy. So what we are talking about is a retrained and reequipped National Guard for a new primary mission, which, in a way, is more important right now than the regular forces. The commission recommended strengthening the military across the board, including missile defense. But the role of the National Guard as a frontline homeland defense force ought to be the first priority.

PLAYBOY: In fact, the National Guard now patrols at major airports. Is that the kind of role you have in mind for them?

HART: For now it's fine, though I think ultimately airport security has to be a federal responsibility. It's an issue of political philosophy. The reason it was privatized is that, as I said, we're coming out of 25 years of disbelief in government and belief in the marketplace. The problem is that when you come to issues of public safety, the profit motive doesn't work. When the airlines were given the responsibility for passenger security, they predictably went to the lowest bidder—that is, people who would do the job for $5.95 an hour. Given that the terrorists in this event didn't take anything through the checkpoints that was against the rules, we can't blame the people who were checking them. Still, I think we need trained federal employees on those jobs to ensure the highest possible security.

PLAYBOY: The report did not actually anticipate the use of commercial airliners

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as guided missiles. The scenarios that the commission imagined had to do with nuclear, chemical and biological terrorist attacks. How vulnerable are we to these weapons of mass destruction?

HART: Let's think about it this way. There are 58,000 cargo shipments that enter the U.S. every day. Customs can inspect only one or two percent of them. Along with that, over a million people cross our borders every day. So no matter how much we increase the resources of Customs and the Border Patrol, we can never be 100 percent sure that we can stop some kind of nuclear, chemical or biological device from getting into the country. Which is exactly why we have proposed a Homeland Security Agency as a way to coordinate the crucial national defense players under one directorate that can anticipate, prevent and respond to home-soil attacks like the ones we have just suffered.

PLAYBOY: Do you think additional attacks by terrorists using nuclear, biological or chemical weapons are likely?

HART: Yes. It's hard to know for sure at this point, but I think the anthrax incidents may be a second wave of attacks with others to come. And I think that because of the mentality of these people and because of the briefings we've had with intelligence and military officials. We know that these groups have been seeking such capabilities, and we have to expect that sooner or later they're going to have them. It's unthinkable, but so was what happened last September. The federal government must prepare for it.

PLAYBOY: Do you include cyber attacks on your list of possibilities?

HART: The commission talked to an awful lot of cyber experts, and here you get a different answer than to the problems of nuclear, chemical and biological threats. Instead of government action, they suggested that the private sector take the lead—that, for instance, the transportation industry, financial companies, communications industry and the energy sector have a role in protecting themselves. They are private enterprises, but they have a huge responsibility to work with the government to harden their systems. That kind of private cooperation with the federal government is going to be tricky, but we're going to have to pool our talents to protect ourselves. As it is now, I wouldn't be surprised to see a major economic sector shut down sometime soon.

PLAYBOY: There have been a lot of federal actions proposed over the past several months that you might describe as tricky in terms of the constitutional guarantees we ordinarily count on. Are you at all worried the administration is seeking measures that threaten civil liberties?

HART: There's always a chance we'll be spied on, that our privacy will be eroded. We said in the report that Congress is crucial for guaranteeing that homeland security is achieved within a framework of law that protects the civil liberties and privacy of American citizens. We're so scared now, we imagine we'll wake up in the morning and have a police state where people are being handcuffed on the street. I'm not sure exactly what's going to happen—and draconian measures aren't out of the question. But whatever it is, it will be done only after deliberation in Congress, the kind of debate that's already begun. I think we have to count on that.

PLAYBOY: So you don't see us putting Arab Americans in camps, as we did with Japanese Americans?

HART: I don't think so. I hope not. I would certainly resist any kind of ethnic profiling. It's only the tiniest fraction of Muslims or Arabs who are involved in terrorist business, and we have to remember they are not our only enemies. Timothy McVeigh was not a Muslim or an Arab.

PLAYBOY: Do you endorse the virtual news blackout that's being enforced on media coverage of our current military action? Doesn't that fly in the face of our free-press guarantees?

HART: Well, I have some trouble with reporters on the front line because of the reward system in journalism today. Reporters now are after failure; they want to get on page one because someone screwed up, and in the process they don't particularly care what secrets they reveal. It's not the way it was in World War II when the press was part of a patriotic propaganda effort in the best sense of the word. There was little criticism of our leadership that got through the censors. These days the rewards go to those who report on somebody messing up, and anybody who knows anything about the history of warfare knows it is all about people messing up. At the same time, you don't want those who mess up to get away with it. I don't know what you do to strike a balance. It's a tough question.

PLAYBOY: Did the ravaging you took from the press in 1984 change the way you think about the fourth estate?

HART: Yes, it did. That was a long time ago and a lot of things were happening to change the media in those days. The ownership of print media was changing. The values of electronic media went from public information to commercial interests to entertainment.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the way the press handled the Clinton scandal indicates that those values are still solidly in place?

HART: Maybe, maybe not. I think the media were shocked that the American people gobbled up details of his private life and at the same time didn't judge him for it. Many of them thought he was going to be gone from office out of public outrage. Well, the public wasn't outraged. He stayed in office despite the coverage because the people thought he did a good job. But you know, that's all past, and let me say this while I'm talking about the media: I think American journalism was at its absolute best in the week following the attack. And it was no accident that it was detached from commercial interests, not worrying about ratings, not cutting away for dandruff commercials. From the moment that plane hit the first tower and all through that week, the media did an incredible job.

PLAYBOY: We know we were lied to by the military and the administration about Vietnam, and even about details of the Gulf war. If the media are kept at arm's length from the horrors of battle, aren't we allowing war to become remote and sanitized?

HART: That's the risk. But I think the feeling now, with 5000 unarmed Americans dead, is that almost anything goes, and just don't tell us about it. It's one thing for the public to say it's my right to know, those are my tax dollars, those are my kids. But there's such a feeling of vengeance right now that I think if you took a poll probably 75 percent or more of the people would say just get it done and don't give me the details. By the way, that's the reason for the Central Intelligence Agency. The capability of going out, getting it done and not telling us how you did it.

PLAYBOY: The administration has suggested that the war will be long and fought on many fronts, in many ways, some of them so secret we may never know about them. How do you feel about that approach?

HART: Well, the military models of the past three centuries aren't going to do the job for us in this conflict. The rules of war have traditionally said that all combatants must be in uniform, or they can be shot as spies. I think that along with the use of small Special Forces groups like the ones we're using in Afghanistan, we may well have to create forces who don't necessarily wear uniforms. There are units of the Mossad who are the prototype of this.

PLAYBOY: Do you think our focus on Bin Laden and al Qaeda is useful for the struggle ahead?

HART: It's too narrow. Americans find it convenient to rally against a personalized demon like Hitler, or Tojo or Hussein. In this case it's a mistake because the problem is bigger than Bin Laden. He's part of the problem but not the whole problem, and focusing on him in the Jesse James way the president did when he said "wanted dead or alive" tends to set him up for martyrdom, which could make things worse in the long run.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean worse as in a wider war between the West and Muslims?

(concluded on page 154)

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VIRTUAL REICH

FASCISM IS BACK, FEATURING A STRANGE CAST OF ISLAMIC FUNDAMENTALISTS, SKINHEADS AND HOMEGROWN TERRORISTS. HERE'S THE SINISTER PART: THEY'RE ALL TALKING TO ONE ANOTHER

article By Michael Reynolds

It was the first week of May 1945, the final spring for Hitler. Mussolini's corpse was strung up by its heels in front of an Italian gas station. The Führer's gunshot skull smoldered at the feet of Soviet soldiers in the ashes of Berlin. It appeared that fascism was dead. But like plutonium or viral pathogens, truly evil ideas have a significant half-life and a strong capacity for transfiguration.

Unrepentant Nazi fugitives and their collaborators throughout the Americas and Middle East formed clandestine international networks. Downplaying their hatred for democracy, these former S.S. men and their fascist brothers in Europe reemerged as ardent anti-Communists. In this guise these networks became useful assets to U.S. intelligence agencies in the Cold War and to Latin American and Arab dictatorships and other repressive regimes in the West. On these platforms the Nazis began laying brick for their dreamed Fourth Reich.

Today's neofascist generation has expanded and improved on these old transnational consortiums, breathing new life into the mummified remains. Fascism doesn't come to call in a Hollywood S.S. costume or a white sheet. It's more likely to walk up in a J. Banks suit, blacked-out anarchist drag or a turban instead of a bomber jacket and Doc Martens boots. It rails against global capitalism, unchecked immigration, Zionist oppression, environmental catastrophe, corporate monoculture and the threat of American imperialism. Its abhorrence of homosexuals and abortion is shaped as a battle against moral degeneracy and corruption. Its racism and anti-Semitism are framed as ethnic nationalism, cultural identity and autonomy rather than white supremacy and totalitarian conquest.

Most strange and alarming, as we shall see, it is a movement that has married right and left, East and West, Odin and Allah. This dangerous phenomenon illustrated itself in the wake of September 11. Neo-Nazi leaders throughout the world issued thrilled statements that echoed those of their Islamic extremist counterparts.

From Germany, Horst Mahler, onetime Marxist terrorist of the Red Army Faction and now ideologue for the revitalized neo-Nazi movement, wrote in a letter posted on the Internet:

> For decades, the jihad—the holy war—has been the agenda of the Islamic world against the Western value system. This time it could break out in earnest. Have you considered yet what that means? It would be a world war that is won with the dagger. The Anglo-American and European employees of the global players, dispersed throughout the world, are—as Osama bin Laden proclaimed a long while ago—military targets. Only a few need be liquidated in this manner; the survivors will run off like hares into their respective home countries, where they belong. Globalism, already powerfully damaged by the runaway world economic crisis, will sink down upon itself, like the towers of Manhattan.

On September 15 Mahler's American counterpart, National Alliance leader William Luther Pierce, joined in from his remote headquarters in the West Virginia mountains. "The people who flew those planes into the World Trade Center and the Pentagon did it because they had been pushed into a corner by the U.S. government acting on behalf of the Jews instead of on behalf of the American people," Pierce proclaimed on his weekly Internet and shortwave broadcast. "This week's attacks are just the beginning of what's in store for America."

While the jihad rhetoric spewed from Pierce, Mahler and other Aryan revolutionaries, German and American

PAINTING BY PHIL HALE

investigators zeroed in on Hamburg, the port city from which the Islamists likely initiated their operations. U.S. Attorney General John Ashcroft identified such a cell. "It is clear that Hamburg served as a central base of operations as part of the planning of the September 11 attacks," he announced on October 23, naming three hijackers and three fugitives. German law enforcement, meanwhile, had already begun exploring the relationships between native neo-Nazis and the Islamic extremist underground that had been built over the past 20 years.

In early November a Swiss veteran of this neo-Nazi–Islamist axis—Ahmed Huber—was named by the feds as one of 16 individuals suspected of financially supporting Osama bin Laden and the al-Qaeda terrorist network. According to European and American intelligence, Huber and two members of Egypt's Muslim Brotherhood—Youssef Nada and Ali Ghaleb Himmat—sit atop a nest of global financial organizations known as Al Taqwa Management or Nada Management, which runs from the Middle East to Europe to the Bahamas and Malaysia. Swiss authorities froze accounts linked to these groups, hauled away several vans full of documents from their homes and offices and brought Huber, Nada and Himmat in for interrogation.

Huber is a very fit, very anti-Semitic 74-year-old who converted to Islam in the Sixties. With ties to fugitive S.S. officers, Islamic terrorists and skinheads, Huber is a major player whose record spans generations—from the Third Reich to the virtual Reich. Over the past decade Huber has popped up in Beirut, Tehran, Brussels, London and New York as a well-funded polemicist for Ayatollah Khomeini, Holocaust deniers and neofascists. He may also have been acting as a transnational bagman for Islamic and pan-Aryan extremist networks.

On the evening of September 11 following the devastation in New York and Washington, Huber and a clutch of young Euro skinheads celebrated the news at a tavern in Germany. That night Huber declared the World Trade Center had been the "twin towers of the godless" and that the Pentagon was a "symbol of Satan."

Huber has been a speaker at a number of neofascist events over the past several years, including the international conference in Passau in 2000. As for al-Qaeda, Huber told an interviewer that he had met some of Bin Laden's people in Beirut last year and praised them for being "very discreet, well-educated and very intelligent people."

The fascist–Islamist axis came as no surprise to those monitoring the anti-Semitic internationale. As far back as 1933, National Socialism was embraced within Egypt, Syria and Iraq. In sync with Hitler's extermination campaign against "world Jewry," Muslim muftis from those countries trooped to Nuremberg for the rallies. Josef Goebbels flew to Egypt. Copies of *Mein Kampf* flew off the shelves in Cairo, Baghdad and Damascus.

Much more recently, European, Russian and American neofascists have worked to shore up alliances throughout the Middle East. German, French and Italian neo-Nazis joined Palestinian support groups in coordinated demonstrations across Europe. Mahler and other anti-Semitic ideologues traveled to Lebanon, Baghdad, Jordan and Tehran to meet with Islamic extremists. Between trips, Pierce was on the telephone for numerous interviews with Radio Tehran that were broadcast across the Middle East.

After 50 years, the network is again alive—buzzing with energy from a new generation that recognizes no borders but focuses on the same enemies—Jews, democracy and the U.S.

A key to this recent growth, naturally, is the Internet. More than 2000 websites promote variants on the theme of hate—from blatant neo-Nazism to veiled anti-Semitic conspiracies and nationalist revolution. There is now a virtual Reich in which ideologies, tactics and solidarity are developed and instantly whipped around the globe.

European neofascism and political theory birthed this beast, but American-style terrorism has taught it new tricks. Several months after the bombing in Oklahoma City, a journalist tracked down one of Timothy McVeigh's sketchy compatriots and found him in his Michigan basement. On the wall was a sign that read: WE MAY BE ILLITERATE BUT WE KNOW HOW TO BUILD A DAMN FINE BOMB. The Ryder truck bomb in Oklahoma City proved that improvisation and a proud American tradition of righteous-rebel violence can produce devastation anywhere in the world—without benefit of an army.

Taking cues from their American counterparts, young European terrorists have opted for leaderless resistance. This leaves autonomous squads or individuals on their own to select targets and take action, thus doing away with any hierarchy of command. With bombers like Ted Kaczynski and Timothy McVeigh, snipers like Joseph Paul Franklin and gangs like the Aryan Republican Army and the Order, the white American terrorist style is ideally suited to this new insurgency.

For their part, American terrorists may have found a haven in Europe. It was only this past December that British media reported that FBI agents were scouring Ireland and Scotland in search of fugitive James Kopp. Kopp's most prominent victim was Buffalo physician Dr. Barnett Slepian, who ran an abortion clinic. Kopp allegedly secreted himself in a wooded area on the evening of October 23, 1998 with a clear view through his riflescope to Dr. Slepian's kitchen window and its well-lighted interior. The doctor was standing with his back to that window, stirring a pot of soup on the stove, when a bullet ripped through his body. He bled to death in front of his wife and sons before EMTs arrived at the scene.

Investigators believe that Kopp then calmly left his sniper's position and walked about 150 feet into the woods, where he wrapped his Kalashnikov in plastic, slipped it into a plastic tube and buried it. He then returned through the woods to his Chevrolet, where a female accomplice may have waited with the motor running. Within days of the killing, police had Kopp tagged as a prime suspect by tracing the license plate noted by one of Slepian's neighbors. He was also implicated in rifle attacks in Canada and New York that had left three other doctors seriously wounded. Not only were Kopp's victims all abortion providers, but all were also either Jewish or had Jewish names.

James Kopp quickly made the FBI's 10 Most Wanted, joining an even more notorious bomber, Eric Rudolph.

The 34-year-old Rudolph is a legend in the neofascist world from North Carolina to Naples. A hybrid of his mother's reactionary Catholicism, his teenage schooling at an Ozark Christian Identity compound and his subsequent explorations into pan-Aryan neofascism, Rudolph is wanted for a series of deadly bombings that began with the Centennial Park explosion during the 1996 Olympics in Atlanta and include attacks of abortion clinics and a gay bar that left two people dead and 124 injured.

As the target of one of the most intensive manhunts in the history of the U.S., Rudolph has led hundreds of federal, state and local agents, bounty hunters, bear trackers, Bo Gritz and his militiamen and reporters on a futile $14 million three-year search through the rugged Nantahala Forest of Appalachia. The former Army Ranger has been sought since January 29, 1998 in connection with the bombing of a women's health center in Birmingham, Alabama. Investigators say they believe the bomber detonated a device, killing policeman Robert Sanderson and leaving nurse Emily Lyons collapsed at

(continued on page 146)

"Mr. Buxby's out right now . . . but I expect him to be in and out all afternoon."

PLAYBOY'S CYBER GIRLS

browser?
we hardly know her!

TECHNOLOGY CAN appear cold and sterile, but we have the antidote: Cyber Girls, our newest way to celebrate female beauty. Cyber Girls bring warmth to the coldest, most clinical monitor. Nearly 50 years ago, Hef created the blueprint of modern beauty when he unveiled the Playmate. Our Cyber Girls represent the same commitment to beauty, personality and authenticity, all cut to fit your screen. Cyber Girls exist in a dramatically new medium, but they still must meet the rigors of PLAYBOY's unmatched photographic professionalism. Best of all, in this era of instant gratification, there are 52 Cyber Girls per year. A Cyber Girl is unveiled on cyber.playboy.com every week. Members of the Cyber Club choose the Cyber Girl of the Month. The democratically selected winner is then brought back to the studio to be shot for photos and video. Cyber Girls are drawn from worldwide searches that result in thousands of applications and test shoots per year. The first Cyber Girl, Stephanie Heinrich, was crowned in September 2000. She went on to become Miss October 2001. Leaf through these pages and you'll agree, the man who made the Bunny hop is now making the mouse bop. Consider this a boot-up call.

Opposite: Susan Weiss knows how to enter the Cyber Club—double-click. She must have picked up some grophic opplications, too, os she olso owns o lingerie shop. At right, Notasho Bernasek proves that she wasn't bluffing obout thot poir of oces.

This page: Tailor James has seen fire and she's seen rain. But she doesn't like tan lines. Opposite, clockwise from top left: Natasha Podkuyko secures her shoes much more effectively than the rest of her clothing. Stephanie Heinrich's dot-com debut paved the way for an unprecedented unification of the belts: She was the first-ever Cyber Girl, the first Cyber Girl of the Month (in January 2001) and then Miss October 2001 on our pages. Stephenie Flickinger, of Missouri, is pure KC sunshine and has a hard time figuring out what to wear. Shiloh McCormick won Hawaiian Tropic's first annual people's choice award. We're pretty sure Shiloh said she worked in radio, but we were too distracted by her microphone skills to hear much.

Opposite poge, clockwise from top left: Poulette Myers is involved with o major league pitcher. When she mokes her signol, he never woves her off. Kotio Corriveau is French Conodion. She likes "going into the woods with o bosket of fine food ond o bottle of wine ond having lots of possionote sex." Eriko Michelle Borré is French Conodian, too, olthough now she's o Californio girl. She soys she loves "helping people in o time of need." Here we catch her odding humidity to o room. Jono Horak puts the Oh in Ohio. She olso puts some serious numbers on our server ond mokes for some mossive downloods. This page: Amy Miller likes to go out doncing ot night. She says, "Music con completely change my mood." Ours, too—especiolly when we con put our eors next to o poir of big woofers.

FICTION BY JIM SHEPARD

REFLECTIONS FROM THE BLACK LAGOON

AFTER 400 MILLION YEARS IN THE PRIMORDIAL MUCK, ANY WOMAN WOULD LOOK GOOD. EVEN AN ANTHROPOLOGIST

Before they came, I went about my business in pond muck, slurry, roiling soups of particulate matter and anaerobic nits and scooters. I'd been alone for somewhere between 250 million and 260 million years. I'd forgotten the exact date. Our prime had been the Devonian, and we'd been old news by the Permian. We'd become a joke by the Triassic and fish food by the Cretaceous. The Cenozoic had dragged by like the era it was. At some point, I'd looked around and everyone else was gone. I was still there, the spirit of a fish in the shape of a man. I breaststroked back and forth, parting underwater meadows with taloned mitts. I watched species come and go. I glided a lot, vain about my swimming, and not as fluid with my stroking as I would have liked to have been. I suffered from negative buoyancy. I was out of my element.

Out of the water, I gaped. In the 100 percent humidity it felt like I should be able to breathe. My mouth moved like I was testing a broken jaw. My gills flexed and extended to pull what I needed out of the impossible thinness of the air. The air felt elastic and warm at the entrance to my throat, as though it had breath behind it that never got through. The air was strands of warmth pulling apart, dissipating at my mouth.

My mouth was razored with shallow triangular teeth. I lived on fish I was poorly equipped to catch. I killed a tapir out of boredom and curiosity, but it tasted of dirt and parasites and dung. For regularity, I ate the occasional water cabbage. I'd evolved to crack open ammonites and rake the meat from trilobites. Instead, I flopped around after schools of fish that moved like light on leaves. They slipped away like memories. Every so often, a lucky swipe left one taloned.

How long had it been since I'd seen one of my own? We hadn't done well where we'd been, and our attempt at a diaspora had been a

DIGITAL ILLUSTRATION BY JIM LUDTKE

washout. I'd gotten pitying looks from the plesiosaurs. Was I so unique? In the rain forest, the common was rare and the rare was common.

The lagoon had changed over the years. It had snaked out in various directions and receded in others. Most recently it had become about nine times as long as it was wide. The northern end was not so deep and the southern end fell away farther than I'd ever needed to go. Something with bug eyes and fanlike dorsals had swum up out of there once 7500 years ago and hadn't been seen since.

Every so often the water tasted brackish or salty.

There was one crescent of sandy beach that came or went by the decade, depending on storms, a wearying expanse of reedy shoreline that flooded every spring (silverfish glided between the buttress roots, gathering seeds), and a shallow-bottomed plateau of saw grass that turned out to be perfect for watching swimmers from concealment. There was a minor amphitheater of a rocky outcrop suitable for setting oneself off against when being probed at night with searchlights (stagger up out of the waist-deep water, perform your blindness in the aggravating glare, swipe ineffectually at the beams). There were two seasonally roving schools of piranha with poor self-control, a swarm of unforgiving parasitic worms in a still-water cul-de-sac, five or six uninviting channels that led to danger and mystery, one occasionally blocked main artery in the bend of the Amazon, one secret underwater passageway that led to an oddly capacious and echoey chamber of stone, and a huge fallen stilt palm that seemed to be still growing despite its submarine status. From below, the water was the color of tea. From above, even on sunny days, the deeper levels looked black.

During the day, the air was humid and blood warm. In the morning, orchid-smelling mists surrounded columns buttressed with creepers. Lines of small hunting vireos moved like waves through the trees. Wrens sang antiphonally, alternating the opening notes and completing phrases with their mates.

Night fell in minutes. Bats replaced birds, moths replaced butterflies. In the close darkness, howler monkeys roared defiance. Nectar-gathering bats sideslipped through the clearings. Fishing bats gaffed cichlids and ate them in flight.

I didn't go far. I entertained dim memories of thickets of stinging insects, poisonous snakes and spiders, and the yellow-eyed gleams of jaguars. Away from the water, all trees looked the same and there were no clues to help with orientation. Everything considered me with a diffident neutrality: the bushmaster in the leaf litter, the army ants in the hollow tree, the millipede coiling into its defensive position. I chewed beans and fungi for the visions their hallucinogens provided. The visions stood in for insights.

One afternoon, after 470 million years of quiet, a boat chug-chugged into the lagoon. Old rubber tires hung over its side. It leaked black oil and something more pungent that spread small rainbows over the water. It made a lot of unnecessary and fish-scaring noise. Once it settled into quiet, I fingered its bottom from below with a talon, scraping lines in the soft slime.

Later, across the lagoon, I hovered in the black water, invisible in the sun's glare. The figures on the boat had my shape. Naturally, I was curious.

They spoke over one another in headlong squabbles and seemed to have divided their tasks in obscure ways. Just what they were doing was something I could not untangle. Had I found companions? Was I no longer completely alone? Had the universe singled me out for good fortune? My heart boomed terror.

I had not one single illusion about this group. Spears were unpacked. Nets. Other ominous-looking instruments. Nothing about any of this suggested diffident neutrality.

A smaller boat steadily brought minor hills of junk ashore. A canvas tent went up. Floating off by myself, savoring that illusory moment of coolness when I'd rise from the water in the early morning, I watched a bare-chested native lead a hurrying scientist in a Panama hat to an exposed bank of rock. They arrived to confront a conspicuous claw waving menacingly from the shale.

I paddled over for a listen.

"What was it, Doctor?" the native asked.

The doctor admitted he didn't know. He was fumbling with a cumbersome flash camera. He said he'd never seen anything like it before.

"Was it important?" the native wondered.

The doctor took pictures, his flash redundant in the sunlight. He said he thought it was. Very important. He set the camera aside and pickaxed the fossil arm right out of the rock. So much for the preciousness of the find.

He announced he was going to take it to the institute. Luis and his friend were to wait here for his return.

First, he said, he had to take some measurements. Then he fussed about for days.

There were four men: a figure with a hat who remained on the boat, and Luis, Andujar and the doctor on the shore, their sagging tent beside that still-water cul-de-sac with the swarm of parasitic worms.

The claw they kept in the tent in a box had some sentimental value for me. In the middle of the night at times I stood beside the open tent flaps, dripping, ruminating on whether to go in for it. The doctor's breathing was clogged and he sounded like a marine toad.

In the morning they made their waste down the end of a trail leading to a stand of young palms that turned from orange to green as they matured.

One day the foreclaw was gone; I could feel it. The doctor was gone with it. The boat was gone.

Luis and Andujar sang as they did their work. They didn't work often. They played a game with a sharp knife they used to hack down plants.

I watched them and learned their idiosyncrasies. I learned about camp stools and toilet paper. I learned about rifles. They enjoyed disassembling and oiling rifles. The procedure for loading rifles and killing animals with rifles was patiently walked through every morning, as though for the benefit of those creatures like myself watching interestedly from the bush. I was impressed with the rifles.

That night beside their camp I rose so slowly from the water that the meniscus distended before giving way. With my mouth still submerged, my eyes negotiated the glow of their lanterns. The tent canvas blocking the light was the color of embers. On a nearby hibiscus, the light refracted through an insect disguised as a water droplet.

I stood beside the tent in the darkness. One of them looked out and then withdrew his head.

Even with my scales glimmering moonlight and water seeping from my algae, I had a talent for invisibility, for sudden disappearance, the way blue butterflies in the canopy vanish when entering shade.

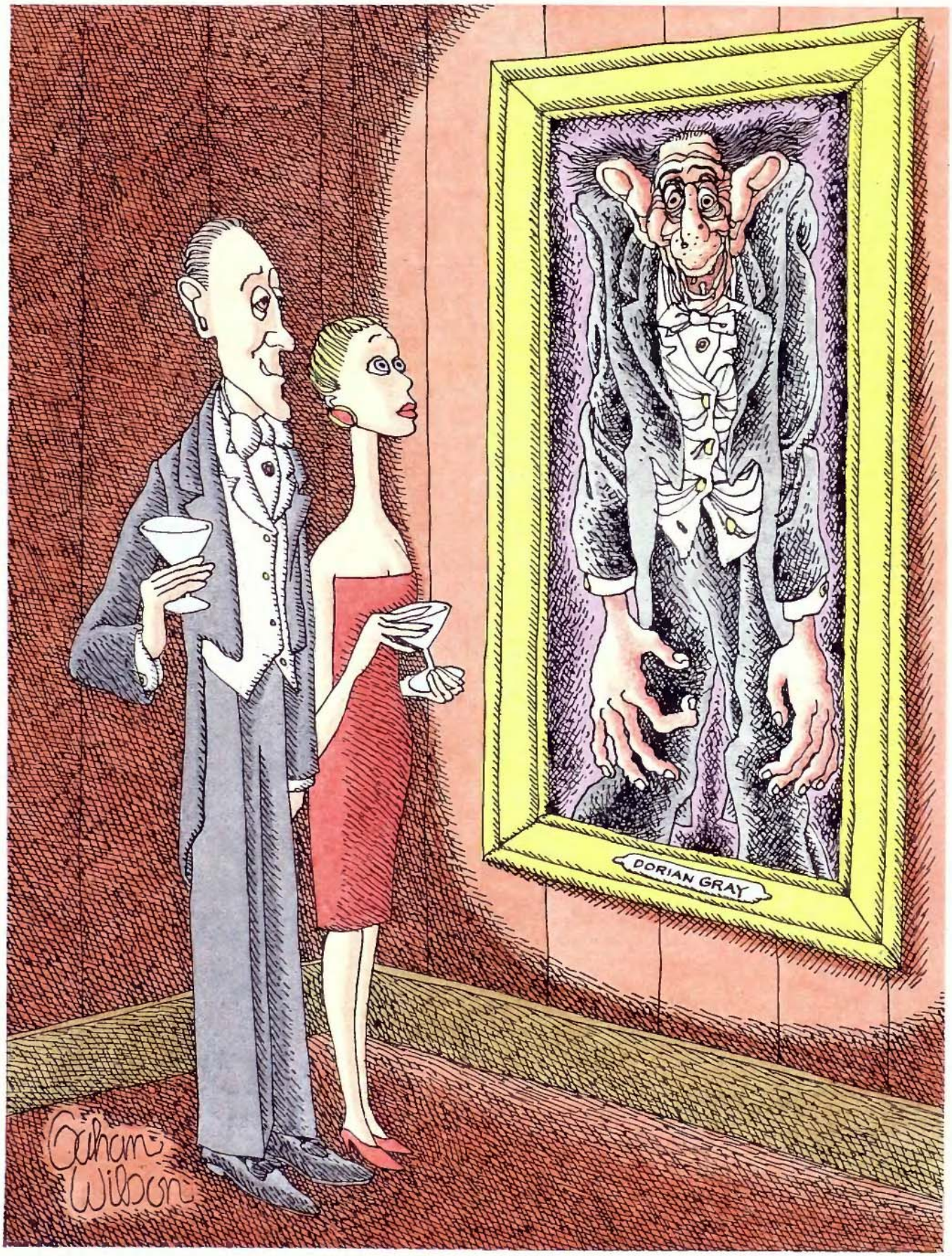
On the other side of the canvas Luis and Andujar nattered and thumped about. I waited as quietly as an upright bone. My chest was stirred by an obscurely homicidal restlessness.

They fell silent. This was more annoying than their noise. I stood before the closed flaps of the tent's entrance, spread a taloned claw and extended it slowly into the light. No response.

I pulled the flap aside. Luis gaped, goggled, brandished one of the lanterns, threw it. Andujar sprang from his cot swinging the big sharp knife. They weren't as much exercise as the tapir had been.

I enjoyed throwing them about. I

(continued on page 142)



"Of course, in those conservative Victorian days I kept it hidden away in the attic."

FINISHING TOUCHES

accessories to bump you from economy to business class

YOU CAN AFFORD one $1500 suit for work but not five? No worries. It's not the clothes that make the man, it's the accessories. So flaunt your personality with belts, socks, ties, glasses and shoes. Remember, your watch says more about you than your résumé does. This feature is three-way, just the way we like it. Whether you've secured the corner office or a spot in the cafeteria lunch line, we've found the best accessories for your body and budget. Choose from three price ranges: entry level, middle management and executive. Remember, style is in the details. Now get out that smart-looking pen and start taking notes.

Girding the IBM monitor are entry level belts by (top) CK Calvin Klein and (bottom) Johnston and Murphy. At left, executive straps: The black belt is by Brioni, the woven belt by Paul Stuart. Middle managers, right: The woven belt is by Hugo Boss and the stamped-leather belt by John Varvatos.

Fashion By JOSEPH DE ACETIS

Wind up your outfit with one of these jazzy watches. Left: Middle-management timepieces with stainless steel bracelets by, top to bottom, Omega Speedmaster, Seiko and Gucci. Lower left: Stainless steel bracelet watches for the corner office by, top to bottom, Oris, Piaget and Ebel. Or prove your mettle with less-precious metal. Below, left to right, entry level: The rubber strap tank watch is by Skagen, leather strap tank by Emporio Armani and leather strap tank by Tommy Hilfiger. (Desk accessories by Troy.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK PLATT

Ties! Exec batch, left: Seafoam with dots by Brioni, navy with polka dots and red jacquard, both by Massimo Bizzocchi, and orange jacquard by Kiton. Mid management, center, top to bottom: Plaid by Canali, white and yellow striped by Boss, yellow and blue striped by Corneliani and blue jacquard with dots by Joseph Abboud. Entry splash, right: Red pattern by Bill Blass, rep by Brooks Brothers, brick jacquard by CK Calvin Klein and rep by Tommy Hilfiger. (Bin is from Conran, chair from ABC Carpet and Home.)

It's no secret that girls are always looking for a sole mate. No matter what your price range, you need an impressive pair of kickers—it's not only the look that counts, but also the fit. Find a last that cradles your foot, and you have found the brand that will fit for life. Upper management is below, left: On the rise is a black high-vamp loafer, with Nike Air technology, by Cole-Haan, and standing tall is a black-and-brown wing tip by Silvano Lattanzi. Middle management is in the middle: Top is a brown lace-up by Johnston and Murphy, below a brown loafer by Allen-Edmonds (Delcliffe). Far right is entry level: Above is a black lace-up oxford by CAT Urban Equipment, beneath is a cordovan high-vamp loafer by Bass. (The pen is by Beretta, and the desk accessories by Troy.)

To a corporate anthropologist, the sock drawer looks like this, moving up from entry level on the left to executive management on the right. The socks in the left row are by Jockey, and each has a plush woven pattern—herringbone, bird's-eye, checked and ribbed. In the middle row, the pair in front is by Tommy Hilfiger, the other three pairs by Johnston and Murphy. Right, two pairs by Paul Stuart, in the front, and two by Davide Cenci, at rear. (Desk by Desiron.)

Want to see and be seen? Lighter styles still add gravitas to your look. Exec, top shelf: Tortoiseshell frames by Giorgio Armani and brushed gold frames by Starck Eyes by Alain Mikli. Middle, center shelf: Black horn-rims by Paul Smith and bronze frames by Valentino. Entry level, bottom shelf: Black ovals by Gucci and brushed gold frames by Henry Grethel. (The paper tray is by Ad Hoc.)

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 143.

The 4 A.M. GIRL

article By A.J. Benza

she'll show up at your door whenever you need her. an ode to a special relationship that never works out

WHEN THE phone rings at four A.M., someone is either dead or drunk or needs to get laid. But there are some households in which the first two possibilities are never even considered.

One ring. Two rings. Half of the third ring and. . . .

"Hello?"

"Hey."

"*Hey.*"

"You sleepin'?"

"No."

"I want it, baby."

"I know."

"You want it?"

"Does it really matter?"

Say hello to the Four A.M. Girl. The girl whose loyalty to your sexual desire will outlive a Timex. The girl your mother warned you about and the one your father always knew you'd find on your own. Why? Because Dad probably had one, too. The Four A.M. Girl never says no. You will see more nights turn to dusky mornings with her on your sheets than you will, perhaps years from now, when your infant child wakes you with a four A.M. cry to be fed.

The Four A.M. Girl knows that your lust begins at the doorway. Sometimes you never even make it to the bedroom. She knows you didn't wash the sheets, and probably didn't even shower for her. She knows your refrigerator is empty. She knows you will not turn down the framed photos of your steady girlfriend, and too often she'll let you have her while the candle glow illuminates that girl's pretty face. The Four A.M. Girl knows she'll never make your picture book.

The most a Four A.M. Girl will get from you is some salty talk in her sweet ear—you get to tell her how beautiful she is and how sliding into her is all you ever think about.

You won't ask her how she arrived soaking wet at your door in a steady rain. You won't ask her how much money she has to get home, and you won't offer her cab fare for the ride back. In fact, you would never offer the Four A.M. Girl money for a cab home. That would seem like you were paying for her services, and that's exactly the way she'd take it, too. The Four A.M. Girl is not a whore. She has compassion. It's as much about her own lust—and the lack of a morning business meeting to attend—as it is about you. But, let it be understood, she knows a whore's hours and probably has the same little whiff of denial all whores get high on.

Still, there she is at your door. In a tight T-shirt, no bra, jeans and no panties. You always think you'll start slowly with the Four A.M. Girl, but once you buzz her up, you unwrap her like it's Christmas morning. There's no need to dress up for her. What's the point? Tonight is about throwing down. You don't need to make a new impression on her, she's been in your corner for years. In fact, wasn't it the Four A.M. Girl who warned you that your first wife was a bit frigid? She used to whisper to you, "No man of mine would ever have to campaign for sex in my bedroom." And didn't she help you through the ugly separation and bitter divorce? The Four A.M. Girl made a lot of house calls that summer and never once told your bruised soul, "I told you so." That's just not her way.

Still, you never sent her a card, never took her out to dinner and never brought her around to meet your family. Daylight has never been kind to the Four A.M. Girl.

All this doesn't matter when you size her up in your foyer. Suddenly, she's the most delectable treat at the banquet. She never moves away from you. She always comes toward you. If you want to start the evening with her sitting on the kitchen countertop, breasts thrust forward and head pulled back, that's fine with her. If you'd like to have her from behind, go for it. In the shower, no problem. Tied to the bedpost? Standing up? Just ask.

The Four A.M. Girl doesn't believe the lies you tell her in the moments leading to climax. She knows the difference between a lover of women and a womanizer. She often pries herself off the sheets to slip into the shower for a quick shot of soap and water after a particularly sloppy night. You know she's done this after you wake up several hours later and see that your bathroom is cleaner than you ever leave it. Sometimes she leaves a note: "Bye, Sleepy. Call me."

That's the thing about the Four A.M. Girl: She does so many little things you don't ask her to do, and she does *every* big thing you've ever asked her to do. And does she ever bother you for her reward? Does she ask for praise? Does she cry for your acceptance? No. The Four A.M. Girl knows her place, understands her job (perhaps better than you do) and dreams about the day you might ring her up and ask her to stay longer than two hours; when you'll ask her what she's *(concluded on page 133)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

SNOWBOARDING

Attitude at altitude. Instead of salchows and lutzes, these guys bone, bonk, alley-oop and pull chicken salad air, Canadian bacon air and something called the crippler. They have as many words for air as the Eskimos have for snow. The new mountain gods, snowboarders don't wear stretch pants, and never will. The half pipe airs February 11.

FREESTYLE

The Winter Games celebrate man's ability to create risk where none existed. The men's aerial freestyle is a case in point: Strap on skis, pick up speed, then perform a complicated maneuver four stories in the air. Stick your landing, or else. The event—a two-jump elimination round and a two-jump final—lifts off February 16.

OLYMPIC HIGHS

forget the figure skaters. the winter games are all about reckless abandon and nerves of steel

THE DOWNHILL

It's been 26 years since television first provided top-to-bottom coverage of the men's downhill, and Franz Klammer's over-the-edge run for the gold at Innsbruck still has the power to electrify. Downhillers convert gravity to speed. One senses the potential energy only when something goes wrong. Four years ago, Hermann Maier cartwheeling through two layers of safety nets was the defining image of the games. The run in Salt Lake is called Grizzly: After plummeting down an icy elevator shaft called Ephraim's Face, skiers hurtle off the Flintlock Jump at 70-plus mph. It's the main event, on February 10.

"Can't you find some other interest while your paint dries?"

Anka Romensky is proud to have become a U.S. citizen several months ago. "I was born in Ukraine and emigrated to Florida 10 years ago because my parents wanted a better life for us," she says. "I'm family oriented and just spent five weeks visiting relatives in Ukraine." This tall drink of vodka (she's 5'10") took a break from studying business and marketing in college to get a full-time job as a model. "I have a real estate license and work as an

FROST FREE ANKA

miss february is a heartwarming gift from ukraine

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA

agent as a hobby," admits the self-proclaimed workaholic. "Sometimes I'll have three bookings a day and I'm still not satisfied. I've also started taking acting classes and was in a movie, the comedy *Jungle Juice*. I play a hotel worker who tries to make sure that the guests are always drinking and having a good time." So how does the real Anka tie one on? "I get a table with a bunch of girlfriends at one of the hot South Beach clubs and we get wild until five in the morning," she says. "We'll get a bottle of champagne, spray people and get up on the tables and dance all night. Then we'll get into our swimsuits and go to the beach and sleep in the sun." When she's not painting the town red, the 21-year-old enjoys traveling the world and playing music on her keyboard at home. "I studied piano for five years and I used to compose," she says. "Music helps me relax."

We were floored when Miss February told us that she doesn't have a valentine. "We don't live in a perfect world, so there can't be a perfect guy for me," she says. "I go more for personality than looks." When we asked her if she would rather have sex or chocolate for Valentine's Day, she didn't miss a beat. "Chocolate can wait and is always accessible," she says, laughing. "You never know when you are going to have great sex!"

Living in the Sunshine State has not diminished Anko's love of winter sports. "I'm always outside, always in action," she says. "I started ice-skating in Ukraine when I was six, and I used to ski, but that's difficult in Miami. I want to skydive next—I'm not scared at all."

MISS FEBRUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Anka Romensky

BUST: 34C WAIST: 23 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'10" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 9-16-80 BIRTHPLACE: Kiev, Ukraine

AMBITIONS: To work hard to succeed in my career, build a family and to encourage and help others in any way I can.

TURN-ONS: I love intelligent, positive, adventurous people with a good sense of humor and who share my love for life and music.

TURNOFFS: Hatred, ignorance, dishonesty, violence and showoffs.

TRAVEL DREAM: To travel the world exploring, discovering and learning about other cultures accompanied by a man that I love. We would laugh and make love worldwide.

FAVORITE QUOTE: The only thing that's constant is change.

WHAT DRIVES ME WILD: Skydiving, snowboarding, skinny-dipping in the ocean and living on the edge.

9th grade highschool - the beginning of a whole new era.

I'm a teenager now.

fashion show Miami '99.

SEE MORE OF ANKA AT
CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

What's the best thing about dating a homeless woman? You can drop her off anywhere.

An 18-year-old girl told her mother she was pregnant. "And it's all your fault," the young woman said.

"My fault?" the mother said. "I gave you a sex manual and told you all about the facts of life."

"Yeah, yeah," the girl said. "But you never taught me how to give a decent blow job, did you?"

What should a woman say to a man she's just had sex with?

Whatever she wants. He's sleeping.

Why are married women fatter than single women?

Because single women open their refrigerator, see what they have and go to bed. Married women see what they have in bed and then go to the refrigerator.

Two men were carpooling home from work one day. The driver pointed out two dogs that were having sex on someone's front lawn. "Look," he said. "What are those dogs doing? Fighting?"

The passenger replied, "They're having sex. Don't tell me that you've never had sex doggy style before."

The driver, a bit embarrassed, admitted he never had. His passenger said, "Here's what you do. Tonight when you get home, fix your wife a margarita and then tell her you want to try this new sexual position."

The next morning, the passenger asked, "Well, how did it go?"

The driver replied, "It was great. But my wife had to drink six margaritas before she'd get naked on the front lawn."

A prostitute was brought into court for solicitation. She pleaded not guilty. "I am celibate," she declared.

"Celibate?" the judge asked. "How can you claim you are celibate?"

She replied, "It's my business to be celibate. I sell a bit here, I sell a bit there."

A boy was playing with himself in the bathtub when his father walked in and said, "Son, if you don't stop doing that, you'll go blind."

The boy replied, "Dad, I'm over here."

What is the difference between in-laws and outlaws?

Outlaws are wanted.

A 60-year-old man went to a doctor for a checkup. The doctor said, "You're in great shape. You have the body of a 35-year-old. How old was your father when he died?"

The 60-year-old responded, "Did I say he was dead?"

Surprised, the doctor asked, "Your father's still alive?"

The patient replied, "He's 82 years old and still goes skiing two times a year."

The doctor asked, "Well, how old was your grandfather when he died?"

The 60-year-old said, "Did I say that he was dead? He's 102 years old and still goes skiing every winter. Actually, he's getting married again next week."

The doctor said, "At that age, why in the world would your grandfather want to get married again?"

The patient responded, "Did I say he wanted to?"

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: What do you call a lesbian with fat fingers?

Well hung.

A woman was reading an article titled "Men's Secret Fears About Working Wives." She asked her husband, "What's your biggest fear about my working?"

He replied, "That you'll quit."

BLONDE JOKE OF THE MONTH: What's the favored mating call of a blonde?

"I'm really drunk."

What's the other mating call of a blonde?

"Didn't you hear me? I said, 'I'm really drunk.'"

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.

"Talk about rotten airline service—I never heard them call our flight!"

STEALTH FORCE

navy seals create fear behind enemy lines. now their targets are terrorists

BY MICK HAVEN

Since World War II with the formation of the Scouts and Raiders, then the Naval Combat Demolition Units and finally the Underwater Demolition Teams, U.S. Navy frogmen have set the standard for Special Operations Forces. This tradition continued in Korea and in Vietnam, when President John F. Kennedy commissioned the first Seal teams in 1962.

Special Forces are ideal for contemporary conflicts. Operation Urgent Fury in Grenada, Just Cause in Panama and Desert Storm in Iraq—as well as actions in Somalia, Haiti and Bosnia—attest to their increased roles. Now comes a new war in Afghanistan, a country last conquered by Alexander the Great. And a country characterized by people at war for a generation. Don't forget to throw into the bargain an inhospitable terrain of barren deserts and mountains rife with catacombs: blazing hot in the summer and frozen with snow during the winter.

Can the Seals handle it? One of their axioms is a quote by Admiral Hyman Rickover, father of the nuclear navy: "The more you sweat in peace, the less you bleed in war." Their training is some of the toughest in the world. With an attrition rate of 80 percent, their maxim ought to be, "The more you bleed in peace, the less you'll mind it in war." The first phase of their grueling six-month regime at Basic Underwater Demolition/Seal training culminates in five days and five nights of around-the-clock physical abuse. It's called Hell Week. This story is a firsthand account of the ordeal. After reading it, you decide if they're up to the task.

I saw Stover my third week at BUD/S training. I mean, I'd caught a glimpse of him before, when I was in pretraining. But we finally managed to talk. He was a class ahead of me.

He looked more gaunt than when I'd met him in boot camp. But now his face was tan and his nose burnt and peeling. It was the weekend, so he invited me back to his room.

"How's it been?"

"You're in training now. You know what that's like. It's like that every day."

"But you're hanging."

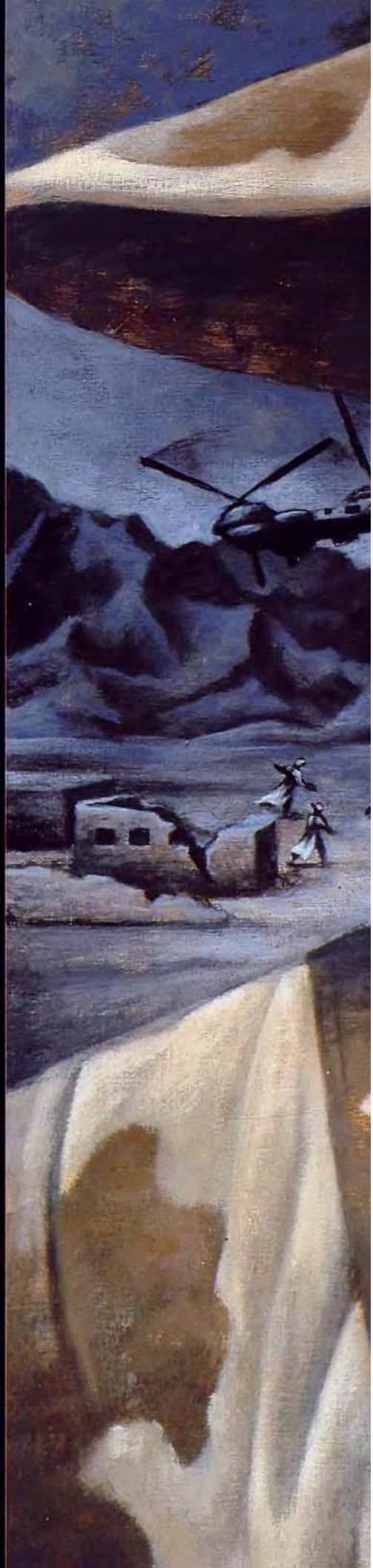
"Yeah. It's not a problem. I mean, they fuck with you. But it's mostly mental." He tapped his head with his forefinger.

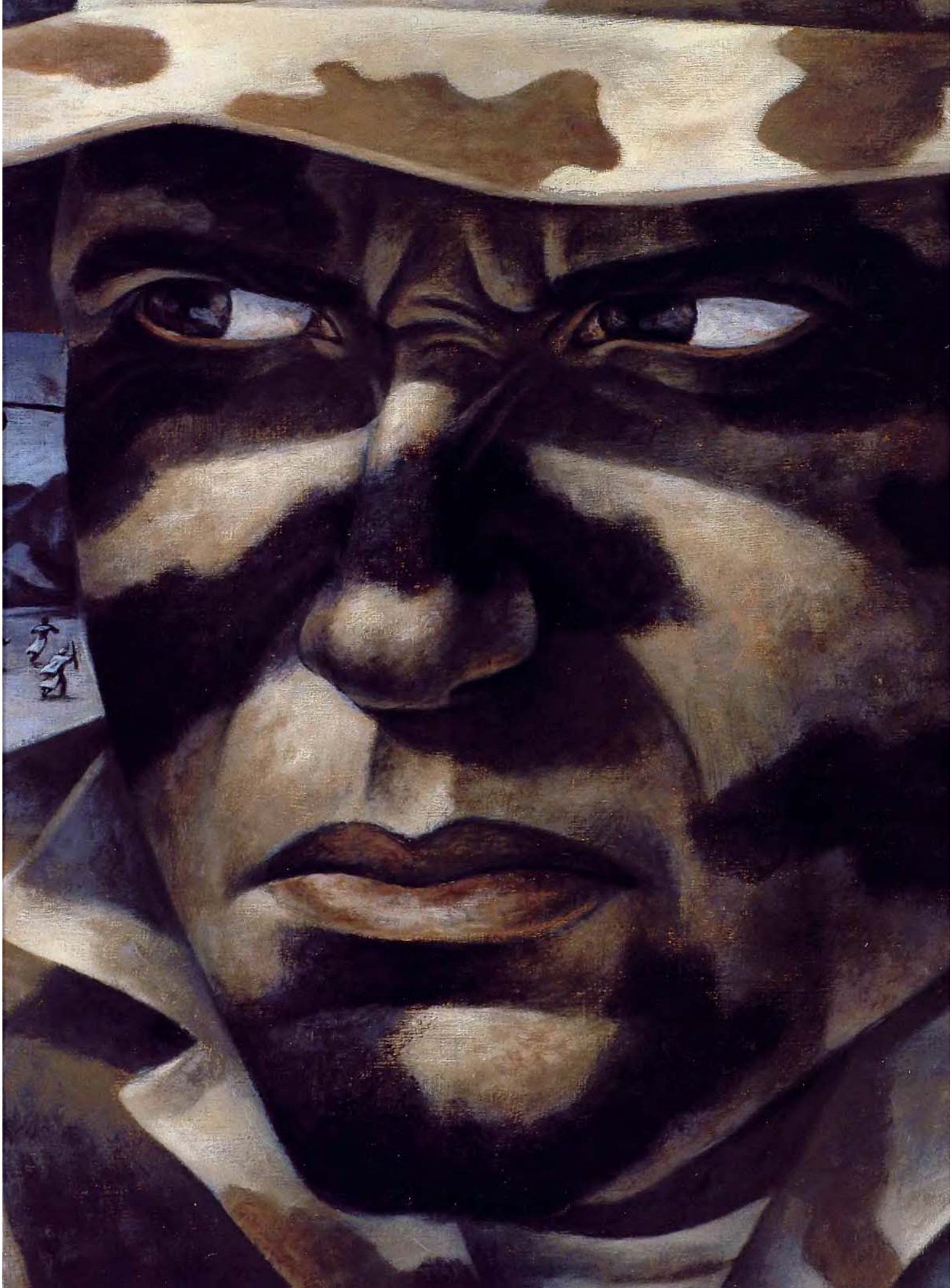
"Sure."

"The real test is coming. Sunday night." His eyes were wet and shiny. Like a maniac's. Or a fanatic's.

"Hell Week, right?" All I'd heard about Hell Week was that half the class wouldn't make it. That was a *(continued on page 116)*

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE BENNY





Opening Act

VALENTINE'S DAY IS COMING. START IT WITH A KISS

You've finessed her from the club to your couch and on to the first kiss. But as you batter her with your tongue while building a battle plan for getting her into bed, she debates whether to switch soaps. What went wrong? Your lackluster technique cooled this hot club girl and cost you crucial points toward closing the deal.

As many of us have learned, you made the mistake of viewing the first kiss as the warranty. You are hung up on the idea that her willingness to lock lips is acknowledgment that you've been given the keys to the clubhouse. But sometimes, it's been said, a kiss is just a kiss. So please remember this: Blow this and you're back on the street alone. After all, if you haven't mastered the art of kissing, how good can you be at anything else? Here's how to get it right:

1. *Lightly place your fingertips on the bottom of her chin or behind her ear and lean in. Take it easy, Stone Cold. This isn't a headlock, so don't pull her head toward*

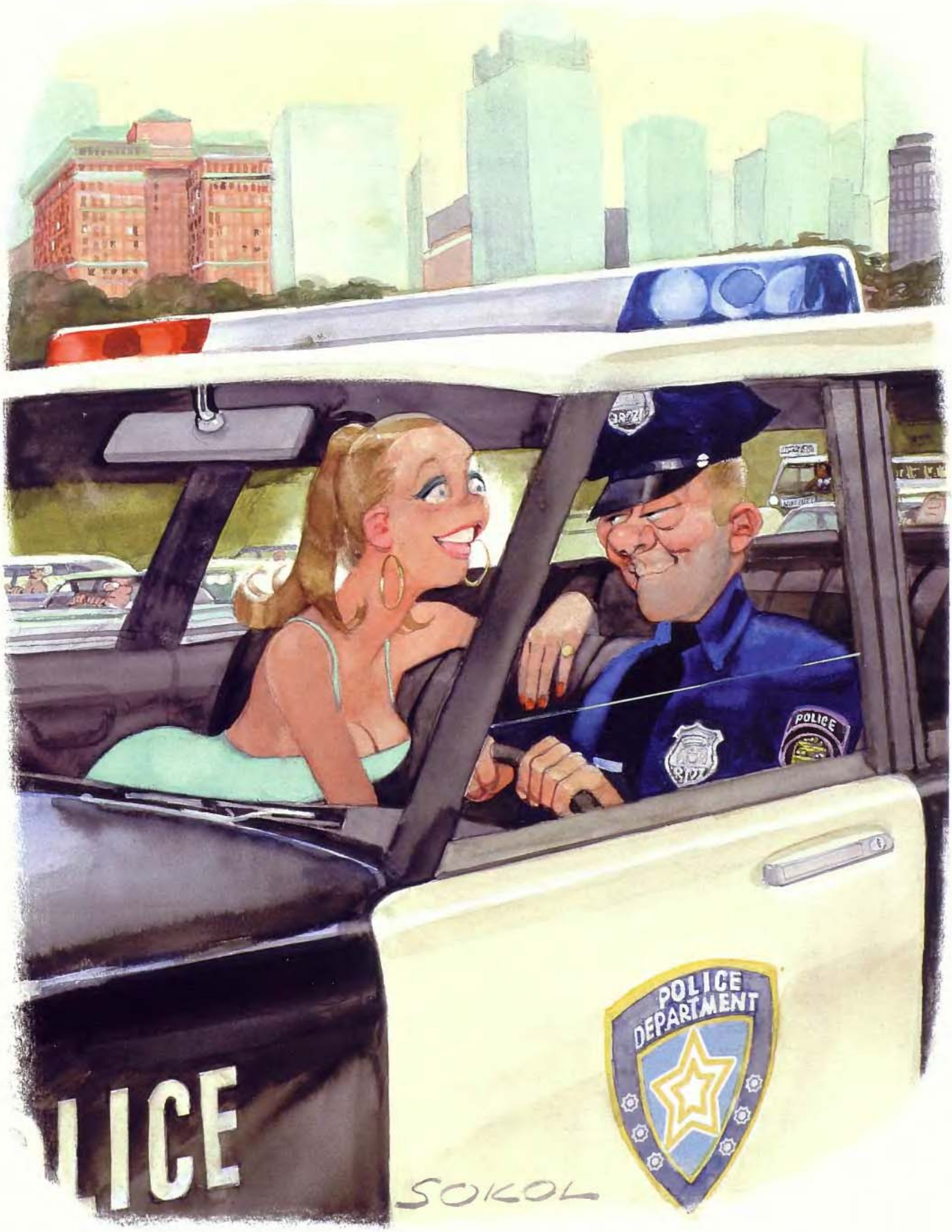
you. Just press onward until your lips touch hers.

2. Start with a teasing kiss. The last thing you want to do is lunge at her with a gaping mouth and a yard of tongue. Slightly part your lips, but don't push out your tongue yet. Build up to it with a few pressing kisses.

3. The tongue is a precious tool that needs to be used carefully. Don't dart it in and out of her mouth. At no point should she consider your tongue technique to be stabbing or penetrating. Make a few trips around the tip before taking the plunge.

4. Tongue tangles are your third base coach, so keep an eye on them. If she's flagging you home, the intensity of her tongue will be the first indicator. Invite her tongue into your mouth once in a while as well.

5. Don't be sloppy or too wet. You want to leave her with a raging sexual urge, not a saliva-soaked chin. There will be plenty of opportunities to exchange bodily fluids later—assuming you've performed the rest of these steps accurately.



"I usually don't invite men to my apartment on the first date. We usually do it in the car."

CENTERFOLDS ON SEX

Neriah Davis

WHAT I LIKE ABOUT A MAN

Everything! I love the man thing. I'm infatuated with everything they do. One of the reasons my guy is turned on by me is that I'm so turned on by him and I love giving him great oral sex. A lot of girls don't do it. Or if they do, they only suck the top and they definitely don't swallow. They suck without any enthusiasm, kind of like a robot. My guy knows I like doing it, because I make yummy noises and I embrace all of it. I like to deep-throat—I can do about six strokes and then I've got to take a breath because my eyes start watering. It's intense; I've often wondered what it feels like for him.

It's easier to deep-throat when I'm doing 69 because it's a better angle for me to relax my throat and really get into it. My guy has never ejaculated during deep throat, and I don't know what that would feel like. I think it would come out my nose or something.

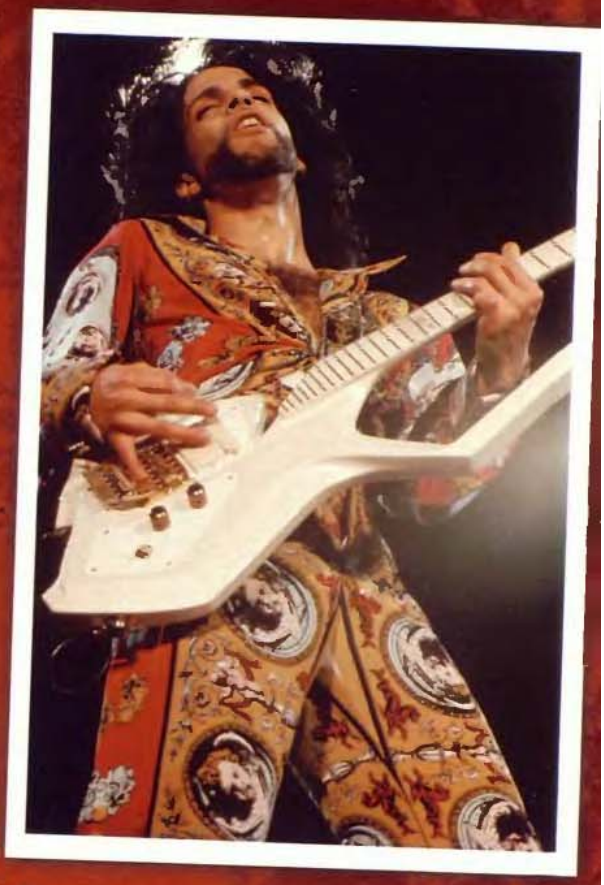
I even like to watch him pee. I like anything that comes out of his cock. I like it in the morning when he gets up and walks out of the bedroom. It's like, "Wow, that's a nice thing you're packing there."

TATTOO ORGASMS

I had three orgasms while I had a little bunny tattooed on the back of my neck. While I sat in the chair, I was thinking, This is gonna be quick. Well, it was too quick! I wanted him to keep going. I said, "Just do it again, and can you put a little sunshine and mountains behind the bunny?" I had one orgasm, then another one and another one. I think it took 10 minutes, but I couldn't help it. There was a lot of heavy breathing and the tattoo artist was like, "Oh my God!" He definitely knew something was going on. Before my guy, though, I had this dildo—one with rabbit ears and balls. It was great because the rabbit ears vibrate on the clit. I also used to carry a pocket rocket. After I got it, I took it everywhere. One time, when I was flying, I used it on the plane. I didn't need anything else, just that—but it doesn't even measure up to my man. When I'm doing it myself, my max is, like, three times, but with him I've had 12 orgasms and he still hasn't ejaculated. Yeah, I think 12 is the max. It's not like I have to stop. It's like, he's thrusting—going and going—and my orgasms are nonstop. We call it the Bamboo!

SEE NERIAH'S SEXY MOVES IN THE PLAYMATE VIDEO JUKEBOX AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

He's short. He wears high heels, G-strings and feather boas. He sings in falsetto. And yet, he ends up with Kim Basinger, Madonna and Carmen Electra. Is there something we can learn from this man?



Talk like a Prince

humor by Rob Tannenbaum

As Valentine's Day nears, millions of men face a difficult choice: whether to send a dozen red roses or a dozen white roses. Flowers, men understand, cannot fail to express a certain mild effort and thoughtfulness. This is the pleasure of the conformist gift. Through generations, men have sent flowers on special occasions as automatically as we've worn safety goggles when welding. In both instances, our objective is to avoid being injured by the sparks carelessness can cause.

Women understand how little consideration a flower order requires; men are compelled to send roses, however, because love is a language, and we are illiterate. In our efforts to speak more fluently, I suggest men look to the inventive example of Prince, a.k.a. ☥, the Artist Formerly Known as Prince and, simply, the Artist.

Back in the Eighties, the singer was rumored to have dated a series of alluring actress-singers: Apollonia, Madonna, Vanity, Sheena Easton, Carmen Electra and Susanna Hoffs, plus Kim Basinger and Troy Beyer (who were both actresses but not singers, so far as anyone can recall). Yet, viewed with a cold eye, Prince's charms aren't instantly evident. He is short. He sings in a girlish falsetto. He dresses in high heels, lace, G-strings and other women's apparel. I have an Uncle Kenny who fits this description, and Kenny spends most of his time in prison or in group therapy. Any man who can become a stud while dancing in the wardrobe of a New Orleans streetwalker knows some things the rest of us do not.

On examination, it's clear Prince seduces with language, much in the tradition of another physical misfit, Cyrano de Bergerac. "I'm gonna talk so sexy, she'll want me from my head to my feet," Prince boasts in one song. This cunning linguist is such a champion romantic, he even married his former wife, Mayte Garcia, on Valentine's Day several years ago, leaving actress-singers to Lenny Kravitz.

Unlike Prince, you may lack the imagination to call your girl's bedroom "the place where your horses run free." You may not have the audacity required to tell her, "Jerk your body like a horny pony would." Instead of banal roses or Hallmark verses this year, you

can integrate some of Prince's lyrical sentiments into traditional Valentine's Day wishes and customize your romantic entreaty. Here's an example:

My darling,

I'm so glad you're my valentine. I cherish you because you're smart, funny, thoughtful and YOUR BODY'S HECK-A-SLAMMIN'. Now that you've agreed to be my valentine again this year, I GOT A LION IN MY POCKET AND, BABY, HE'S READY 2 ROAR. I've learned so much from you in the time we've shared: that love is kind, that love is gentle, that love is patient, that there are 23 POSITIONS IN A ONE-NIGHT STAND.

I can still vividly recall the night we met at that wine tasting. I nearly dropped a bottle of merlot when I spied you, a FREAK HOT FUNKY ELECTRIC MAMA WITH DOUBLE CUPS. For weeks before, I'd been telling friends how lonely my life was, how I was LOOKIN' FOR A PH.D. ASS PILED HIGH AND DEEP. From the moment we began to talk, when I offered you some Stilton, and you replied, "IF YOU'RE NOT HUNGRY, I'LL JACK U OFF," I knew I'd met my soul mate. At work, during the hours we're apart, I often gaze adoringly at the framed photo my father took of you last Christmas vacation, A LONG-LEGGED FIVE-FOOT-EIGHT PACKIN' AN ASS AS TIGHT AS A GRAPE. (Dad still can't get over your tennis skills, your famous lasagna or your COME-AND-FUCK-ME PUMPS.)

We have so many memories to cherish. The weekend I met your parents, inventors of the AccuJac. The day we affirmed our union and I came on your wedding gown. Our honeymoon in St. Barts, where you kissed another woman on the dance floor. And the nights we spent by the fireplace with your Maine coon cat, PUSSY CONTROL. I'm so completely fulfilled, I still can't believe that you're BARELY 21.

To celebrate our special night, we'll have dinner, drink some French champagne and then, BABY, MY TONGUE'S GONNA DO THINGS THAT U'VE NEVER SEEN. I'll feed you strawberries and cream, plus my PURPLE BANANA. When I'm with you, RACE CARS BURN RUBBER IN MY PANTS. I mean, I GET HARD IF THE WIND BLOWS YOUR COLOGNE NEAR ME, and, as you know, I JUST HATE 2 SEE AN ERECTION GO 2 WASTE, SO MAYBE WE COULD DO THE TWIRL. You mean so much to me, honey. LET'S GET 2 RAMMIN'. GET CLOSE, HAVE NO FEAR. WE'RE GONNA DO LE GRIND. U GOT MORE HOLES THAN A GOLF COURSE. TAKE A BITE OF MY PURPLE ROCK. IF U DON'T, I'M GONNA EXPLODE, AND GIRL I GOT A LOT. I love you dearly, you angel, you goddess, U SEXY MOTHERFUCKER.

Despite his reputation, Prince does not simply "talk dirty" in the manner of a sidewalk masher. A careful reading of his *oeuvre pourpre* reveals an embrace of traditional literary values, the proper foundation of any romantic letter. Notice that he values pith ("In a word or 2, it's u I wanna do"). Share his exploration of metaphor ("Hey, lover, I've got a sugarcane"). Strive to emulate his nature imagery ("You're just as wet as the evening rain"). He even expresses the anxiety of influence with a clarity Harold Bloom would envy: "What can I say Shakespeare hasn't said before?," Prince ponders in one song, confronting the essential postmodern dilemma of originality. And heed what he deploys to solve the riddle, in which he vows to leave "all my emotional ejaculate on the floor."

Chicks, it seems, really dig metaphor. Especially those actress-singers.

FEAR FACTOR

SUPERCROSS SURVIVAL WITH JEREMY MCGRATH

BY JASON BUHRMESTER

Jack the bars during a jump and you'll rack your nuts when you come down. Sound advice from seven-time Supercross champ Jeremy McGrath (above).

The most successful rider in AMA Supercross history, 30-year-old Jeremy McGrath has banged bars with the best riders and left dust on their goggles. During his 13-year career as a professional rider, he has won seven 250 Supercross championships, set numerous racing records and racked up three times as many wins as any other rider in the sport. McGrath is also the first racer to turn his triple-jump stunts into serious cash, landing paychecks from sport sponsors such as Mazda/Yamaha, Troy Lee Designs and Spy Optic and mainstream brands such as Bud Light hoping to milk his X-treme sport street cred. He has developed a signature shoe for Vans, OK'd a series of McGrath racing figures for Mattel, completed voice-over work for the cartoon *Max Steel*, appeared in a commercial for 1-800-COLLECT with Alyssa Milano and, of course, created a video game. We asked McGrath how to run the perfect race, start to finish. Here's what he told us:

1. THE STARTING GATE: Don't focus on the other riders. It's you against the gate. To get a good jump, skip first gear and set up to start in second. Let the clutch out until it's about one fourth engaged. When the gate drops, crank the throttle. Be sure to lean forward, or else the bike will loop out, leaving your ass in the dirt. Other riders are gunning to dump on you, so if you get a bad start, don't put yourself in a situation where they can take you out.

2. THE FIRST TURN: When the race starts, 20 guys rip out of the gate, fly down the starting line and then are crammed together in the tight first turn. Sound like a good chance to get thrown to the dirt? You betcha. If you're in the front, you control the first corner and everyone has to brake with you. Just watch out for someone like me cutting in from the outside. If you're on the inside and blow the turn too wide, I'm going to get inside on you. From the back you'll want to try some late braking and see if you can create a hole and move in on someone.

3. THE JUMP: The first one is hairy, especially if you aren't in the lead. Before you blast out of it, push down on the pegs with your legs. If you release at the right time the bike will spring off the suspension, giving you a boost. Once you're in midair, relax your grip and take a few deep breaths. You get a lot of hang time over the triple jumps, so use it to scope out the track. Just don't screw around too long. The point of the race is speed, so stay low and get back on the ground.

4. THE LANDING: Coming down is pretty easy, assuming you haven't jacked the handlebars—in which case you can count on racking your nuts. Keep the bars straight (especially important if the track is soft or grooved out) and don't brake. When the bike hits, stay in the middle (called the neutral position), put weight on the front pegs and give it some gas, nice and smooth.

5. THE WHOOPS: You'll spend most of the race in second gear, but for the whoops (a series of three-foot moguls) jack it up to third. If you hit the top of each ridge, the bike will stay consistent. Let the momentum carry you. To keep the bike from kicking out sideways, squeeze hard with your knees. And watch your speed—if you go balls to the walls and your wheel hits a hole, you're going over the handlebars, hotshot.

6. THE CRASH: If you can see it coming, try to tuck and roll. Then get your ass off the track so you don't get hit or landed on. Don't worry about how you got there. Just pick up your bike and get to the side before someone jacks you.

7. FINISHING MOVES: There are plenty of tricks to pull at the finish line, such as one-handers, no-handers, supermans and nac-nacs (throw the bike sideways, take the leg on top and stick it out behind you). Just do whatever feels right that night. I try not to think about it until I'm there. If I didn't do well, I'm usually beating myself up. Luckily, I don't have that problem too often.

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL ARISMAN

BELL
SPY
EA

HELMET: Take a spill and your noggin will be just another on-track obstacle. Protect it with the Moto 7 helmet by Bell. It's made of tough carbon fiber and Kevlar. With a McGrath-style paint job by Troy Lee Designs (such as the one pictured), the helmet is $2000. A replica is available for about $400.

SUNGLASSES: The thick frames and durable lenses of Spy Optic's MC sunglasses (Jeremy McGrath's signature model) give them a look somewhere between sunglasses and racing goggles. Available in several color combinations, including black and gray, cherry and gray, and tortoise and bronze ($60).

GOGGLES: Spy Optic's Alloy MX goggles are designed to provide maximum horizontal and peripheral vision. To keep you cool, the foam padding wicks away moisture while subframe vent holes circulate air. Available in several colors, including Jeremy McGrath's signature light-blue camo ($80).

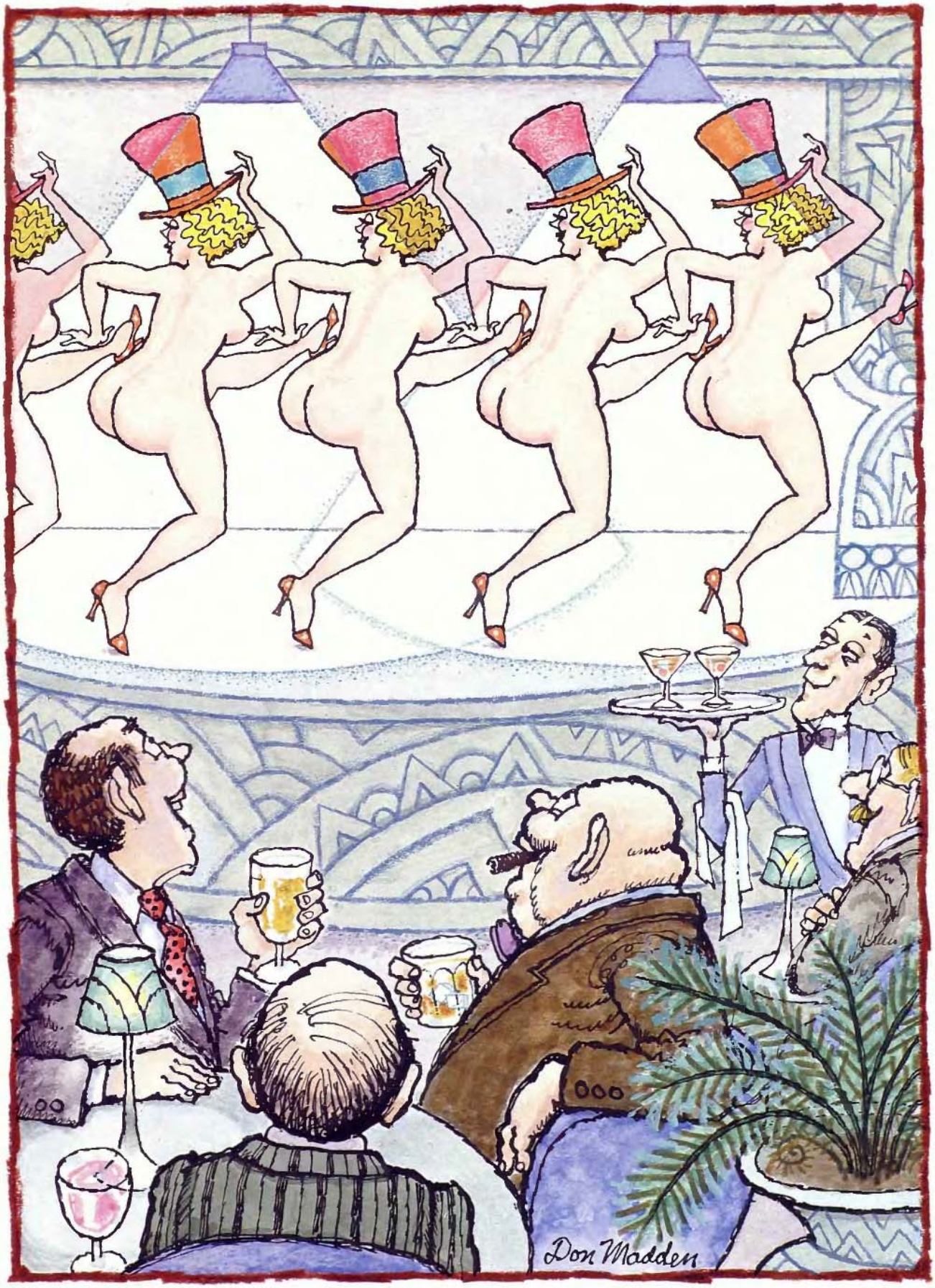
BOOTS: To reduce burns on your calves from engine heat, the leg protectors of Alpinestars' Tech 8 boots are lined with aluminum foil for insulation. These boots will also help cut down on cuts and bruises by shielding your shins behind contoured plates designed to withstand impact and abrasion ($330).

GLOVES: A slip of the lever could cost you a good start. No Fear MX's Formula racing gloves have rubber on the fingers for a better grip. They also include padded knuckle guards and a breathable mesh top. The gloves are available in six color combinations, including navy and white (pictured, $38).

JERSEY AND PANTS: Bumpy landings take a toll unless you have some padding. No Fear MX's Elektron pants have knee and hip pads to help prevent bruising ($160). With the matching Elektron jersey you'll look great when you blast a no-hander over the finish line ($50). Both are available in several colors, including navy and white (pictured).

BIKE: Yamaha's 250cc YZ250 is the model McGrath rides (after outfitting it with a graphic kit from One Industries). It has a two-piece piston in the fork (for smoother oil flow action), a five-speed transmission and Excel rims. The rear shock can be easily adjusted for track conditions (about $6000).

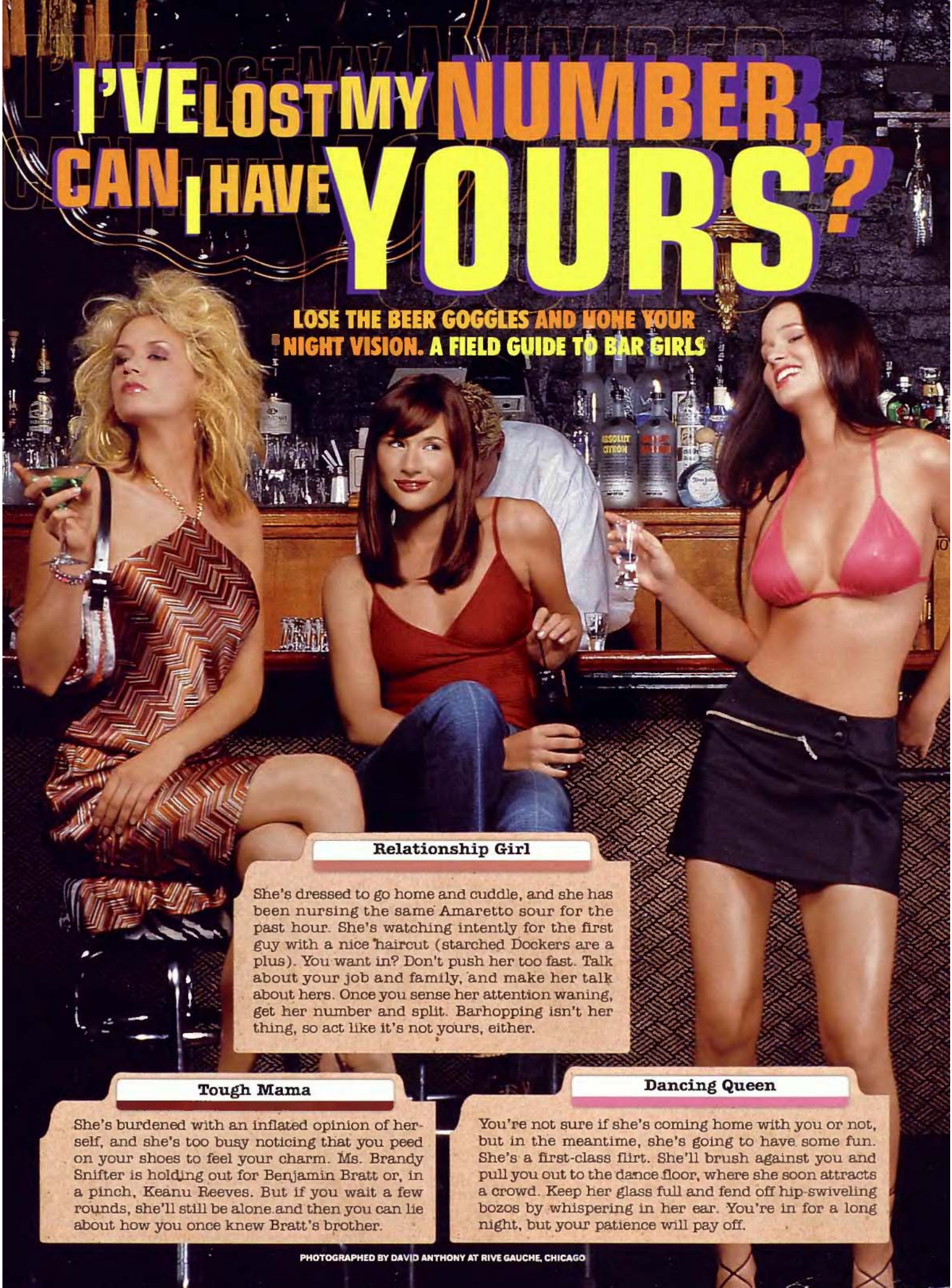
WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 143.



"Now there's a bottom line any businessman could love."

I'VE LOST MY NUMBER, CAN I HAVE YOURS?

LOSE THE BEER GOGGLES AND HONE YOUR NIGHT VISION. A FIELD GUIDE TO BAR GIRLS



Relationship Girl

She's dressed to go home and cuddle, and she has been nursing the same Amaretto sour for the past hour. She's watching intently for the first guy with a nice haircut (starched Dockers are a plus). You want in? Don't push her too fast. Talk about your job and family, and make her talk about hers. Once you sense her attention waning, get her number and split. Barhopping isn't her thing, so act like it's not yours, either.

Tough Mama

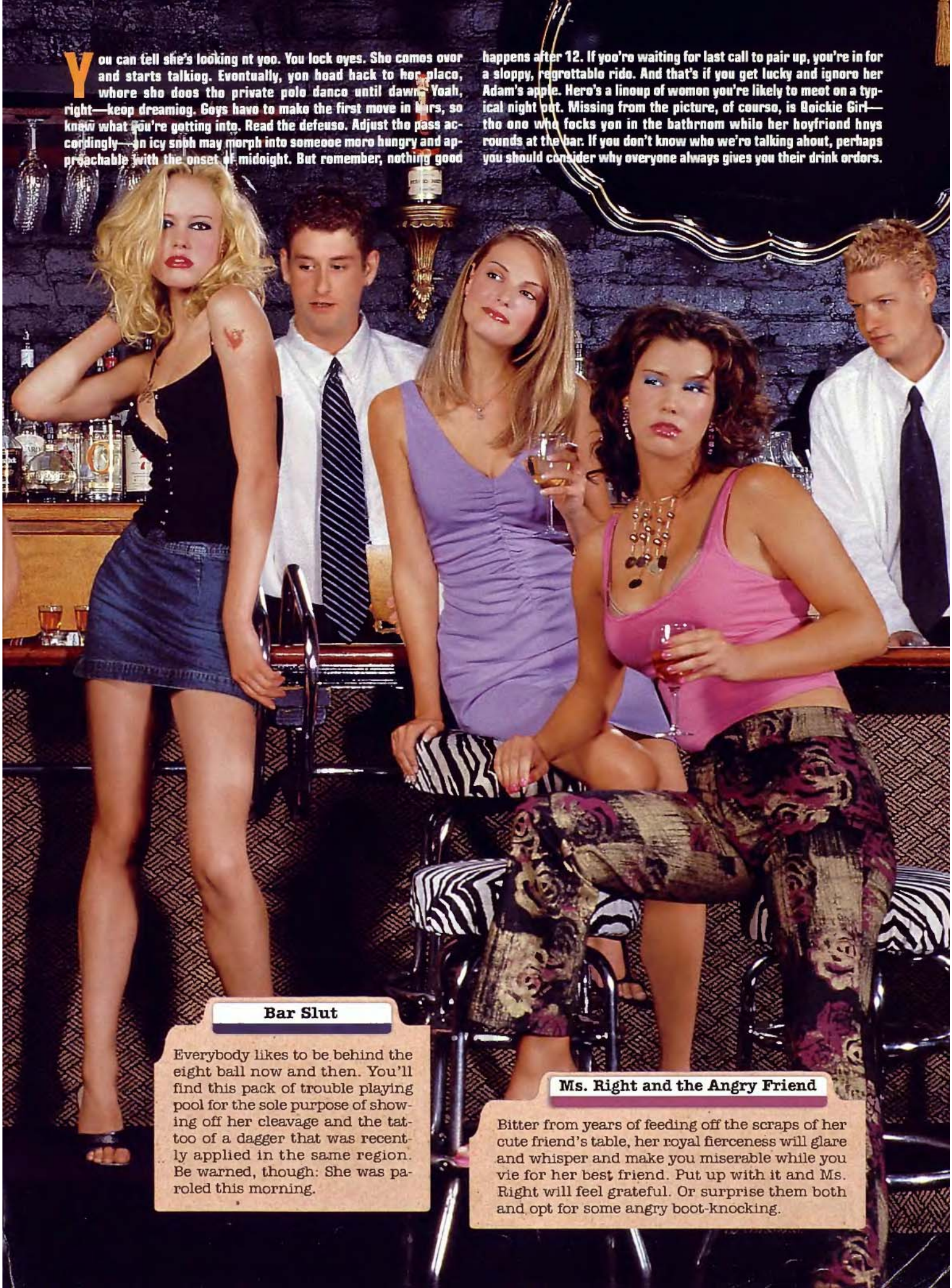
She's burdened with an inflated opinion of herself, and she's too busy noticing that you peed on your shoes to feel your charm. Ms. Brandy Snifter is holding out for Benjamin Bratt or, in a pinch, Keanu Reeves. But if you wait a few rounds, she'll still be alone and then you can lie about how you once knew Bratt's brother.

Dancing Queen

You're not sure if she's coming home with you or not, but in the meantime, she's going to have some fun. She's a first-class flirt. She'll brush against you and pull you out to the dance floor, where she soon attracts a crowd. Keep her glass full and fend off hip-swiveling bozos by whispering in her ear. You're in for a long night, but your patience will pay off.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID ANTHONY AT RIVE GAUCHE, CHICAGO

You can tell she's looking at you. You lock eyes. She comes over and starts talking. Eventually, you head back to her place, where she does the private pole dance until dawn. Yeah, right—keep dreaming. Guys have to make the first move in bars, so know what you're getting into. Read the defense. Adjust the pass accordingly—an icy snob may morph into someone more hungry and approachable with the onset of midnight. But remember, nothing good happens after 12. If you're waiting for last call to pair up, you're in for a sloppy, regrettable ride. And that's if you get lucky and ignore her Adam's apple. Here's a lineup of women you're likely to meet on a typical night out. Missing from the picture, of course, is Quickie Girl—the one who fucks you in the bathroom while her boyfriend buys rounds at the bar. If you don't know who we're talking about, perhaps you should consider why everyone always gives you their drink orders.



Bar Slut

Everybody likes to be behind the eight ball now and then. You'll find this pack of trouble playing pool for the sole purpose of showing off her cleavage and the tattoo of a dagger that was recently applied in the same region. Be warned, though: She was paroled this morning.

Ms. Right and the Angry Friend

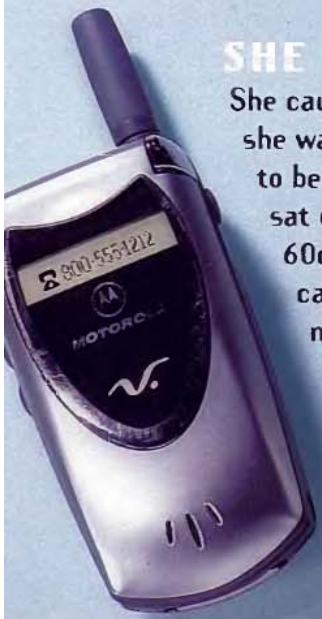
Bitter from years of feeding off the scraps of her cute friend's table, her royal fierceness will glare and whisper and make you miserable while you vie for her best friend. Put up with it and Ms. Right will feel grateful. Or surprise them both and opt for some angry boot-knocking.

Pocket Play

when it comes to meeting women, there are plenty of tools in your pants—you just have to know how to use them

THE LOOK

I met her at the coffee shop while I was working on my HP Jornada Pocket PC ($600). It runs Pocket versions of Word, Excel and Outlook, so I can write e-mails and work anywhere. That afternoon I was playing movie trailers and MP3s. She had jet-black hair, which is something I can never resist.

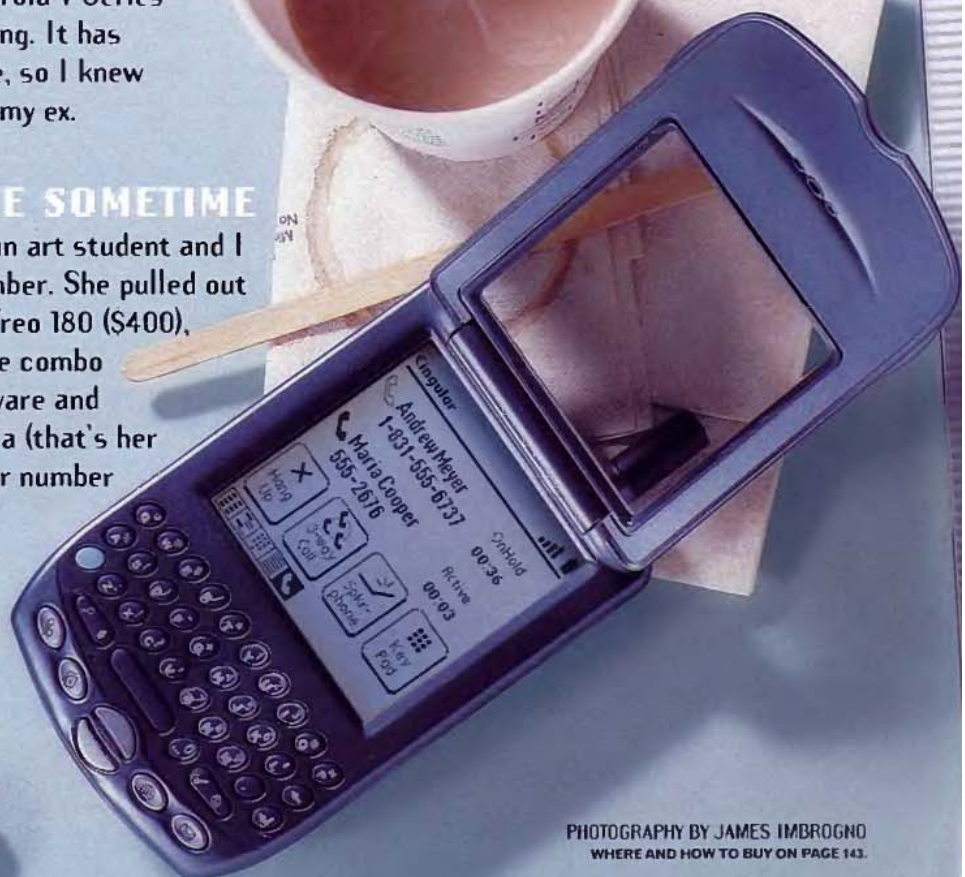


SHE LOOKED BACK

She caught me checking her out, so when she walked toward my table I expected to be wearing my coffee. Instead, she sat down just as my Motorola V Series 60c cell phone ($500) rang. It has caller ID on the outside, so I knew not to answer—it was my ex.

CALL ME SOMETIME

She said she was an art student and I asked for her number. She pulled out her Handspring Treo 180 ($400), a PDA-cell phone combo that uses Palm software and can e-mail. Then Maria (that's her name) beamed me her number and a sexy snapshot.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 143.

THE QUICK ESCAPE

We made plans for that night, so I saved my work files on my DiskOnKey ($70), a 16-MB personal storage device that connects to any USB port. That way, if the date tanked and I wind up home early, minus Maria, I could finish my work.

TUNING UP

On the subway I got in the mood with some Beastie Boys remixes on Panasonic's SV-SD80 audio player ($330), which uses SD memory cards to store songs. I'll bet Maria likes Bach.

TABLE FOR TWO

We met at a bistro near her place. Since I don't speak French, I brought Seiko's TR3500 multilanguage translator ($60). This gadget knows 12,000 words and 400 phrases in French—and in Spanish, German and Italian. Snails and frogs' legs aren't that bad. Maria drank a white burgundy.

CLOSING THE DEAL

Back at her place things got hot. She pulled out Fujifilm's FinePix A101 digital camera ($180), and we used its 1.3 megapixel CCD and 2x digital zoom to shoot some steamy pics. Hope she beams me copies—and doesn't post them on the Net.

STEALTH FORCE

(continued from page 100)

We were so swollen we didn't have joints anymore. Our legs and arms looked like water balloons.

pretty stark figure considering my class had started with 120 trainees and was already down to 64 three weeks into training.

"Yep. Five days straight of staying up. And they hammer you the whole time."

"You feel good?"

"It won't be a problem."

"It starts Sunday?"

"Yeah. Sunday night. Late. Or early Monday morning. That's when they start Breakout."

I had no idea what Breakout was. But I never liked to admit ignorance on any subject. It felt weak, somehow. Except I had to know about this. It was only a couple of weeks away for my class. So I said, "Breakout, huh?"

"Yeah." Stover looked around, then lowered his voice: "I asked a guy a couple of classes ahead and he told me about it. Said they make you go to sleep and then come in the barracks in the middle of the night firing M-60s with blanks. And throwing smoke grenades and grenade simulators."

"That's how it starts, huh?"

"Yeah. But don't tell anyone because it's supposed to be a surprise. After that it's a 24-hour-a-day hammer session. They PT the shit out of you."

PT was short for Physical Training and pretty much synonymous with calisthenics. Push-ups, sit-ups, jumping jacks, pull-ups, dips, those kinds of things.

He went on, "Doing the obstacle course in the middle of the night. Log PT. Swims. Runs. Five- or 10-mile paddles. Rock portage. The fucking works. And they keep you wet and sandy the whole time."

We talked for a while longer. Then I wished him luck and left. That Sunday night, he quit half an hour into Hell Week.

I saw him a couple of days later. He was back in dungarees and a Dixie cup. I was in greens. He was looking down and his shoulders were humped.

It looked like he was going to walk right by me, so I stepped in his way. He looked up. His eyes were flat and they kept dodging mine.

"Hey, Stover."

"Raven."

"Sorry you didn't make it."

"Yeah. I just realized as soon as it started that I didn't want to have motherfuckers yelling at me for another five months. And I didn't want to be wet and sandy for that long, either."

"I hear you. Good luck."

"I don't need it. I'm going to the fleet. Going to see the world. I'm looking forward to it."

That's what I'd tell myself, too, if I quit. I would tell myself anything to get a little self-esteem back—at least enough to keep me from killing myself. I sure hoped I wouldn't have to try to fool myself like that. But you never knew until you were put to the test.

We shook hands. He turned around and walked off. He was looking at the ground again.

•

Before I knew it, it was almost my turn. Seven more days and it would be Hell Week.

I felt all right. I was keeping up in the daily PT sessions. I wasn't one of the ones who garnered the unwanted attention of an instructor because I couldn't do all the push-ups. Or whatever other exercise we happened to be doing a thousand reps of.

I was even in the top five on the timed runs. We had 34 minutes in Phase I to complete the run. Four miles. In the sand. Wearing boots. I was getting 30s. They dropped it two minutes every phase, so I was up to Phase III standards already.

And I'd even done all right on the O-course. Finally. It required dexterity and coordination in addition to endurance. While I had a fair share of the last, I was in the hole on the first two. But practice pays off, and I was finally finishing on time. Most of the time.

Swimming was hard, though. We had started out with a mile. Then the instructors moved it up to a mile and a half. Next, two miles. In the ocean.

I hated everything about it. I hated to get into the icy gray water. And I particularly hated that it was still dark out. Everything seemed colder.

We'd been issued wet-suit tops and fins. But my top was so old and fit so poorly that when I would take a stroke, icy water rushed down the sleeve all the way to my rib cage. Add to that my failure to finish on time, which then got my swim buddy and me hammered, and it was definitely my least favorite evolution.

•

The week went by slow and fast at the same time. Slow because they'd hammer us every day. We were in classes for half the day, but even there we weren't safe. If we pissed off an instructor, which wasn't hard to do, he'd make the whole class get wet and sandy. Then we'd have to go back and sit at our desks—the salt water and sand making us itchy, cold and miserable for the rest of the day.

One guy was caught nodding off during class. It could have been any of us. We were all tired. The instructor who caught him made him get wet and sandy every hour on the hour. He didn't fall asleep again—and neither did the rest of us.

Somehow, suddenly, it was the weekend. Then Sunday morning.

And then, Sunday night. The instructors showed up at the barracks and said we should try to get some sleep. Actually, they ordered us.

So I went to my rack and lay down and tried to sleep. And kept trying. But I couldn't, because I knew they'd be giving us a rude awakening in a few hours. So I finally said fuck it and decided to stay awake instead.

•

I jumped up and nearly hit my head on the bunk above me. The M-60 was so loud in the confines of the barracks it was making me wince. The low bass roaring—*duh-duh-duh-duh-duh!*—and blinding muzzle flash of the machine gun filled the hallway outside our rooms. All the instructors were yelling, but I couldn't make out the words because they were all doing it at the same time. Smoke from grenades was everywhere. It was a thick, sweet smell, kind of like bad meat. And there were loud bangs and flashes from grenade simulators going off—each one like 10 M-80s exploding at the same time.

Breakout: Hell Week had officially started. It was like living a nightmare. We were forced to do things that didn't make sense.

They ordered us out of the barracks. Outside, a couple of the instructors had hoses and were soaking us as soon as we walked out the door. The shouting never stopped. They were yelling, "Quit now and avoid the rush!" Then they would spray the water full blast in our faces.

Once we were in the compound another instructor started yelling at us. "What are you doing out here, you worms? Go back and come out wearing fins!"

So we'd go in and put on fins and waddle back outside. The first instructor had been replaced by another: "You are stupid and worthless! What good are fins without face masks? Put on your face masks, then fall out to the

(continued on page 134)

Internal Fire

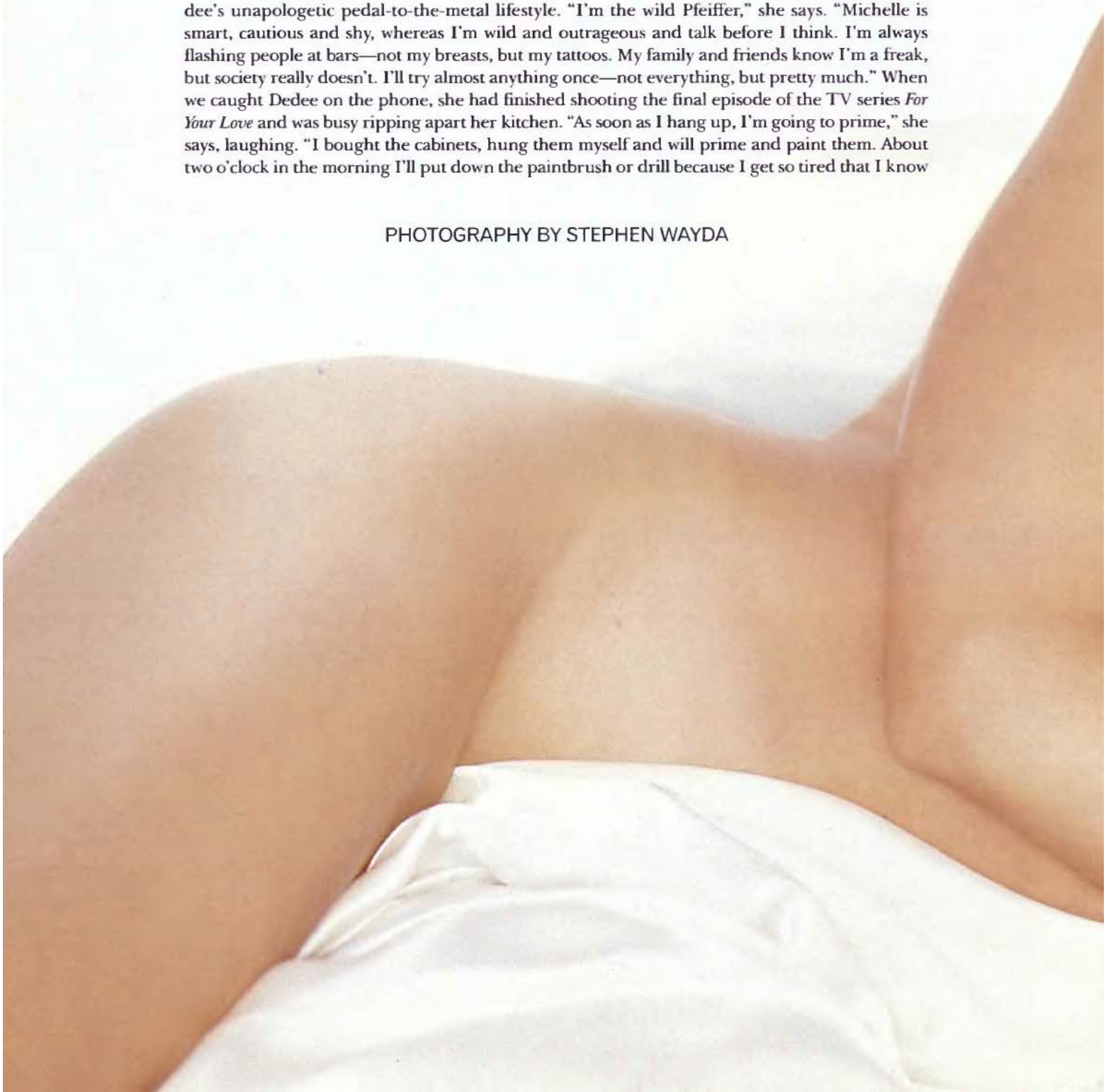
IS ANYONE HERE? I CAN'T SEE ANY FIRE.
BUT... CAN'T YOU FEEL IT?
CAN'T YOU FEEL THE HEAT ...BURNING?
MM...WHENEVER I'M ON FIRE...
...I NEED FIREFIGHTERS TO PUT ME OUT.
I'M FIGHTING, I'M FIGHTING.
HEY, JOHN, YOU NEED ANY HELP IN THERE?
NO, I CAN FIGHT THIS FIRE ON MY OWN.
...JUST A LITTLE HOSE-WORK.
AAH!
OOH!
HERE HE COMES. YOU OK, JOHN? DID YOU GET BURNED?
BURNED OUT, I WOULD SAY...
IVAN ALVAREZ - JORGE G.

PFABULOUSLY PFEIFFER

a little sister grows up

THE MOST NOTICEABLE difference between Dedee Pfeiffer and her older sister, Michelle, is Dedee's unapologetic pedal-to-the-metal lifestyle. "I'm the wild Pfeiffer," she says. "Michelle is smart, cautious and shy, whereas I'm wild and outrageous and talk before I think. I'm always flashing people at bars—not my breasts, but my tattoos. My family and friends know I'm a freak, but society really doesn't. I'll try almost anything once—not everything, but pretty much." When we caught Dedee on the phone, she had finished shooting the final episode of the TV series *For Your Love* and was busy ripping apart her kitchen. "As soon as I hang up, I'm going to prime," she says, laughing. "I bought the cabinets, hung them myself and will prime and paint them. About two o'clock in the morning I'll put down the paintbrush or drill because I get so tired that I know

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA



I'm going to hurt myself."

Dedee channeled this same energy into a slew of odd jobs before getting her big acting break playing a hooker in *Into the Night*. "I've done everything: I was a cocktail waitress at a mud-wrestling bar, dressed as a monkey and danced in a Disneyland parade, made floral arrangements, worked as a grocery bagger, delivered radiators and made impressions of kids' teeth for an orthodontist," she says. "When I got a role on *Simon and Simon*, I decided to quit my waitress job. I put my Cash Caddy in my closet and decided right then to make it as an actor. I'm proud that I've never had to pull out that sucker and work tables again." Roles in such films as *The Sky Is Falling*, *Frankie and Johnny*, *Falling Down* and *Up Close and Personal* kept her Caddy in the closet, but she is probably most recognized for her TV roles as Cybill Shepherd's almost-always-pregnant older daughter on *Cybill* and devoted wife Sheri on the romantic-comedy series *For Your Love*. "It was like having a second family," she says of the latter. "We'd roll around with one another on the couches and the beds; we'd hug and kiss all the crew. I miss that."

When she's not auditioning for roles, Dedee donates a lot of time to children's, AIDS, cancer and wildlife organizations. "If there is a wounded animal on the side of the road, I will take it to a wildlife center," she says. "I have no fear of animals—I've saved dogs, deer, rattlesnakes and tarantulas." Does she fear seeing any of the movies she's made? "I feel lucky to have gotten gigs, even the ones that went right to video," she says. "To dodge bad things is not to understand life's lessons. I don't regret any of the work I've done. I'm at a place now where I can take a deep breath and say, 'OK, I can read for things that are going to move my career to the next level.' My goal as an actor is not to become a huge star like my sister. I just want to have respect and longevity. But if huge snccess comes, I will embrace it."

See more photos of Dedee at cyber.playboy.com.

GRASS WITH WINGS
A SNAKE IN THE GRASS WITH

Dedee knows what sort of man she wants. "I need a rock so I can be the butterfly," she says. "I love maniy men. My perfect guy has to be very sexual and have a sense of humor, because laughter is healing and can make you feel high. People who take themselves too seriously are boring. A man who is confident with who he is will be able to keep up with me."

HAIR AND MAKEUP BY ALEXIS VOGEL
STYLING BY LANE W.

"On my butt I have a tattoo of two cherubs hugging each other," says Dedee. "They are symbolic of the angels that protect me, and they epitomize the innocence of love, which I believe in. I also have one of two doves. One represents the memory of my father, and the other is in memory of my best friend. They symbolize how I feel about people I've loved and lost."

Hugh Jackman

cary grant's heir on dancing, the wolverine action figure and halle berry's contribution to computers

How often do you see a preppie morph into an international film star?

"I went to an upper-crust boys' school where most students became professionals—doctors or lawyers," says Australian Hugh Jackman. "A career in the arts or in sports may seem terribly glamorous, but for most people it's not going to happen."

It's happening for Jackman.

After graduation, he traded his school uniform, straw boater and navy blazer ("We have these odd throwbacks to the English tradition") for a backpack and cheap airline tickets to get away from the island continent. "It's your rite of passage. Every Australian travels. We're the great wanderers."

Following journalism studies and "traveling around the world and doing everything and really not finding my home anywhere," Jackman clicked as a serious drama student. Since 1991 he has appeared in Shakespeare plays, independent films, musical comedies and on an Australian television series. (His wife, Deborra-lee Furness, played his psychologist in one show.) He has made his way—expenses now paid—to London for stage work and to North America, where he donned the sideburns and claws of the mutant Wolverine, one of the heroes of X-Men, in the first film based on the legendary comic book series. Since then, he has appeared on-screen in a thriller (Swordfish, with John Travolta) and in romantic comedies—he's currently starring opposite Meg Ryan in Kate and Leopold.

But Jackman has his critics. One of his countrymen, a veteran tabloid reporter, recently pronounced him "too good-looking."

Contributing Editor Warren Kalbacker met the actor after a long night of filming in New York City. "Jackman arrived rested and ready for the interview," Kalbacker recalls. "And he was in good voice—very good voice—as I was to discover halfway through our session."

1

PLAYBOY: Your rise to stardom since leaving Australia has been rapid. Did you do it on your own or does the Canberra government maintain a program to export actors and increase the country's foreign exchange earnings?

JACKMAN: The wool industry is diminishing, so the government has to look at acting. They farm us out when we're four and put us into little compounds and stuff us full of Stanislavsky and Method. After traveling around the world, I got a big taste for acting during a part-time course. I was working as a waiter and this woman locked eyes with me and said, "I'm a white witch." I said, "Oh, terrific." And she said, "Things are going to be big for you. You're going to go with the ride and it's going to happen fast." "OK," I said. Government agent. This is part of the plot. This is a good conspiracy. Go along with it. The next day she introduced me to the person who is now my agent, and I was offered a part in Australia's most popular soap. "Holy shit," I said. "They're going to pay me to do this?" Then, while I was waiting for the contract to come through, I realized how honorable acting is if you do it at a high ideal, the craft it requires, and the tradition. So I went in and said I didn't want to do the soap opera. Then I studied acting for three years. The day I graduated, I walked straight into a part on a great prison series for the Australian Broadcasting Corp.—a very worthy government-run TV station. I was really glad, because I would never have casted that. The role I was going to play in the soap opera was just me—young, charming. In the series I was playing Kevin Jones, armed robber, manipulative, strong, silent—a Wolverine character.

2

PLAYBOY: You've bared your chest in several movies. As a former attendant at a health club, tell us what gym personnel really think of the pectorally challenged.

JACKMAN: Pectorally challenged? That was me when I worked at the gym. I was known as the "before model." All the others were these buff gym guys. I never understood the gym culture. Why would you do it? Sitting there pushing weights seemed ridiculous to me. Go to the beach and swim or go out and run. Then I played the prisoner, and when I visited the jail, I thought, Shit, I have to get to the gym because these guys are big. They spend a lot of time working out to survive in there. Later, I played the stage role of Gaston in *Beauty and the Beast*, and as part of my contract, I had to stay at a certain weight and train with a trainer and do all this physical stuff. I was in the gym a year and a half. My body completely changed, and part of me liked it. My wife, Deb, doesn't care. She says the male Hollywood body is not sexy. I don't think a lot of women find it sexy. She says strong is sexy if someone is naturally strong, like a laborer. But not the waxed and sculpted body. We just need to do a little laboring on the side.

3

PLAYBOY: We'll buff up by hefting a pick and shovel. Care to pass along any other shape-up tips?

JACKMAN: It's sexy if a guy can dance—if you go to a wedding and can just pick up a woman and dance with her and make her look good on the dance floor. I've always loved dancing. I think it's the best exercise. I love tap. I love jazz. My wife and I do a lot of salsa dancing. We went to Cuba for the millennium, and we had a private instructor who taught us for a couple of hours a day. You go to Cuba, and these guys in cheap suits get up on that dance floor and they're the sexiest, suavest, coolest guys there. They don't need the $100,000 cars or the Gucci and Prada. I've done dancing quite a lot in my life, and it's a shame it's not more a part of our culture.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

4

PLAYBOY: Were you wary of starring with Meg Ryan in *Kate and Leopold*, given her well-known passion for Australian men?

JACKMAN: An Australian man. There was this romantic scene on a rooftop. We were up maybe 12 floors, and my character was seducing her. It was one of those nights—the moon was out and it was warm. Everyone was so happy, all the crew just sitting there looking downtown. It was magical. Two minutes with Meg and you realize she's a special lady. She's extraordinarily generous and warmhearted, down-to-earth. The first day we got to rehearsal I was eating sushi. She asked me where I got it. I said my driver had gone to get it. She said, "You just had your driver go get your sushi?" I said, "Well, yeah. Hello? Meg, you're a major motion picture star. You can ask your driver—who is waiting outside 24 hours a day—to get it." And she said, "I always forget things like that. I'm not a very good star. I've got to get better at that."

5

PLAYBOY: In the event his date insists on taking in a romantic comedy like *Kate and Leopold*, can you offer a strategy for how a gentleman might make the best of it?

JACKMAN: If you're to learn anything from Leopold, it's "Do everything with grace." I certainly wouldn't think it would be the worst night of a man's life. I saw *Kate and Leopold* and really liked it. No point sitting through the film and shrugging your shoulders. Put your arm around your lady. Unfortunately, I could become the most hated guy in films if the characters I play are so romantic that a girl says to her date, "Why don't you do things like that for me?" So before you go to the movie, do something that's unexpected. Then, when you watch the movie, she'll turn to you and say, "You're just like this guy."

6

PLAYBOY: As the son of an accountant, did you inherit your father's ability to keep the books?

JACKMAN: Yeah. I have inherited a little of his accounting skill, but not the discipline my father has. I'm the fifth child, so the skills got watered down by that point. The oldest, who vowed never to do it, married an accountant and is an accountant herself. My father was a senior partner at what is now PricewaterhouseCoopers. When I started making a lot of money—more money than I thought I'd ever make in my life—I went straight to Dad. He's been really helpful with advice on what to do with my money. My father had a strict upbringing, born during the Depression in England, delayed gratification, all those true British grit qualities. But he's actually emotional, very effusive. I did a production of *Romeo and Juliet* as my final piece for drama school. I played Romeo, and I looked out and saw my father weeping. And I started to weep. It was one of those great moments.

7

PLAYBOY: Do Australians think Americans and the British speak the mother tongue with weird accents?

JACKMAN: Americans aren't weird to us. The majority of the world speaks the way you guys do. The reality is that most of our films and television are American. I was brought up in Sydney, where a lot of the accent is American. We use Americanisms. The accent is not really the kind of Australian accent you hear out in the bush—the Paul Hogan–Crocodile Dundee thing. I have a friend; everything he says is an expression. He has one for every situation. Finishes a meal and says, "I feel full as a doctor's wallet." I laugh every time.

8

PLAYBOY: You acted with Patrick Stewart and Ian McKellen in *X-Men*. How do these English actors maintain their dignity and gravitas—not to mention straight faces—while wearing funny headgear lifted from a comic book?

JACKMAN: Both of them love acting and are also surprisingly silly and childlike. We have this design of them as doyens of the theater, but they're really playful, outgoing, irreverent. I've never worked with Judi Dench, but she's a notorious giggler. She cracks up all the time onstage. So when you do movies like *X-Men*, it's just fun. Stewart and McKellen are the English version of De Niro and Pacino. The scenes those two had together really excited me. The English technique—ultimately the same technique as the American—is about having the internal works going 100 percent. The whole English lifestyle is about reading between the lines. It's all about what you haven't said. They have a beautiful way of playing that. There's so much going on underneath the surface and in the pauses and when they're listening and it's very still. The English tradition, particularly in the last generation, which you see in Ben Kingsley, Michael Gambon, Ian McKellen and Patrick Stewart, is the ability to be irreverent and playful and emotionally full and open and yet intellectually rigorous. I think their intellectual rigor is extraordinary, the way they attack the text.

9

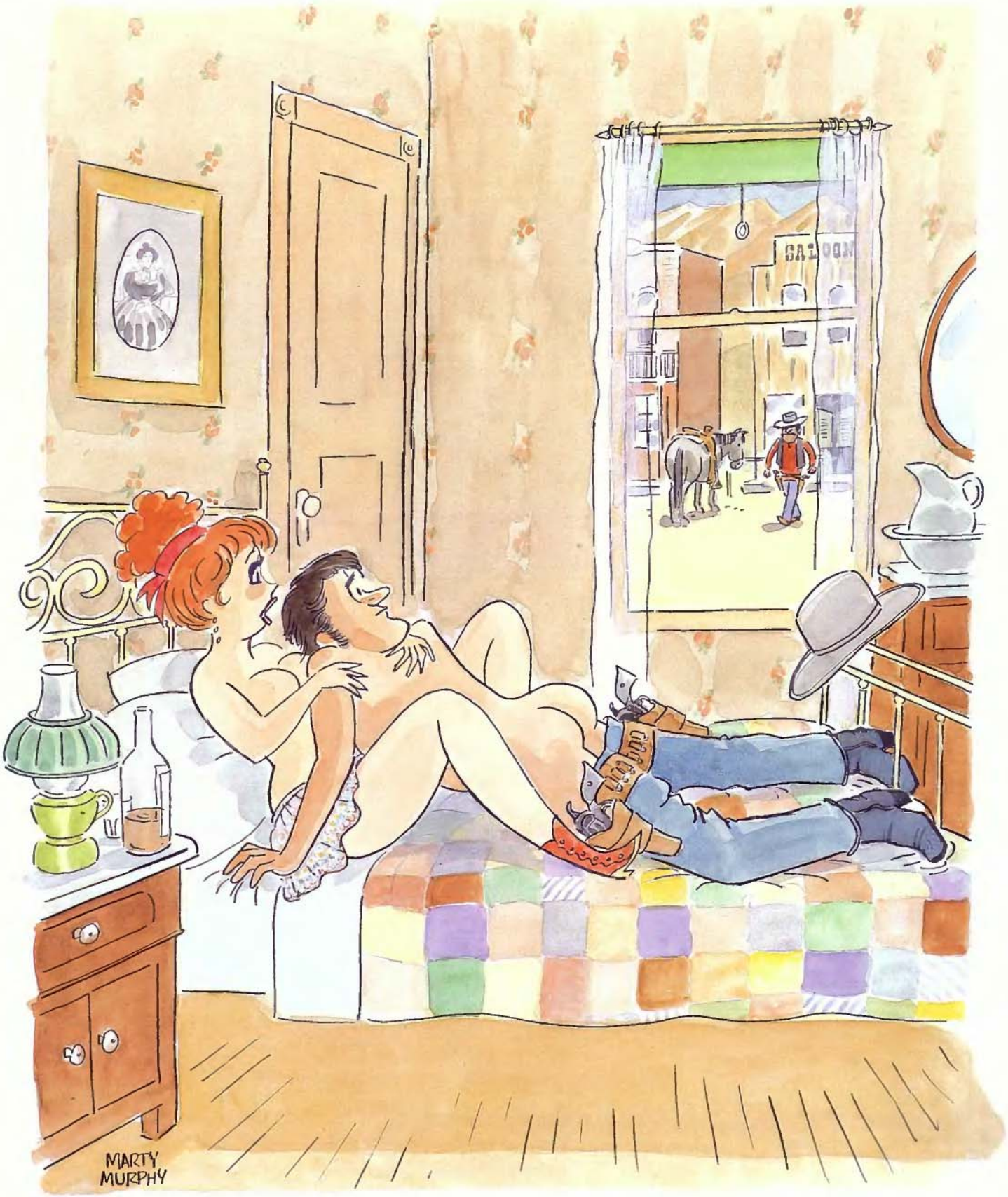
PLAYBOY: At the end of *Someone Like You*, you shared a freeze-frame kiss with Ashley Judd. Comment on this cliché, which we see in every romantic comedy.

JACKMAN: It's Hollywood, what can you say? They don't finish with the argument or when, three weeks later, they're giving each other the shits and saying, "This is not going to work out." That damn song is never playing in the background, either. When you're kissing, you're thinking the baby's going to wake up, or isn't that when the phone rings? The reality of making films with the kiss moment is probably as fraught with trauma as it is in real life. You have people telling you, "Just open your mouth a little more, but don't use your tongue. We don't want the tongue, because close up it really looks ugly on film—but we really want it to look passionate. Come in for a slow kiss." I had this two-day stubble and Ashley was starting to look like Ronald McDonald, because I was ripping her to shreds when I was kissing her.

10

PLAYBOY: You were nominated for an Olivier Award for your performance as Curly in the London production of *Oklahoma*. Can you account for the universal appeal of the American musical? But first, complete this lyric: *Chicks and ducks and geese better scurry——*

JACKMAN: [*Sings*] *When I take you out in my surrey, when I take you out in the surrey with the fringe on top.* I can go on. [*Hums a bit, then sings*] *The wheels are yellow, the upholstery's brown, the dashboard's genuine leather, with isinglass curtains you can roll right down, in case there's a change in the weather.* It is one of the best songs ever written in musical theater. This lover's bubbling. He's being cheeky. The words are kind of onomatopoeic. Rodgers and Hammerstein wrote for actors. If you're in the right frame of mind, and you're actually acting the song, the singing of it is easy. It's exciting. American musical theater is that perfect blend of incredible technique and intelligence and craft to the point where you can get carried into another world that is totally unbelievable—the fantasy of going along with characters. A great American musical gets you involved. You laugh. You love it. And you love to get carried away. Some people who'd seen the original production of *Oklahoma* were scared to see our production, because they didn't want to tarnish the memory they had. The Queen Mum came backstage and said



*"Now let's see how fast you are on the withdraw, cowboy . . .
here comes my boyfriend."*

she'd seen it many times. She told me, "Philip used to sing *People Will Say We're in Love* to Elizabeth, but I have to say, you seem a lot better than he was."

11

PLAYBOY: Before accepting the role of clawed Wolverine in *X-Men*, did you consult with Johnny Depp of *Edward Scissorhands* about how to achieve a characterization with an unusual manicure?

JACKMAN: I should have. The hands are the hardest thing. I'm a big fan of Johnny Depp. I might get a few tips for the sequel. I know I have to prepare for it and I'll be ready. I was thrown into the *X-Men* job a week into filming. I'd never heard of the X-Men, and we kind of created the character on the spot. The first pair of claws I got were the real thing. You'd touch them and prick your finger. I said, "These looked great, but I can't fight with them." I punctured myself. I hit myself with them and cut my head open. I was fighting with one of the stuntpeople and something happened and one went straight into her. The claws were dangerous. They were nine inches long. But we had some fun with them, too. Between takes I stuck marshmallows on them. The crew made me new claws—instead of blades, one was a pair of scissors and one was a magnifying glass.

12

PLAYBOY: Will your *X-Men* action figure increase in value as a collectible, provided it remains in its original, sealed box?

JACKMAN: Probably more valuable if I haven't signed it. When we were all on the set, they came out with the prototype clay heads and we all had to look at ours and say yes or no. McKellen looked at his and said he looked very young, that he loved the eyes and it didn't look a thing like him. He said, "I love it, you can do it." I didn't want mine to look completely like me. I don't know why. People might start sticking forks into it or sticking it into the freezer. There's one figure that talks with my voice. My son's now getting into it. But I promise he won't have Wolverine pillowcases and wallpaper and towels.

13

PLAYBOY: In *Swordfish* you play a computer hacker. Was it all fake or are you really comfortable with your laptop?

JACKMAN: I'm pretty good. They even have the little ones now, the Motorola Timeport thing. I e-mail on that all the time, because most of my family lives in Australia or England. I surf the Net a little. As far as cracking codes, I'm really not into that. I've got brains.

14

PLAYBOY: *Swordfish* features a topless Halle Berry and lots of tech hardware. Could we begin booting up our laptops with a whole new attitude?

JACKMAN: There are indeed some sexy moments. Our director explained that the movie was about hackers, and that we had to make it sexy. The question: Are computers sexy? Traditionally, the answer is no. But Halle is sexy. Set Halle in front of a computer and all of a sudden computers are much more sexy.

15

PLAYBOY: An actress recently complained to *The New York Times* that journalists asked her only about where she buys her lipstick and her stockings, never about anything important, such as ecology or politics. Don't you agree that an actress could be a more important source of information on cosmetics and hosiery than, say, global warming?

JACKMAN: It's a dangerous position to think, as an actor, that your opinion matters. You're out there dressing up, pretending to be someone for others' entertainment. You're an entertainer. Actors were the fools in the old days. Like the jester in Shakespeare, you could affect people. Now your whole life is there for people to talk about, and you get paid well for it. We all loved to talk about Tom and Nicole. People genuinely got into it. Actors aren't quite real people. They're to be talked about. So much about being an actor is just being alive and listening and entertaining and providing a service. I can understand the frustrations that actress might have, but I think she should have a sense of humor about it. Ultimately, great actors are conduits for great scripts and great stories. They're not the center of the world.

16

PLAYBOY: We know one gentleman from down under who seems unable to address men and women as Mr. and Ms. He calls men "mate" and he calls women "love." What is it with Australian informality?

JACKMAN: We forget people's names, so we've come up with a foolproof system. Australians are the inventors of "let's just sit in front of the telly on Sunday nights." We've made it a lifestyle. We won the America's Cup in 1983. Biggest moment ever. Our prime minister got on television at seven in the morning and he said, "Any employer who sacks an

Abe Lincoln never really did well with the ladies. . . .

employee for taking the day off is a bum." That was it. That's our prime minister.

17

PLAYBOY: Koala bears are cuddly. Myth or reality?
JACKMAN: Myth. They can be vicious unless they're stoned. The reality is they're stoned all the time because they eat eucalyptus. There's a petting zoo in Sydney—you queue for like seven hours—where you can pet them. If you comb their fur the right way, it's fine. But if you don't, it's bristly. I really don't like them. They're wild animals.

18

PLAYBOY: Can you explain the fact that Australian-rules football, like American football, has never really taken off beyond national boundaries?
JACKMAN: They're both barbaric. They're variations of the same thing, which is getting a bunch of mates together who just want to let off steam. So ridiculous. Boxing is the true sport, that's why it's universal. Australian football is phenomenal. It plays 18 per team. The field is vast. It's the biggest field, I think, of any sport. It's the fitness, athleticism, the guts, the running—all without pads. The shorts are like Christopher Street shorts—it's like they're wearing nothing. And the skill and the strength needed for that game is probably the greatest of all sports. And soccer is an amazing sport. It teaches everything. A kid can play, and he's not going to end up breaking his arm.

19

PLAYBOY: Your son is almost two years old. To those hesitating about fatherhood, explain the joys of the three A.M. feeding and the changing of the diapers.
JACKMAN: I can understand being hesitant. But all I can liken it to is that period of falling in love, when everything is ecstatic and the girl calls you at four in the morning because she's awake and she just loves you. She wants to tell you you're the best guy she's ever met. A year later you think, Four o'clock in the fucking morning? What is she doing? It's been a year. At times I don't want to get up and I think, Deb? Can you do it? But the moment you're there, it's fantastic.

20

PLAYBOY: Does Hugh Jackman share Wolverine's amazing powers of regeneration?
JACKMAN: That's how I got the part, man. I hope we don't make *X-Men 8*. I'll be 60, trying to look 32. You have to look exactly as you did in the first movie. That's scary.

4 A.M. GIRL

(continued from page 82)

doing the rest of her life. But you won't. A man never makes the Four A.M. Girl his wife. He can't. Her role is different from that of our future wives and current girlfriends. But you can't communicate this difference with her. The tongues you use to satisfy each other beneath the sheets become tied in knots when you make attempts at any other kind of communication. It will always be that way.

The passion will slip through your fingers like water. Your life will continue without her physical touch and she will go on to meet a new man and expect new things from him. Bigger and better things than she ever expected of you. She won't be anyone else's Four A.M. Girl.

But there will still be those nights—perhaps years from now—when you will turn away from your wife and stare at the digital clock. And you'll know she's out there somewhere, looking at her clock and seeing the same thing. Feeling the same wave, rolling with the same turns. But you won't call her. And the man in her bed will have no idea what significance this time of night has for his new girlfriend. For those nights when she used to leave her bed, fall into a cab and let you take her on your own terms in the kitchen, head pulled back, breasts thrust forward and your hands on all the good places.

Your secret is safe now. There is nothing you can do to bust up the memory. A woman will never run for you like that again. But you outran her. What else could you do?

"Marcie, you're a hooker. You're supposed to have sex the first time you meet someone."

STEALTH FORCE (continued from page 116)

I believed in God—but thought he was way too busy to help vermin like me. I was down to the wire.

grinder for PT."

We had to run the gantlet of water hoses while going in and out of the barracks and putting more gear on or taking it off.

We ended up on the grinder in the center of the compound. They kept making us do set after set of push-ups. One instructor had a megaphone and yelled, "I've never seen such a pathetic bunch of Marys!"

After the 10th or 12th set of 25 push-ups in a row, with hardly any break, he'd catch someone not doing them because they just couldn't. He'd bend over and jam the megaphone in their face. "You need a break, Sally?" he'd scream. "You can get a real good break if you just ring the bell. Three times is all it takes and you're out of here. We'll even give you a cup of hot cocoa with marshmallows. Would you like that?"

Some of the class took him up on the offer. But most, because it was still early, turned him down.

"No thank you, instructor. Hoo-ya!"

"Well then, maybe you need a break. Bear-crawl out to the surf and get wet and sandy. Then double-time it back here."

Things went on like this for a while until the sky started turning gray. Then it was on to another form of torture.

•

When you're up 24 hours a day for five days, things start to run together. You even start to hallucinate toward the end. At least I did. And so did some of my boat crew.

We were on a long paddle in the middle of the night. We were all so tired that occasionally one of us would go to sleep while paddling. Fortunately, everyone seemed to fall into the boat instead of into the water when they went to sleep, although I caught the guy in front of me trying to take a dive. But I grabbed him and shook him before he made the plunge. No reason to be more cold and wet than we already were.

My boat crew was in the lead. The instructors called us the Smurf crew because we were short. We were halfway through and there was no one in sight behind us. I'm sure it all had something to do with hydronautics or some fancy word like that, but when it came to a long paddle, we always seemed to do the best. Maybe it was because we displaced less water.

Of course, the only reason it mattered that we were in the lead was that it was a race—as usual. Every event was a race. That had been true before Hell Week, too. The instructors even had a name for this one—Around the World. It was a seven-mile loop that involved some land portage. Seven miles was a damned long way to paddle a raft. They aren't the most streamlined vessels. Actually, they're pigs. Even with all six of us putting our backs into it and our officer spelling people, the shore, which was about 300 yards off our starboard side, hardly seemed to be moving.

And that was the problem. One of the guys in the boat crew, Tanner, the only black guy in our class, started to complain about it.

"What the hell? We're not moving!"

"Sure we are. Just slowly." Our officer, the voice of reason.

"No, we're not. Look at the beach. We're not moving." It didn't help that this section of the shore was deserted—just an empty stretch of beach with no landmarks.

No one said anything for a while. Tanner started mumbling.

Then someone said, "Maybe he's right. I've been watching the shore. It seems like we haven't moved."

Somebody else, "Yeah, maybe it's a current or something."

Tanner, "It ain't a current. Something's got us."

Our officer, "What do you mean? Like kelp or something?"

"No. It's a sea monster. Can't you see his tentacles? He's holding us back." Then he started mumbling frantic gibberish to himself.

Someone said, "All right, Tanner, shut the fuck up and paddle."

No one said anything for a while after that. A little later, everyone—except for maybe Tanner—could see that we were getting closer to the lights in Coronado.

Then it was my turn. I'd just gone to sleep and fallen in the center of the boat. The fall woke me up. I climbed back onto the tube and started paddling again. I looked out to sea. It was dark. Not a light anywhere. Then I saw a flash of something. I squinted. It looked like a diver's head about 50 yards away. The flash had been the light from the shore shining off his face mask. I shook my head and blinked. He was still there. I went back to paddling and just looked straight ahead at the back of the man in front of me.

•

The instructors weren't playing when they told us to do something. Toward the end of Hell Week, they had us doing log PT. They broke us down into our

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six-man boat crews and then had us line up front to back by our log. They asked us how many were left in the class. There were less than 30, and we'd started the week somewhere in the 60s.

Anyway, the instructors said we had to do 48 body-builders with the logs. Body-builders consisted of picking up the log, hoisting it over our heads, then throwing it up and catching it. Then we were supposed to lower it down on the opposite side from which we started. The logs were bigger around than telephone poles and about 10 or 12 feet long.

I thought they were fucking with us. They liked to do that. Play their psychotic mental games on us. I mean, they had to be fucking with us. Everyone in the class was a sorry piece of shit by that point. We were so swollen we didn't have joints anymore. Our legs and arms looked like water balloons and our fingers looked like sausages.

If I hadn't been delirious from lack of sleep, I might have realized guys kept "hyping" out—getting hypothermia. The instructors would send them to the corpsman. He would shine a flashlight in their eyes. Somehow this indicated to him if they had hypothermia or not. Maybe if their eyes were dilated or something.

Anyway, if they were hyped, he would throw them in the *MASH*-looking ambulance that followed us everywhere during Hell Week. They'd get wrapped in orange blankets for 10 or 15 minutes until they warmed up and then he'd throw them back out.

Once in a while, the duty corpsman would do spot checks with his light—usually in the middle of the night, if the instructors had been keeping us wet for a while.

He'd line us up single file and then go down the line looking into our eyes. He'd usually pull a couple of us. I always hoped I'd be one of them. Anything for a few minutes' respite. But I never was, which didn't make a whole lot of sense to me: I was one of the skinniest guys in the class. Back in pretraining my nickname had been Popsicle, because I shivered so much between heats at the pool. I always seemed to get the full benefit.

The medical unit had started giving us antibiotics by the second or third day because our immune systems were so worn down. The tops of our heads had been rubbed raw by having to carry our six-man raft wherever we went—there were open sores under the thin stubble on our scalps. They matched the ones on the insides of our thighs that had been caused by our constantly wet and sandy trousers chafing us.

People were losing control of their bladders. My swim buddy even shit himself. And he wasn't the only one.

"What's that smell?" I said.

"I dunno."

"Smells like shit."

"I don't smell anything."

"You don't smell anything? You trying to tell me I'm having an olfactory hallucination?"

"What?"

"Fuck you, you don't smell it. It's coming from you!"

"What're you talking about?"

"I'm talking about you shitting your pants, asshole!"

"All right. All right. I'm sorry."

I couldn't get too mad. I didn't have the energy. So I let it drop.

Anyway, back to the logs. We started in. We made it to five and I began having visions of someone not being able to catch it on the way down and the log crushing our heads. Ten minutes, and I thought that someone might be me—my arms felt like Jell-O.

At 15, I was waiting for the instructors to secure us. They'd made their point. At 20, I realized there was no point—they just wanted to pound us into grease spots on the sand. And then I quit thinking. We still had 28 to go.

•

I had been doing OK the whole week as our class dwindled and the bell kept ringing. After someone rang out, the remaining class sang *Happy Trails*.

It was kind of funny at first. But by the 10th time it was depressing. And by the 20th time it was habit. Guys quit who you never thought you'd see quit. Some guys seemed to have it—they were good at PT, running and swimming—but once they were in the crucible, Hell Week ferreted out some hidden mental weakness no one knew they had. Not even them. Or perhaps they had an inkling that

"I came out here to get some material for my books in 1992, and now you know why I haven't written anything since then."

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until then it had been just a whisper in the dark.

One guy in particular stands out. Everybody liked him. He was an officer and even the instructors liked him. They were good at not playing favorites—they usually despised everyone equally. He was always positive. And not some fake, sappy positive, like a TV evangelist, but the genuine kind.

It was the second day, late in the afternoon. We'd been getting hammered on the beach, doing PT for an eternity. I had collapsed three times in the push-up position, and every time an instructor had seen me and made me get wet and sandy. But the sun was out, and between that and the exercise I was staying warm, so I didn't mind. Plus, if I was running down to the surf, then I wasn't doing push-ups.

The officer, Brophy, walked up to one of the instructors near me. I heard the whole thing.

"I want to ring out."

"Brophy, quit fucking around or I'll make you and your boat crew more miserable than you are now."

"I'm serious. I'm finished. I want out."

The instructor looked at him for a long moment. Brophy looked right back at him, right in the eye, never wavering. The instructor turned to us.

"Class, it looks like Brophy's done. Does anyone want to try to talk him out of this rash course of action he'll regret later?"

There were a couple of seconds of silence. A bunch of people had quit, and they'd never let us try to stop them before. We were so paranoid that I think most of us believed it was a trick. I know I did.

"Come on! I'm not fucking with you. Try to talk him out of it."

That's when the clamor started. As a class, we begged, pleaded and cajoled. I think we all sincerely wanted him to stay, and the instructors had stopped hammering us—a nice fringe benefit.

At first it had no effect. Then I saw him start swaying back and forth. Finally, he swayed forward and turned the momentum into a dogtrot back to his boat crew. Everyone cheered.

We went back to PT. He quit less than an hour later. This time, the instructors didn't let us try to talk him out of it. We sang *Happy Trails* after he rang the bell three times.

•

The one good thing about Hell Week was that they weren't going to let us starve. We got four meals a day—the usual three and one more in the middle of the night called midrations, midrats for short.

Midrats were the best and the worst. They were the best because we got to go into the cafeteria and warm up for about half an hour. When I was going through

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the chow line, I always filled two mugs of coffee. When I sat down I could wrap a hand around each one and let the heat sink in.

But it was the worst because it always ended way too soon. Before we knew it, we had to shuffle back into the cold night, which was made even colder by contrast with the warm confines of the chow hall. The worst part was putting our kapoks back on. Kapoks were big, orange canvas and foam life vests like the kind from *McHale's Navy*. By the time we got back out to the boats, the kapoks were covered in a rime of ice. Someone started calling them K-Popsicles, and the name stuck.

Invariably, after the midnight meal someone would quit. I guess they just couldn't handle being cold again after having tasted the luxurious warmth offered by the chow hall. Can't say I blame them. I thought about it myself. Especially after I'd been shivering so long that my hip joints started to ache.

•

Besides idle pondering after midrats I had a couple of close moments, too. Ones that almost had me following Brophy and the rest of the quitters to the fleet.

The first one came on the third night we'd been up. We were in the barracks getting a medical spot check by a doctor. They let us take a three-minute hot shower. Then we'd walk directly from there, naked, to see the doctor. The shower had just started to take the chill off when I had to get out. I didn't want to be cold anymore. I wanted to stay in the shower till I was warm to the core. I felt frantic. Crazy. I didn't know what to do.

I saw the class officer. He was walking toward me. Connors. He was a big guy, a good old boy from the South. Had played ball. Even made it to third string on the Miami Dolphins.

As he passed by me, I suddenly said, "Mr. Connors. I can't do it anymore. I want to quit."

"Raven, shut the fuck up and go see the doctor."

I walked in to see the doctor. He looked me over. Asked me a couple of questions, gave me my antibiotics and I was done. Not much more than a minute and I didn't feel like quitting anymore.

•

The next time I felt like quitting happened on the last night. Earlier that day we'd done the log PT. Now it was night, the middle of the night, and they had us in the pool. Naked. Well, almost. We were too weak to swim without the likelihood of drowning, so they made us keep our kapoks on.

The instructors had us playing water polo in the deep end. About midway into the game, a steady cold rain that had been falling all night turned into sleet. We were so cold that if someone had to piss, they'd call their whole boat crew over to huddle around them in the pool and then let go. That way, everyone felt some warmth for at least a couple of seconds.

Things kept getting worse. As if playing naked water polo—in the middle of the night, while it was sleeting, after being up for four days—weren't enough.

A buddy of mine in our boat crew, Boyle, came up to me. "Raven, check this out." We were next to the gutter of the pool. He spit in it. It was black under the pool lights. "I don't feel good."

"No shit. That's fucking blood, man! You need to talk to an instructor. That ain't right."

"I don't want to. Hell Week's almost over. I don't want to have to do it again."

"Yeah, well, if you're dead, it won't much matter, will it? You're sick, man. Get help."

"I guess so."

I couldn't take it anymore. He was driving me crazy. The sight of the blood he'd spit up didn't make me too happy either. "Instructor Sebring."

He came over.

"Boyle's spitting up blood. He needs to see the corpsman."

"Boyle, get over here!"

That was the last I saw of Boyle for a couple of weeks. Turns out he had pneumonia so bad his lungs were almost filled with fluid. He almost drowned on dry land.

The instructors kept yelling at us. They wouldn't leave us alone. Said we weren't playing hard enough. Weren't taking the game seriously. Kept threatening us. We all knew from experience that these weren't idle threats.

Finally, they told us to stop, since, in their words, we weren't doing anything anyway. They had us line up in the water by the side of the pool.

"Tighten up, girls. Nut to butt." Nut to butt meant we were basically supposed to spoon with the man in front of us. Which, while degrading, was warmer than standing and shivering by yourself.

"All right. That's better, you pathetic slugs. You don't have what it takes to be frogmen. You can't even play a simple game of water polo. We're gonna make your whole class quit. We don't want a bunch of quitter pussies like you in the teams."

Another instructor turned on a hose and started spraying it in our faces.

"Don't fucking turn away. Look right into it!"

Then the sleet started coming down heavily. It stung my shoulders and head above the waterline.

But even that wasn't enough. Things can always get worse.

"All right, Sallys! We'll give you one out and that's it. If you can't do this, we'll break you right here. Which shouldn't be too hard, because you're a bunch of spineless slugs anyway. If one of you can get a hard-on, we'll let the whole class out of the pool. We'll let you go in the sauna and take a hot shower afterward."

A lone voice, wavering and cracked, asked, "Can we touch ourselves?"

All the instructors laughed. "No. You have to use your imagination."

"That one's for not asking and this one's for not telling."

"In bed he just rattles his saber!"

I cursed. Why did the dumb fucker ask? He should have just done it. Now there was no way that any of us would get one.

I waited. Hoping. But it was pointless. Then it was my turn for the hose. It seemed like it would never stop. Water was going up my nose. It hit the back of my throat and I started coughing. And kept coughing. Finally it was the next guy's turn and I could breathe again.

But it was too late. My spirit was shattered, tattered and waving like a flag of truce. I couldn't take any more of this, particularly when I knew I didn't have to. Not when all I had to do was ring the bell three times. Then it was a warm bunk and I could sleep as long as I wanted to.

"God! If you're out there, I can't take any more. Help me or I'm done." I said the prayer silently.

I believed in God—but thought he was way too busy to help vermin like me. I was down to the wire.

Then I heard a voice singing. After a line, the whole class picked it up.

"We're the frogmen of the Navy!"

And I forgot the rest. But I'll never forget that first voice I heard. It was mine. After we sang a few verses, the instructors pulled us out of the pool and put us in the sauna. The kind lined in cedar with the lava rocks you throw water onto to make steam. I guess they'd just wanted us to show them we had some spine left, that we weren't totally beaten. Whatever. They turned the heat all the way up and let us stay in there for at least half an hour. It was the first time I'd been warm—I mean really warm, all the way through—since Hell Week started.

•

The next morning, after first light, they secured the winning boat crew. I watched the guys stumble off to the barracks. They didn't even have to stow their boat. The class behind us would take care of that. As they were leaving, they wished everyone luck. I didn't care, I still hated them. The rest of us had another eight hours of torture to look forward to.

The instructors had us go into one of the classrooms for a briefing. We were going to do a rock portage. That's where each crew would land their IBS—Inflatable Boat, Small—on the big rock jetty in front of the Hotel Del Coronado. We'd already done it once at night during the beginning of Hell Week, and one guy had broken an arm—he'd gotten between the boat and the rocks. That was a cardinal sin we'd all been warned about, but at the same time it was pretty hard to avoid when the sets were coming in big, fast and furious. And it was night, so you couldn't see the waves till they were on you. At least this time we'd be doing it in daylight.

The surf had been big all week, with waves of five to 10 feet. Not the easiest shit to get a raft through when you were 100 percent, and even harder to deal with when you had to land on a pile of boulders.

In one part of my mind I thought, *This is fucking insane. We're all zombies. People are gonna get busted up for sure.* But at the same time, since I was a zombie, I couldn't get that worked up over it. I had become numb.

One of the instructors drew a diagram of the jetty on the chalkboard. Somehow he reversed everything—he'd put the hotel and the jetty to the south, and they were north of us. I looked at my swim buddy. He shrugged. I thought about saying something, but I was worried it was a trap. On the other hand they might have done it as a test to see if we were still alert, and if someone didn't mention it. . . . It was a lose-lose situation, the kind favored by the instructors.

No one said anything about it and then the briefing was over. We limped into the courtyard, threw our paddles into the boats and hoisted them onto our heads. There were three boat crews left. Six men in each for a total of 18.

We started making our way out to the beach. I saw Captain Hailey, the skipper at BUD/S, step out of his office on the second deck and look down at us.

"Instructor, what are these men doing?"

He sounded mad. I was certain that it didn't bode well for me and my classmates.

"They're doing a rock portage, sir."

"No they're not. They're secured."

We stood there, swaying, the IBSs still on our heads. It was another trick. It had to be.

Finally, one of the instructors, Chief Bellnut, said, "You heard the skipper. Put your boats down. You're secured."

"Congratulations on a job well done." After he said that, the captain broke into a smile. So did most of the instructors.

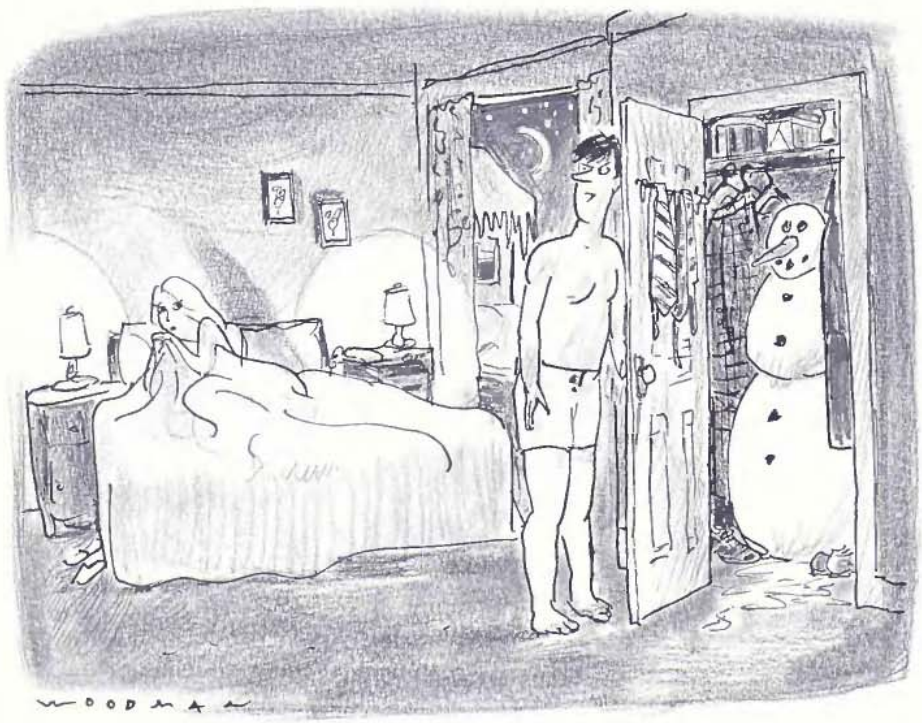
"Hoo-ya, Captain Hailey!" We rasped all at once. Our throats were hash, so it wasn't very loud, but what we lacked in volume we made up for in emotion.

Things got kind of blurry there for a couple of minutes. We placed our rafts on the asphalt, and the next thing I knew I was hugging my swim buddy. He still smelled like shit, but I didn't care.

•

For a week after they secured us, I was walking around like a whore the morning after nickel night. I had to walk bowlegged because the insides of my thighs were so chafed they looked like raw hamburger—that's what happens when you wear the same pair of wet and sandy trousers for a week.

The instructors had some respect for what was left of the class. More than half of the men going into Hell Week had quit by the end. There were 24 of us left—the "hard-core 24" as we liked to refer to ourselves. Part of the instructors' respect came from the fact that it had been the coldest week in San Diego in 48 years. Of course, they didn't bother telling us that till after the fact.



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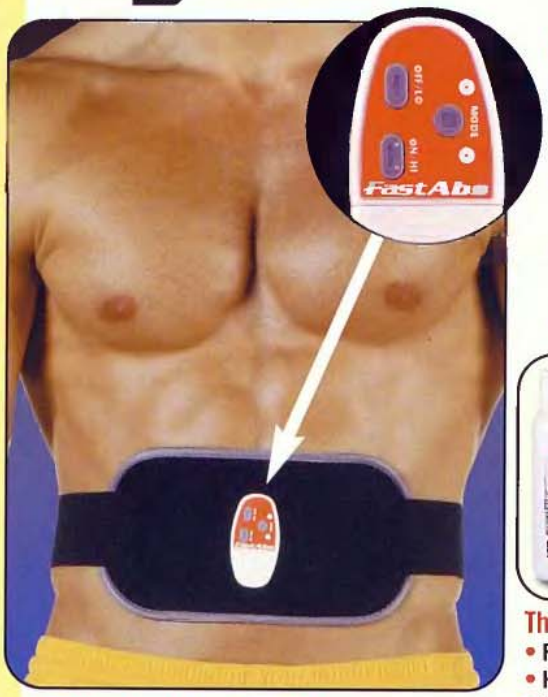

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BLACK LAGOON (continued from page 74)

I drifted a talon into one of her kicking legs, which jerked upward. I dove. She dove.

raked meat off the bone, lathed, splintered and shredded; wrung, wrenched, rooted and uprooted. I noted my lack of restraint. I opened them to the jungle. I unearthed their wet centers.

I sat outside the tent, not ready to return to the water. I held my claws away from my body. Space in the upper canopy turned blue and paled. Two tiny scarlet frogs wrestled beside me. Leaf litter beneath them slipped and scattered. Along the water, one set of noisemakers retired and the next took its place.

I swam off my murderousness. I floated on my back in the center of the lagoon. Fish nipped at my feet. I had even less appetite than usual.

Days passed. Luis and Andujar, slung across shredded cots and canvas, became festive gathering places. In the evenings, even a jaguarundi stopped by. In the opened chest cavities, beetles swarmed and tumbled over one another. Compact clouds of emerald-eyed flies lifted off and resettled.

The big boat came chug-chugging back into the lagoon.

I watched it come from out of the east. My head ached. The sunrise spiked my vision.

I dove to the bottom, corkscrewed around in the muck and startled some giant catfish.

I resurfaced. Once again, the boat stopped and settled into quiet. Once again, the smaller boat was loaded and sent to shore.

The doctor stood in the front. Three other men spread themselves across the back. They centered their attention on a slender figure between them that I could smell all the way across the water. She smelled like the center of bromeliads torn open, mixed with anteater musk and clay. Anteater musk for years had made me pace certain feeding trails, obscurely excited.

Female scent tented through the membranes in my skull. I gawped. I sounded. I hooted, their nightmare owl.

The group looked off in my direction, startled by the local color. The doctor called for Luis and Andujar. Luis and Andujar weren't answering. The boat rocked and pitched up onto the same muddy bank it had left. The doctor clambered out and marched off toward his tent. The men called the female Kay and helped her out and followed. I cruised over, a lazy trail of bubbles.

They made their discovery. I hovered nearby in the deeper water, stroking every so often to remain upright. A few of them picked up shattered objects and examined them. There were a number of urgent motions and decisive gestures. Kay was trundled back to the small boat and the entire group returned to the bigger one. On its deck, crates were wrenched open and still more rifles passed around. Rifles were exchanged and admired.

The sun toiled across the sky. Above the wavelets the steamy air was thick enough to eat. I dozed, watching them bustle.

The water cooled. The moon rose. Frogs made their early evening chucking noises. A giant damselfly pulled a big spider out of its web and bit it in half, dripping the head and legs and devouring the rest.

By the next day, the visitors were again anxiety free. In the morning they putt-putted back ashore in their small boat, and scooped and chipped away at the bank of rock. Fragments piled up and were sifted. The sifters complained.

Kay, reclining in the shade with her back to the work, looked entranced. "And I thought the Mississippi was something," she mused to her companions, who kept working, pouring sweat. In the afternoon, everyone returned to the bigger boat and slept like lizards on the deck in the heat, heads or arms sprawled over one another.

I decided to spend more time on the bottom of the lagoon. I was alternately appalled and bemused by my need to spy. I got the sulks. I kept my distance.

Over the years, I'd been taken aback by the ingenuity with which I disappoint myself.

I heard a splash.

Kay swam on her back away from the boat in my direction, cutting widening wake lines into the sunlight above her. I watched her cruise by. I left the bottom and swam on my back beneath her for a stretch, as if her reflection.

When she stopped, I sank lower into the murk. She turned, did somersaults; played, in some obscure way. Resting, she treaded water.

I ascended and drifted a talon into one of her kicking legs, which jerked upward. I dove. She dove. Vegetative murk billowed up around us. She surfaced and swam back to the boat. Suddenly ferocious, I followed. It was an exciting race, which I lost. She climbed a ladder out just ahead of my arrival.

Braced on the bottom in the ooze, I took the keel and uprooted it with both arms. Tons of displaced water surged and rocked. On the deck above, boxes slid and smashed and shinbones barked against the wheelhouse.

I climbed up a convenient rope to give them a look. They each produced individual noises of consternation. I made my peccary snarl and backhanded a lantern hanging on the rail into the water. Everyone held up their favorite rifle and I dove back in.

"I don't know if I've mentioned this before, Greg, but you are a very attractive man."

I surfaced on the other side of the boat. "The lantern must have frightened him," Kay said. In the middle of the afternoon.

Within minutes, two men came after me, with little masks on their faces and breathing tubes in their mouths. Bubbles bubbled from their heads. Back in the deep reeds, I watched them churn by overhead, a body's length away, and then swam off in the other direction. I backstroked through the weeds. They seemed to have trouble following. I did an underwater plié. They spotted me. Their legs thrashed and pounded inefficiently. More bubbles bubbled. This went on for some time.

And again the next day they went about their business.

I kept being drawn to them and their leaking hippo-belly of a boat.

This whole thing had affected me. My eye glands were secreting. I rubbed my face on tree bark. I urinated on my feet.

Normally for me, the geologic periods came and went, and normally I had the tender melancholic patience of a floodplain. But with them in the lagoon, I found myself foolish and hopeful, carp-toothed. I was a creature of two minds, one of them as unteachable as the swamp. I wanted to make this signal event a signal event. I wanted to become something.

To them I was the unknown Amazon embodied—who knew what lay undiscovered in those hidden backwaters?—and still they lounged and chatted. They flirted. They acted as if they were home.

At midday, one wilted crew member stood guard. He exchanged vacant stares with a cotton-topped tamarin eating its stew of bugs and tree gum on a shoreline branch. The rest of the group squabbled below deck.

I hauled myself back up the rope—why didn't they just pull up the rope?—and schlumped past the porthole while they argued. I was dripping all over the planking. I grabbed the crew member by both sides of his head and toppled us over the rail.

His internal workings ran down on shore later that night. I sat with him with my elbows on my knees. Every so often he got his breath back. A yellow tree boa angled forward from a branch, but I waved it away. He called out to the boat. They called back.

They built a cage. Bamboo.

They rowed around in their smaller boat, dumping powder all over their section of the lagoon. It paralyzed the fish, which floated to the surface. A few eyed me dazedly on the way up.

While they worked, I waited under their larger boat. It seemed safer there.

That night they lined the deck stem to stern under their lanterns, their rifles nosed out toward the darkness. I bobbed under the curve of the bow. Off in the distance a giant tree fell, shearing its way

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 19–22, 24, 30, 39–40, 76–81, 108–110, 114–115 and 159, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

AFTER HOURS

Page 19: "Hot Chocolates": www.mrchocolate.com. Page 20: "Little Black Box": www.cardscan.com. Page 21: "Skin Shirts": www.underarmour.com. Page 22: "Action Figure": www.playboystore.com. Page 24: "Back-Lot Baby #1": www.liveactsvideo.com.

WIRED

Page 30: "Take Command of Your TV": **Personal video recorder and VCR** from *Sonicblue*, www.sonicblue.com. **Personal cinema** by *Nvidia Corp.*, www.nvidia.com. "Is That You, Hal?": **Software** by *AT&T Labs*, www.att.com. "Cure Boardom": **Game controller** by *Thrustmaster*, from Guillemot, 877-484-5536. **Software** by *Activision*, 310-255-2050.

MANTRACK

Page 39: "Hip and Cheap": **Book** at local bookstores. Page 40: "The Write Stuff": **Stationery** by *Crane and Co.*, 800-572-0024 or crane.com. **Pen** by *Faber-Castell*, 800-642-2288 or www.faber-castell.com. "Our Kind of Chair": **Chair and ottoman** by *Steelcase*, ideo.com. "Guys Are Talking About": **Contact lenses** by *Ciba Vision*, ciba vision.com.

FINISHING TOUCHES

Pages 76–81: **Belt and tie** by *CK Calvin Klein*, 800-294-7978. **Belt, shoes and socks** by *Johnston and Murphy*, 800-424-2854. **Belt and tie** by *Brioni*, www.brioni.com. **Belt and socks** by *Paul Stuart*, paulstuart.com. **Belt and tie** by *Hugo Boss*, 800-HUGO-BOSS. **Belt** by *John Varvatos*, 212-965-0700. **Watches:** By *Omega*, www.omega.ch. By *Seiko*, seikousa.com. By *Oris*, 914-347-6747. By *Piaget*, www.piaget.com. By *Ebel*, ebel.com. By *Skagen*, skagen.com. By *Emporio Armani*, 877-EMPORIO. **Watch and glasses** by *Gucci*, 212-826-2600. **Watch, tie and socks** by *Tommy Hilfiger*, 800-866-6922. **Desk accessories** by *Troy*, 212-941-4777. **Ties:** By *Massimo Bizzocchi*, at Bergdorf Goodman, 212-753-7300. By *Canali*, 212-767-0205. By *Corneliani*, 800-222-9477. By *Joseph Abboud*, 212-586-9140. By *Bill Blass*, 212-581-8270. By *Brooks Brothers*, brooksbrothers.com. **Bin** by *Conran*, www.conran.com. **Chair** by *ABC Carpet and Home*, www.abchome.com. **Tie and shoes** by *Silvano Lattanzi*, www.zintala.it. **Shoes:** By *Cole Haan*, colehaan.com. By *Allen-Edmonds*, www.allenedmonds.com. By *CAT Urban Equipment*, www.catfootwear.com. By *Bass*, ghbass.com. **Pen** by *Beretta*, 212-319-3235. **Socks:** By *Jockey*, www.jockey.com. By *Davide Cenci*, 800-528-2525. **Desk** by *Desiron*, desiron.com. **Glasses:** By *Giorgio Armani*, giorgioarmani.com. By *Starck Eyes by Alain Mikli*, 212-472-6085. By *Paul Smith*, 212-627-9770. By *Valentino*, 212-772-6969. By *Henry Grethel*, 212-262-2200. **Tray** by *Ad Hoc*, 212-982-7703.

FEAR FACTOR

Pages 108–110: **Helmet** by *Bell*, from Troy Lee Designs, 800-239-6566. **Sunglasses and goggles** by *Spy Optic*, 800-779-3937. **Boots** by *Alpinestars*, 800-727-8277. **Gloves, pants and jersey** from *No Fear*, www.nofear.com. **Motorcycle** by *Yamaha*, 800-889-2624.

POCKET PLAY

Pages 114–115: "The Look": **Pocket PC** by *Hewlett-Packard*, 888-999-4747. "She Looked Back": **Cell phone** by *Motorola*, 800-331-6456. "Call Me Sometime": **PDA and cell phone** by *Handspring*, 888-565-9393. "The Quick Escape": **Personal storage device** by *DiskOnKey*, www.diskonkey.com. "Tuning Up": **Audio player** by *Panasonic*, 800-211-7262. "Table for Two": **Language translator** by *Seiko*, 800-873-4508. "Closing the Deal": **Digital camera** by *Fujifilm*, 800-800-3854.

ON THE SCENE

Page 159: "Not the Usual Suspects": **Vodka** from *3 Vodka Distilling*, www.3vodka.com. **Tequila** by *Hussong*, 888-640-2642 or www.mccormickdistilling.com. **Rum** from *Chatham Imports*, 212-473-1100, x427. **Irish whiskey** by *Jameson Midleton*, at local retail stores. **Gin** and **single-malt scotch** from White Rock Distilleries, 800-628-5441, x365.

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through canyons of canopy, opening up new opportunities.

"Do you suppose he remembers being chased and intends to take revenge?" Kay asked.

"I've got a hunch this creature remembers the past and more," her favorite male answered. He watched his own arms whenever he moved, so I named him Baby Sloth.

I floated and listened while they tried to get under the rock of my primitive reasons. How sly was it possible I was? How instinctual? "Just what do you think we're dealing with here, doctor?" I heard Baby Sloth ask.

I cleared my throat. I cleaned bone bits from my talons. Hours passed. I listened to the quiet crunch of beetle larvae chewing through the boat's hull. One by one, talkers above me ran out of words and announced that they were going to sleep. There were dull, resonant sounds of them settling in below. I sank, my neck back, only my face above the dark water. For some reason I thought of scorpions, those brainless aggravations who went back as far as I did.

Back up into the night air tiptoed Kay, with Baby Sloth. They whispered. The sound carried. "How much more time do you think you'll need?" I heard her tease. "From where I'm sitting, a lifetime," I heard him answer. One more time, I hauled myself up the rope.

I slipped and tumbled over the railing, sending the shock of my greeting across the deck. Kay shrieked. She was within arm's reach. Baby Sloth swung, whonking me with his rifle butt. I knocked him overboard. Others came stumbling up from below. They ringed me as if everyone was ready to charge but no one harbored any unreasonable expectations.

I grabbed Kay and tilted us over the rope and into the water.

I surfaced to let her fill her lungs. There was splashing behind me. I dove and towed her through my secret underwater passageway. Particles of their powder were suspended in the water even at this depth and I could feel them befuddling me.

In my hidden cavern, I rose from the water and lugged her around. "Kay!" Baby Sloth called, hoarse from held breath. I splotched along in the shallow water puddling the rocks. "Kay!" he called again. I bellowed some response.

I had no stamina. Everything was too much work. I laid her out on a shelf and then, once he knelt next to her, surfaced from a convenient nearby pool. I approached him woozily, planning mayhem. He bounced a head-sized rock off my face. He stabbed at my chest. I lifted him up and started working my talons into his ribs. Gunshots, from all those rifles, made little fire tunnels through my back and shoulders. The others had found the land entrance to my lair. A headache came on. I put him down.

I turned from him. Kay gave another shriek, for someone's benefit. They all fired again. I staggered past them to the land entrance and out into the warmer air. "That's enough," I heard Baby Sloth tell the others. "Let him go."

Lianas patted and dabbed at my face. Day or night? I couldn't tell. I walked along bleeding and gaping. The path was greasy with mud. My feet were scuffling buckets filling with stones. I hallucinated friends. I could hear them all cautiously following. I headed for the lagoon.

What was less saddening, finally, than a narcissist's solitude? I'd been drawn to Kay the way insects singled out the younger shoots or leaves not yet toughened or toxic. I'd added nothing but judgment and violence to the world. If their law, like the lagoon's, was grim and casual, they at least took what they found and tried to make the best of it.

So they like to disassemble their surroundings and tinker with them. Was it such a shame they didn't save all the parts?

Once in the water, I sank to my knees down a slope, the muck giving way in clouds. I was happy they'd turned me out. I was rooting against me. I was less their shadow side than an oafish variant on a theme. Extinction was pouring over me like a warm flood, history swirling and eddying one last time before moving on, and I was like the pain of a needle frond in the foot: I filled the moment entirely and then vanished.

"He was OK until his hardware turned into software."

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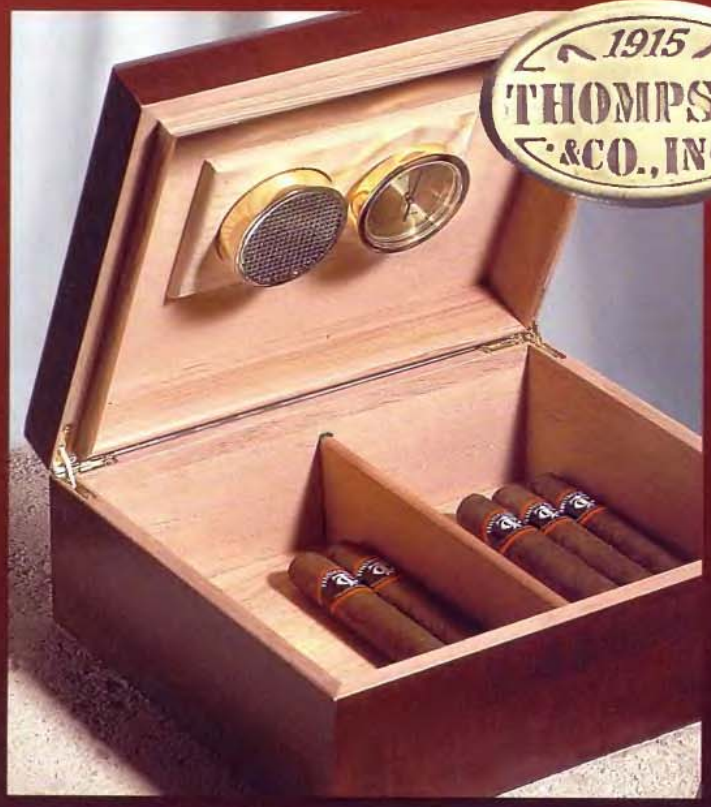

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VIRTUAL REICH (continued from page 64)

European neofascism birthed this beast, but American-style terrorism has taught it new tricks.

his side—alive but permanently damaged—burned and penetrated by large nails and shrapnel.

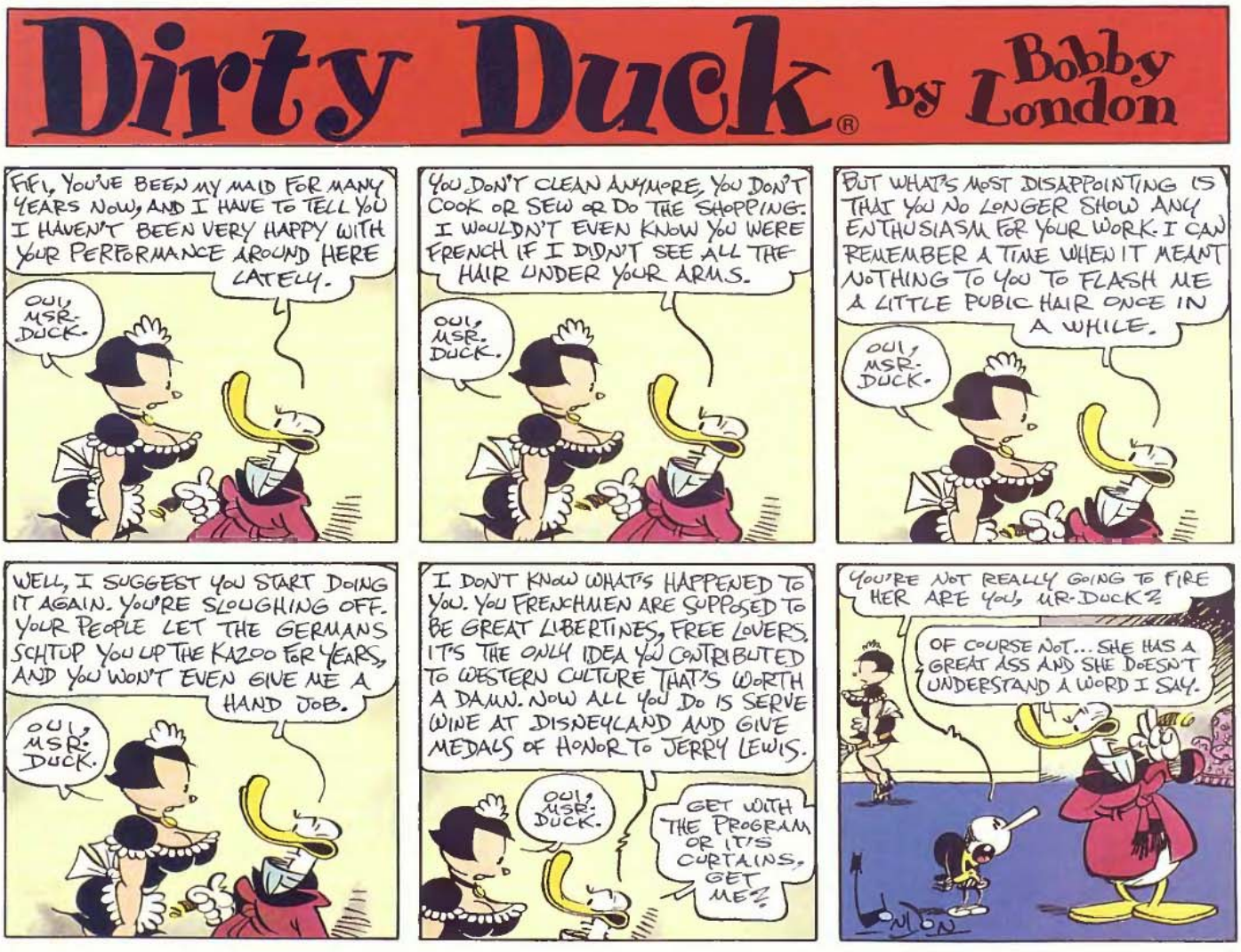
Across the Atlantic, David Copeland, who terrorized London with a series of bombings that left three people dead and scores maimed and injured, admitted he was inspired by Rudolph's operations in the U.S. Using the Internet, Copeland amassed a huge file on Rudolph and his bomb attacks before launching his own war on gays and other minorities. Copeland was identified from a CCTV surveillance tape that captured the 24-year-old neo-Nazi leaving a duffel-bag bomb packed with 1500 nails at a bus stop in London's predominantly black community of Brixton. Forty people were injured, two each lost an eye and a 23-month-old baby had one of Copeland's nails driven into his brain.

Unlike his American role model, Copeland was tracked down, arrested, tried and convicted within a year of his murderous rampage, which closed with the bombing of a popular gay bar, the Admiral Duncan Pub in London's Soho. It was there that a 27-year-old pregnant woman and two of her friends were killed.

Kopp himself was captured this past spring in France, and documents have revealed details of the alleged sniper's movements through a European underground network. This development led to suspicions that the fugitive Rudolph may have used a similar support network abroad. Given Rudolph's beliefs, his bombing targets and his willingness to kill for those beliefs, there is little doubt he would be welcomed by white nationalist revolutionaries or anti-abortion militants anywhere in the world.

This transnational network has been strengthened by a number of developments. The "Jew-communist threat" of "Red Russia," so long exploited by the American far right on issues ranging from the Roosevelt administration to civil rights, has lost traction. When the Soviet Union finally gave up the ghost in 1989, white nationalists and the anti-communist right lost their common enemy of more than 60 years. In its place the nemesis became the new world order, a juggernaut of international corporate finance, Jewish media and American military power.

The Nineties then unleashed a chain of events that galvanized this alliance. They were, most prominently: the federal debacles at Ruby Ridge and Waco, the ethnic bloodbath in the Balkans, the NATO bombings of Serbia and Iraq, the increasing powers of the European Union, the influx of immigrants and asylum seekers to western Europe and America and the endemic violence between the Israelis and the Palestinians. Eurofascist and American white nationalist fingers pushed these buttons long before the first brick was thrown through a Nike store window or before Timothy McVeigh turned the ignition on his Ryder truck. Issues that resonate among swelling ranks of young protesters in opposition to globalism and American domination—the environment, NATO, IMF, WTO, ethnic sovereignty, animal rights, genetic engineering and consumerism—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OUI, MSR. DUCK.
BUT WHAT'S MOST DISAPPOINTING IS THAT YOU NO LONGER SHOW ANY ENTHUSIASM FOR YOUR WORK. I CAN REMEMBER A TIME WHEN IT MEANT NOTHING TO YOU TO FLASH ME A LITTLE PUBIC HAIR ONCE IN A WHILE.
OUI, MSR. DUCK.
WELL, I SUGGEST YOU START DOING IT AGAIN. YOU'RE SLOUGHING OFF. YOUR PEOPLE LET THE GERMANS SCHTUP YOU UP THE KAZOO FOR YEARS, AND YOU WON'T EVEN GIVE ME A HAND JOB.
OUI, MSR. DUCK.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU. YOU FRENCHMEN ARE SUPPOSED TO BE GREAT LIBERTINES, FREE LOVERS. IT'S THE ONLY IDEA YOU CONTRIBUTED TO WESTERN CULTURE THAT'S WORTH A DAMN. NOW ALL YOU DO IS SERVE WINE AT DISNEYLAND AND GIVE MEDALS OF HONOR TO JERRY LEWIS.
OUI, MSR. DUCK.
GET WITH THE PROGRAM OR IT'S CURTAINS, GET ME?
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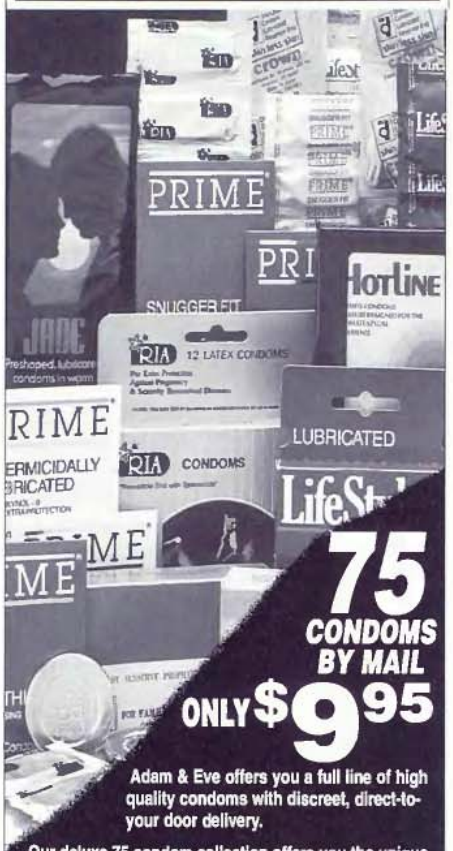

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all have been exploited by a new wave of Aryan revolutionaries.

BROWN OUT, GREEN IN

The Nazis loved nature. National Socialism is bedded in pagan nature worship—it was patchouli fascism on a grand scale. A solid case can be made that the Third Reich National Socialists were the first green party—a genocidal pack of ecofreaks—but green nonetheless. The term ecology itself is a purely German concept coined by Ernst Haeckel, a 19th century social Darwinist, German nationalist, anti-Semite and mystical racist.

No matter how much the deep ecology believers wish it to be otherwise, their uncompromising bison worship and dreams of an all-natural euthanasia program flow from a poisoned well dug by fascists and Nazis.

The group Earth First was cranked up 20 years ago by a clutch of white ecowarriors whose backpacks carried some anti-immigrant racism and a genocide-friendly attitude mixed in with their monkey wrenches and love for absolute wilderness. Original Earth First headman and ecoterrorist David Foreman came straight out of the Sixties' right-wing street pack—Young Americans for Freedom—bringing a white-boy anarcho-libertarian stance that would later slip right into step with the movement. "An Ice Age is coming and I welcome it as much-needed changing," Foreman said in 1993. "I see no solution to our ruination of earth except for a drastic reduction of the human population."

As AIDS, war and starvation killed African women and children during the Nineties, the news put social Darwinist Foreman and his humans-are-cancer allies in a party mood. "The worst thing we could do in Ethiopia is to give aid—the best thing would be just to let nature seek its own balance, to let the people there just starve," said Foreman, sounding more like a member of the S.S. than the Sierra Club.

While Foreman and other ecofanatics regurgitated variations on National Socialist environmental policy and Aryan paganism, some overt neofascist cross-breeds went into visions of annihilation.

In March 1995 the Green-Brown Anarchists took Foreman's suggestion and ratcheted it up several degrees in an internal bulletin:

> For circulation among initiates only! The only sane response to mass society is mass murder. In the shadows, ashes and remains of the Green Action death camps there will be far more than mere liberation from mass society. This is where we shall discover the philosopher's stone, and with it the knowledge of how to return to a traditional form of society in tune with mother earth. This is a revolution in the true sense

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"OK, amaze me!"

of the word, a homecoming.

Pol Pot had the right idea! Let the parasites drown in a sea of blood. A world population of 100,000 will be enough to build a pure society. Long live death!

A screed such as the above was but one among a myriad of communiqués, threats and ultimatums that screamed across the Internet and out of shortwave radios in 1995. That was the year two white guys with different styles of killing became the most infamous American terrorists of our time.

Proclaiming itself as "neither left nor right, neither communist nor capitalist," this peculiar political creature is best known as the Third Position. Its history predates the Third Reich. Third Positionists push aside Hitler to identify with the Strasser brothers—Otto and Gregor, influential early members of the National Socialist German Workers Party—the true "OG" Nazis. Gregor was Reich organization chief of the NSDAP until Hitler consolidated power and replaced him with Josef Goebbels, a Strasserite who leaped to the arms of Hitler.

The Strassers and their Black Front looked east beyond national boundaries to a pan-Aryan socialist alliance that would oppose American democracy and Jewish finance. This was unacceptable to Hitler and his big-business partners in Germany who were hell-bent for the total conquest of Russia. The Strassers took the socialism in National Socialist seriously. But for Hitler it was merely a ploy. Hitler's power required the solid support of aristocrats, bankers and industrialists. On June 30, 1934 Hitler purged the Strasser brothers, their followers and the leadership of the S.A. in one murderous operation known as the Night of the Long Knives. The Gestapo took Gregor to one of its holding cells and shot him in the head. Brother Otto managed to escape, eventually making his way to Canada, where he prudently soft-pedaled his anti-Semitism while continuing as a significant presence on the international left-fascist scene until his death in 1974.

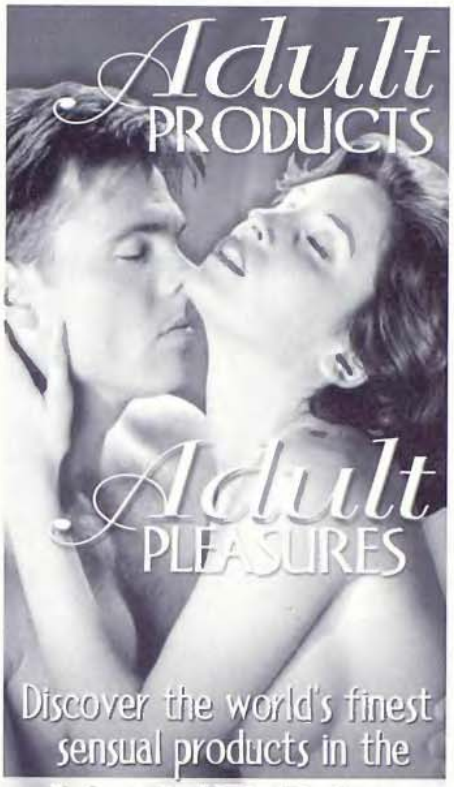
Whether calling themselves Third Positionists, national revolutionaries, national anarchists or some variant on the theme, the followers of the Strassers have fused strategic alliances—actual and virtual—into a movement that blends with the battle against global capitalism, environmental destruction and the evil empire—the U.S.

"It's like they have this giant basket full of Easter goodies and are trying to figure out how to eat it all," observed historian Kevin Coogan, author of *Dreamer of the Day: Francis Parker Yockey and the Postwar Fascist International*. Coogan's book is a biography of the influential and strange American fascist who killed himself with a cyanide capsule in a San Francisco jail in 1960. In the course of his dogged research into Yockey, Coogan found himself interviewing aging members of the neo-Nazi underground that flourished during the Cold War. "There are some good reasons to think that Third Position radicalism may well be the next big thing when it comes to right-wing terrorism," says Coogan. "The most important reason is so obvious that it's easy to overlook—the end of the Red Menace. As long as the commies were pounding shoes at the UN and pointing missiles at Miami, the far-right mantra was that capitalism and communism were both controlled by the Jews but that communism was worse. Now no one on the right today believes the Russki bogeyman theory except for a few guys who still spend each Saturday waddling around in camouflage in mosquito-infested swamps.

"Antiglobalism, anti-WTO protests, anarchists, ecowarriors, animal rights," continues Coogan. "They see this whole new counterculture generation as a potential constituency. They push fascism as a revolutionary movement out of the left."

Even the conventional reading of the Nineties' American militia movement is now called to question. Was it really a right-wing movement after all? All their ranting about the new world order, loss of sovereignty and police-state tactics in 1994 easily transpose to the mouths of the anarchists today in the streets of Seattle, Prague, Davos and Genoa. The new Aryans have torched the white supremacy standard and raised their own separatist flag alongside the other ethnic banners—except, of course, that blue one with the Mogen David. Within this fast-breeding white revolutionary subculture, young activists disdain hierarchy and seek a fluid movement capable of mass action on the streets and anonymous acts of target-specific terrorism.

Unlike America, Europe has a tradition to build on. In places such as Passau and Rome, grandfathers and great-uncles are links to the days of fascism. It is no surprise that the largest, most successful neofascist organizations in the world are in Germany and Italy. The Nationaldemokratische Partei Deutschlands is one spawn of the postwar Nazi network. Like any good German production, the NPD is an extremely well organized, disciplined and substantially financed political machine. It is driven by a Strasserite, a member of the left-wing faction of National Socialism. The 37-year-old NPD functions as host to thousands of young brutes who form amorphous networks known as Kameradschaften. (Although, in Germany it's debated whether the NPD uses these local hard-core groups or the groups use the NPD.) German law enforcement and intelligence services saw the neo-Nazis shift to a cell strategy during the Nineties. They soon found shadowy trails leading from an array of terrorist crimes



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to the battered doors of the NPD. With such evidence the German government sought a ban on the neofascist party in 2000, an issue that quickly became a rallying point for neo-Nazis from Moscow to Australia.

Of all the NPD's friends who've rallied to the party's defense, the American William Pierce is easily the best known. Pierce is revered by every Aryan terrorist worth his ordnance as author of *The Turner Diaries*, a feverish dream book brimming with bombings, assassinations and nuclear strikes on Washington, D.C. and Tel Aviv. Since the publication of *The Turner Diaries* in 1978, a litany of major terrorist bombings, bank robberies, murders and other felonies in North America and Europe—all in the name of white revolution—have at times seemed inspired by Pierce and his book. Timothy McVeigh's bombing in Oklahoma City increased sales of *The Turner Diaries* and heightened Pierce's status as a revolutionary. Trial testimony revealed that McVeigh made numerous phone calls to National Alliance offices—including Pierce's headquarters—beginning in 1993. McVeigh proselytized the novel to family, friends and strangers—often giving away copies from a stash he carted around to gun shows.

By adapting to the times, Pierce has outlasted the dinosaurs of the American extremist right. With short-wave radio, the Internet, CDs, magazines and books, Pierce's racist revolutionary message reaches a global audience. Over the past seven years he has made numerous trips to Europe from his 346-acre National Alliance headquarters in West Virginia.

In 1999, the stoop-shouldered professor packed his bags and motored down from his mountain lair and made for Bavaria, where the NPD hosts an international conclave of neo-Nazis, fascists and skinheads in Falkenberg. Scheduled as the featured speaker for that year's congress, Pierce pitched international solidarity to the multinational crowd. "If our allies are spread throughout many nations, so much the better," he said. "The Germans agree with me, the Russians agree, the Irish agree, the Poles agree, the Magyars agree, the Swedes agree, the Romanians agree. In every country in Europe, voices are being raised now for the same cause."

Despite his impeccable fascist credentials, Pierce's Hitler worship and stubborn authoritarianism have put him at odds with the Third Positionists and national revolutionaries. So in May 2000, when the Germans again convened an international meeting in Passau, Pierce was not among the thousands of neofascists who crammed into the Nazi-era Nibelungenhalle. Instead, the featured speaker was none other than Horst Mahler, whose Red Army Faction (also known as the Baader-Meinhof Gang) and its second- and third-generation progeny had peppered Europe with spectacular violence for more than 20 years. Trained at terrorist camps in the Bekk'aa Valley, the RAF joined forces with the Palestinians while obtaining weapons from German neo-Nazis. Indeed, a strong strain of anti-Semitism covered as "anti-Zionism" permeated the RAF ranks during those years.

Joining Mahler on the Passau stage were two heavy hitters linked to the Third Position. Roberto Fiore and his Irish protégé, Derek "the Mad Monk" Holland, received enthusiastic applause as honorees at the congress. A millionaire mover on the neofascist scene, Fiore has terrorist credentials that date back more than 25 years to an era of vicious assassinations, bombings and kidnappings in Italy known as the years of lead. The grim highlight occurred on a hot August day in 1980 in Italy, when a suitcase detonated in the Bologna train station ripping through throngs of holiday travelers. The powerful device left 85 people dead and maimed more than 200 others. It was the worst terrorist attack in modern Italy.

Eight years later 13 men were convicted and sentenced for the attack. But at least 40 other neofascist suspects in the Bologna bombing and a score of other terrorist actions remained at large. Two of them—Fiore and Massimo Morsello—are wanted for questioning about their potential association as go-betweens for the Bologna bombers and the Italian secret service. (Fiore denies any involvement with the Bologna bombers, but he was convicted in absentia in Italy in 1985 for being a member of the group implicated in the bombing.) The young fanatics not only avoided extradition for more than a decade after fleeing to London, but they also became rich in the process, running an employment agency.

Fiore is national secretary of Forza Nuova, the Italian neo-Nazi organization based in Rome. Behind the scenes, he reportedly controls the International Third Position headed by Holland. The ITP shelters an array of organizations,

"Oh . . . is that you, Signor Casanova?"

front groups and operations throughout Europe and North America. Deceptively named groups such as Crusaders for the Unborn Child, the Legion of Saint Michael, the Legionary Third Position, the English Third Position, the American Third Position, the Welsh Distributist Movement and the Scottish Distributist Movement and the publications *Final Conflict*, *Candour*, *Rebellion* and *The Crusader* all spin within Fiore's and Holland's orbits.

Two years ago Fiore extended his reach beyond the university-trained upper middle class and the orthodox Catholic right-wingers and went for the skinheads. He consolidated the ultraviolent neo-Nazi Hammerskin movement in Europe, employing Italian, Polish and other European skinheads and Nazis in his various businesses. For more than a decade, the conventional view from law enforcement and hate group monitors had been that skinheads were little more than drunken street thugs, full of beer and venom, dimwitted, dysfunctional yobs. They couldn't be organized and couldn't be controlled.

"Up until now the Third Position network has lacked the cadre to carry out serious mayhem," says Coogan. "Because trying to organize skinheads is like trying to herd cats."

But the Hammerskins were different. Their crossed claw hammers signify the best organized, most widely dispersed and dangerous skinhead group known: the Hammerskin Nation, which is rapidly assuming a political stance that goes beyond the old right-wing racism.

Maybe most troubling, the Hammerskins are a pure American product that first appeared on police blotters in the Eighties as the Confederate Hammerskins out of Dallas. They quickly spread across the country—Northern Hammerskins in the Great Lakes region, Eastern Hammerskins in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, Western Hammerskins in Arizona and California. Within a few years the Hammerskin Nation was global. Today the Hammerskin Nation has chapters in Australia, New Zealand, the UK, Germany, Serbia, the Netherlands, France, the Czech Republic, Poland, Spain, Slovenia, Russia and Italy.

With the number of Hammerskins in Europe now exceeding 2000 and the frequent transatlantic travel of Hammerskin contingents between the U.S. and Europe, the Hammerskin Nation can no longer be viewed as a provincial problem. Police intelligence units in Florida, Arizona and Texas have reported the presence of British and German Hammerskins among the ranks of their local Hammerskin units.

British neo-Nazi fugitive Del O'Conner lived safely among his fellow Dallas Hammerskins, holding down a job and getting married. It wasn't until he made

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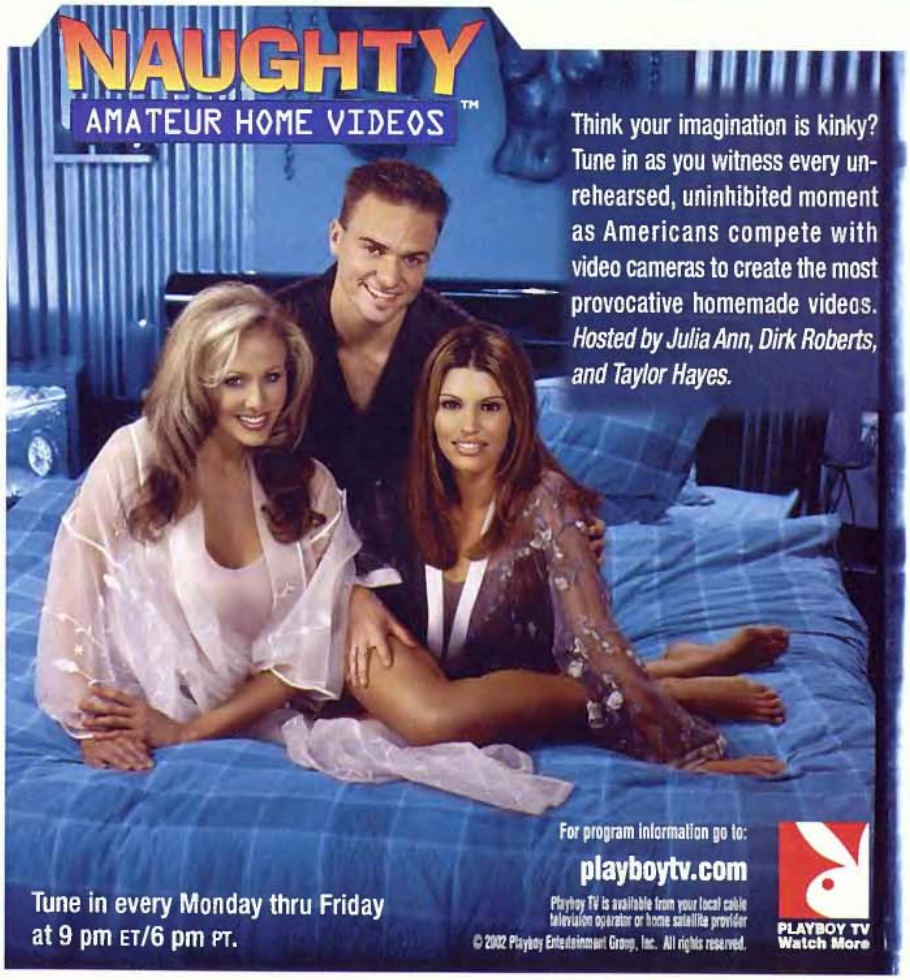
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an ill-advised return to England that he was arrested. A Swedish neo-Nazi headed to America after he and his partner allegedly robbed a bank and killed a police officer. U.S. marshals arrested another notorious neo-Nazi outside the gates to William Pierce's National Alliance headquarters. This transatlantic traffic runs a regular schedule based on white-power concerts and festivals. These events offer cover to strategic and tactical meetings that take place before and after the concerts. From Germany to Georgia, it's a small world when you're doing business in the virtual Reich.

Full-bore neofascist front men like Pierce, Fiore and Mahler openly entertain media attention, but the more dynamic and dangerous fusion of right and left takes place apart from the large organizations. The tactic of leaderless resistance is an operational standard—from the Earth Liberation Front to the anti-abortion Army of God to Black Bloc anarchists to neo-Nazi skinheads. It has permeated the Islamic jihad and the terrorist teams bankrolled by Osama bin Laden, who, according to reports from German intelligence, funneled money to European neo-Nazi cells last year.

The best-known advocates of leaderless resistance and lone wolf terrorist actions are Louis Beam and Tom Metzger, two of the most prominent leaders of the American racist movement over the past quarter century. These revolutionary warhorses of American white nationalism have long pressed forward a strategy that transcends the polarities on the left and right.

On his return from the Vietnam war as a Huey door gunner on an Army medevac, Beam saw the federal government as his main enemy. During the Seventies and Eighties, whether as a Grand Dragon in Texas or as ambassador-at-large for the Aryan Nation, Beam heaped abuse on "the federals" in Washington, D.C. and called for their destruction. Slowed by the effects of Agent Orange, Beam now holds forth from his Internet station deep in Texas as the éminence grise of the global white revolution. His website showcases the American-style Third Position and its solidarity with its European compatriots.

Even before the stench of CS gas had cleared in Seattle, Beam had posted a photo essay in solidarity with the demonstrators. Graphically drawing a line between the old racist right and the new wave of white revolution, Beam's web page showed how the neofascist game would play in the new millennium. Titled "Battle in Seattle: Americans Face Off the Police State," it is the most important and influential revolutionary essay by a white nationalist since the publication of Beam's essay "Leaderless Resistance." And like that 1983 terrorist insurgency classic, its impact will reach far beyond a constituency of racists. "The new American patriot will be neither left nor right, just a free man fighting for liberty," wrote Beam. "This is the same old game of dividing people up by labeling them racists or socialists, patriots or leftists, conservatives or liberals. All of these labels are but branding irons used to suppress people, keeping them at odds with one another, rather than paying attention to the black boots, the black suits and the black hearts of the police state that rules over all."

In California, Tom Metzger—Beam's friend and fellow Klansman who once opposed the Vietnam war in the streets of San Diego—has pushed for a working-class white revolution in the American bare-knuckle tradition of Jack London. Each Sunday Metzger's *Aryan Update* broadcasts to the world from his little house in Fallbrook that doubles as headquarters for the White Aryan Resistance, his propaganda and neo-Nazi sales enterprise. Few weekends go by in which Metzger fails to hammer global capitalism while urging would-be Aryan terrorists to raise their sights accordingly.

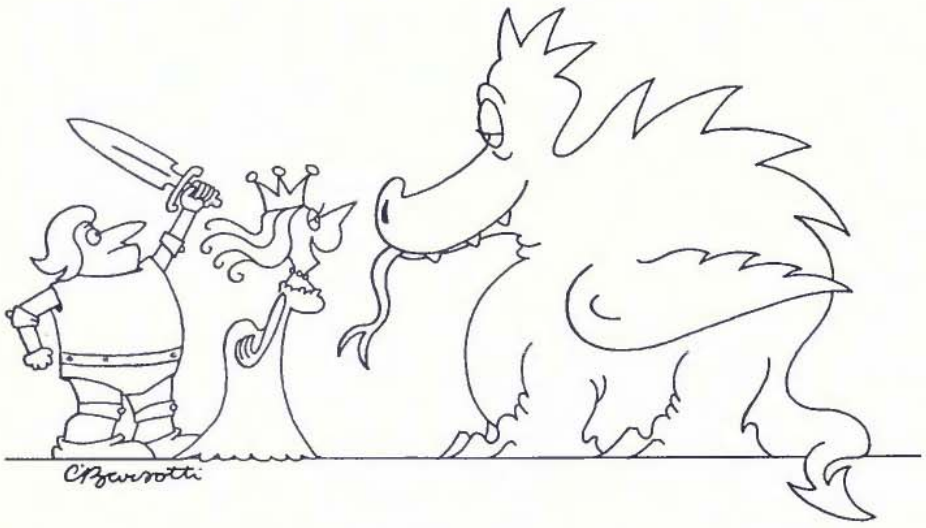
"I want it understood the *right wing is the enemy*. It stands between us and a real fight to take our race and nation back," declares Metzger, echoing Beam's dismissal of old guard racists in blunt terms. "They are the traitors within the gate. We must totally divorce our struggle from the right in all areas. For those who will not wake up, they must get out of the way or suffer the consequences."

Last year an American underground group calling itself Comrades of Kaczynski issued a communiqué on May Day. In a whirligig of wild-ass rhetoric, COK shot past the old left–right paradigm to call for total war. It rang the bells of young neofascists, primitive anarchists, ecowarriors and counterculture nihilists from Seattle to Stockholm: "We are never bored, and we are always planning. Collapse is near, and we are happy to be a part of it. A world full of rubble awaits. Freedom is ours."

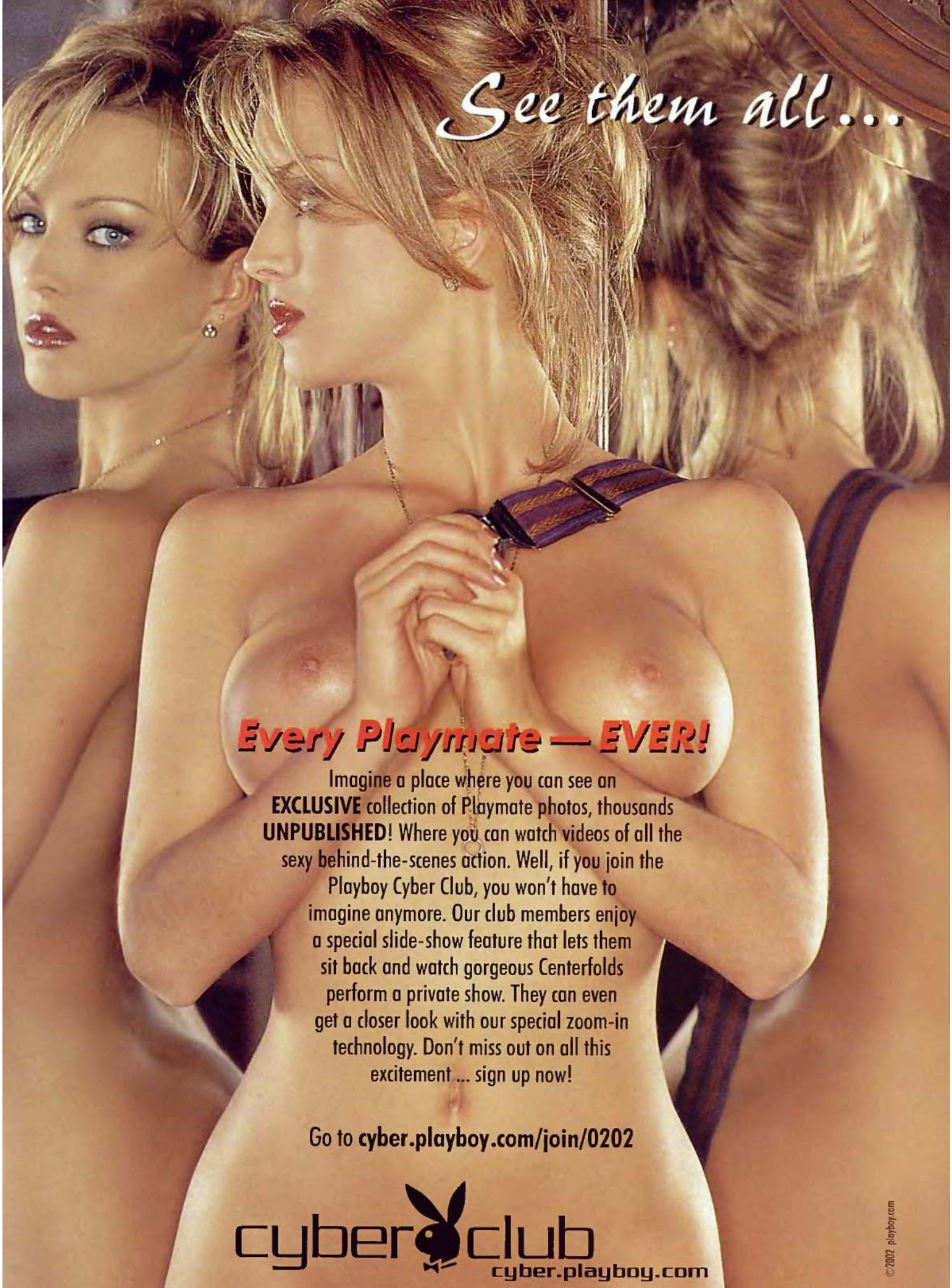
•

"You have these Third Position–type groups organized in decentralized cells and hard as hell to infiltrate," sums up Coogan from his lair in Brooklyn. "With the militia craze gone like the hula hoop, who's to say the Third Position might not fill that void in the hard right? If that happens you don't have to be Cassandra to think we'll have a problem."

There are many options for the terrorist beyond ammonium nitrate and nitromethane, bullets and gasoline and matches. September 2001 woke up everyone to the fact that box cutters, a commercial jetliner, a vial of anthrax and the U.S. Postal Service were all a handful of dedicated terrorists needed to transform the most powerful nation in history to a state of fear and confusion. There are thousands on the same wavelength of McVeigh and Kaczynski and Kopp. There are tens of thousands more on the wavelength of Bin Laden, Mahler, Pierce, Beam and Fiore. And hundreds of thousands more are coming from directions where the old mapping is irrelevant. Their targets and anger and hatred are unified beyond the old Chinese-menu style of politics—column A or column B. There are no Moscow rules, no orders out of Langley, Virginia. The new terrorist is right next door, in the next cubicle or up the road. No one needs to tell a young anarchist in Arkansas, a Bavarian neo-Nazi, an anti-abortionist in Rome or an Egyptian jihadist what to do next. No one needs to go to Lebanon or east Texas or Afghanistan for terrorist training. As for political definitions, it's every man for himself and God against all.



"Pay no attention to Bozo here. If you want to eat me, eat me!"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GARY HART (continued from page 60)

We need trained federal employees on those jobs to ensure the highest possible security.

HART: Yes. I think it has all kinds of potential for a clash of civilizations—if not in combat terms, then economically, politically, socially. There's a potential for the radicalization of moderate Islamics who are not fundamentalists but who care about their countries the way we care about ours and who could be polarized against the Judeo-Christian world. Instead of focusing the rhetoric on Bin Laden, or the Taliban, we need to examine the nature of the threat that we face now—why it exists, where it's coming from—so that we can prepare to deal with it systematically.

PLAYBOY: President Bush said plainly to the rest of the world you are either with us or against us. Can it be that simple given the complexity of international relations?

HART: Of course not, and the diplomats have since stepped in to nuance the message. We can't expect every country to put itself entirely on the line for us. A little help here, a little there, depending on their circumstances. Our diplomatic efforts are as important as anything we might do militarily.

PLAYBOY: The commission's final report recommended 50 major governmental reorganizations and changes that it believes are essential to a sound national security for the 21st century. How much of the report do you think will be acted upon?

HART: I don't know. It's an ambitious road map, that's for sure. But we believe that if serious change doesn't come, the failure will be measured in not just thousands but tens of thousands of American lives. It will be a test of our leadership just how much of an overhaul the system gets.

PLAYBOY: Would you ever consider running for office again?

HART: Well, ever is a long time. I wouldn't do it just to repeat what I have already done. I had two terms in the Senate, which is rare for a Democrat from Colorado. I ran a campaign for the presidency in 1984, which went all the way to the convention with 1200 delegates, and in a way that's more than anyone could hope for. I have a compulsion to serve the country, and if I can find ways to do that outside the elective arena, I want to do that. I think the only way I'd run for office again is if I felt I had something unique to bring to the debate.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the country is up for what's ahead of us?

HART: Yes, certainly, as long as we are properly organized, educated and prepared. Will that happen? I hope so. Right now the political system is united on what to do. We'll probably see it fracture somewhat over how to do it. But we're facing a whole new world, and we can't expect that to be easy.

PLAYBOY: What good do you see from this turn of events?

HART: Well, what's interesting about the report, and I don't think everybody's getting it now, is that we emphasize the opportunities as much as the dangers. We're talking about how realignments can be used diplomatically and economically for our own interest and in the interest of democracy and peace. It isn't just doom and gloom. This new world opens tremendous possibilities in the coalition that is building against terrorism. We now have an unprecedented opportunity to bring nations like Russia, China and Indonesia into what's usually called the Western alliance. That's a huge opportunity, because if they join us in this effort, doors will open for them to join us in others. And the national unity we've experienced since the attack is a great thing, along with the reassessment of values, people turning to their families. And the tremendous feeling of warmth toward our public servants, particularly the emergency rescue people. If only 10 percent of that were to last, it would signal a huge change in the stability of our society that has been sadly lacking. In many ways it's a good thing when we're challenged. Americans are great at turning lemons into lemonade.

"Why, Robert! I never knew you to wear a hat."

PLAYMATE NEWS

LADY LUCK

If you're a high roller who digs Centerfolds, you're in luck. Click on playboygaming.com and you'll be greeted by Miss May 1998 Deanna Brooks—the site's Betting Bunny—who leads you through a gambling site that is virtually better than a jaunt to Vegas. Here is a breakdown of what the site has to offer: At playboysportsbook.com, you can bet on everything from international and American sports to the outcomes of TV reality shows. On playboyracingusa.com, you can make win, place and show and exotic bets on horse races, with video-streamed simulcasts of the day's top events. Go to playboycasino.com and you'll find more than 50 games, including roulette, blackjack, stud poker, baccarat and craps. There's even a slot machine featuring our favorite cartoon vixen, Little Annie Fanny. (Note that certain forms of online gambling are not legal in the U.S. and elsewhere.) In other gambling news, revelers hit the jackpot at the Mansion's preview party for the Palms, a $265 million resort that recently opened in Las Vegas. V.I.P. guests such as Dennis Rodman, Robin Leach, Dan Cortese, John Salley and Vince Neil received a faux leopard-print invitation and enjoyed cocktails, blackjack and craps while mingling with Playmates and Bunnies, including Victoria Fuller, Lauren Michelle Hill, Vanessa Gleason and Neferteri Shepherd. Smart money says the gals provided lady luck.

The Playboy brand has always been associated with a glamorous and luxurious lifestyle. The Bunnies resonate with our customers.
—Paul Kallis, Executive Vice President and Managing Director, Internet Gaming

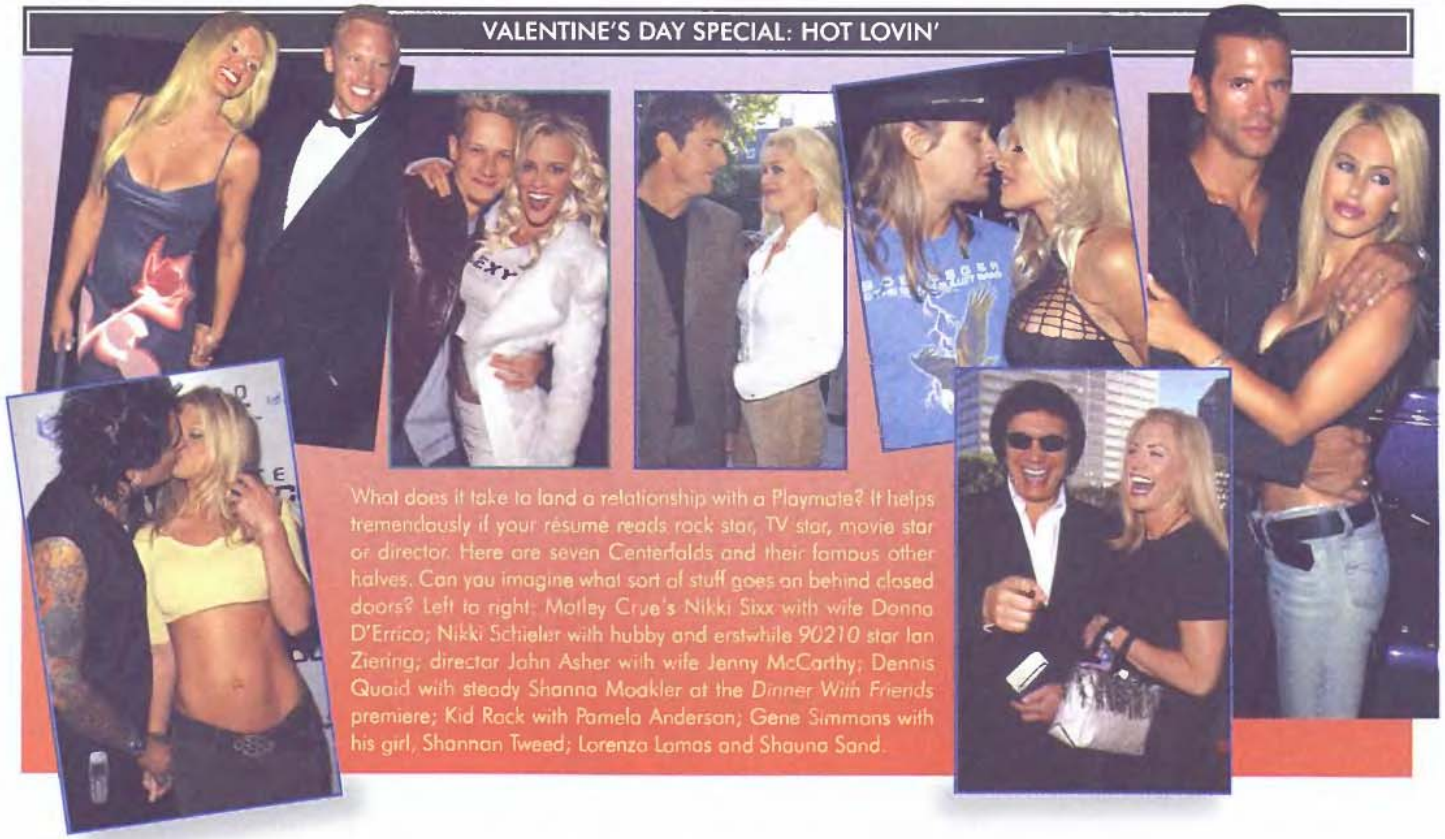
Partygoers at the Mansion's preview event for the Palms Casino Resort got to gamble with Centerfolds Victoria, Lauren, Vanessa and Neferteri. For more information, click on thepalmslasvegas.com.

25 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

"Some people think it's egotistical to call myself Star, but it's not meant in the Hollywood sense at all." That was Miss February 1977 Star Stowe, defending the nickname she was given when she tried to finagle her way into a bar as a minor. Star lived up to her name, bearing an electric-blue star tattoo on a private part and dating Kiss' Gene Simmons at the time of her Centerfold. Sadly, Star was murdered in Coral Springs, Florida in 1997, just shy of her 41st birthday. We will remember her for her adventurous spirit. Says Contributing Photographer Pompeo Posar: "She liked to have fun."

Star Stowe.

VALENTINE'S DAY SPECIAL: HOT LOVIN'



What does it take to land a relationship with a Playmate? It helps tremendously if your résumé reads rock star, TV star, movie star or director. Here are seven Centerfolds and their famous other halves. Can you imagine what sort of stuff goes on behind closed doors? Left to right: Motley Crue's Nikki Sixx with wife Donna D'Errico; Nikki Schieler with hubby and erstwhile *90210* star Ian Ziering; director John Asher with wife Jenny McCarthy; Dennis Quaid with steady Shanna Moakler at the *Dinner With Friends* premiere; Kid Rock with Pamela Anderson; Gene Simmons with his girl, Shannon Tweed; Lorenzo Lamas and Shauna Sand.

PLAYMATE NEWS

My Favorite Playmates By Richard Kind

Those former *Baywatch* babes Donna D'Errico and Erika Eleniak are my favorites. I remember loving them when the issues featuring their Centerfolds came out. Why, you ask? Oh, please.

We prefer Erika (left) and Donna without their red *Baywatch* swimsuits.

BUSTED!

You won't see it in the Louvre, but Helena Antonaccio is proud of the likeness of her created by New York sculptor Joe Canger. "Joe views me as the icon of 1969 and has always wanted to do a bust of me," Helena says. "The piece was featured in one of Joe's shows at a Manhattan art gallery. It was an honor." To see the making of the bust from start to finish, including some hot shots of Helena covered in plaster, click on joesculptor.com.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

February 7: Miss March 1984
Dona Speir
February 10: Miss March 1962
Pamela Anne Gordon
February 17: Miss January 1973
Miki Garcia
February 20: Miss November 1990
Lorraine Olivia
February 23: Miss February 1983
Melinda Mays

LOOSE LIPS

I'm dating a guy who is 17 years my junior. Everyone over 30 needs a younger man. I'm too young in mind and body to be with an old fart. —Jean Cannon

I enjoy having sex in public places. It's more interesting. I've never been caught. —Stephanie Heinrich

They are large, natural and heavy. Imagine holding up 10-pound weights all day. If I could pay someone to walk behind me and hold my boobs, I would be in heaven. —Miriam Gonzalez

They're always hitting on me from behind, but when I turn around they're like, "Whoa!" I'm all stomach. —Jennifer Rovero, on being pregnant

GIVE A LITTLE BIT

Who says Playmate life is all glamour, all the time? When a Centerfold is able to use her name to raise money or awareness for a charity, she steps up. Clockwise from right: Brande Roderick revs up the crowd at the City of Hope's Walk for Hope Against Breast Cancer; cheerleaders Stacy Fuson, Lorrie Menconi and Laura Cover represent PLAYBOY at the annual football game between the Los Angeles police and fire departments, with proceeds going to the Ann Wilk Center for the Prevention of Child Abuse; a group of Bunny-clad Playmates dines out and raises funds for the Vista del Mar Child and Family Services facility in Los Angeles.

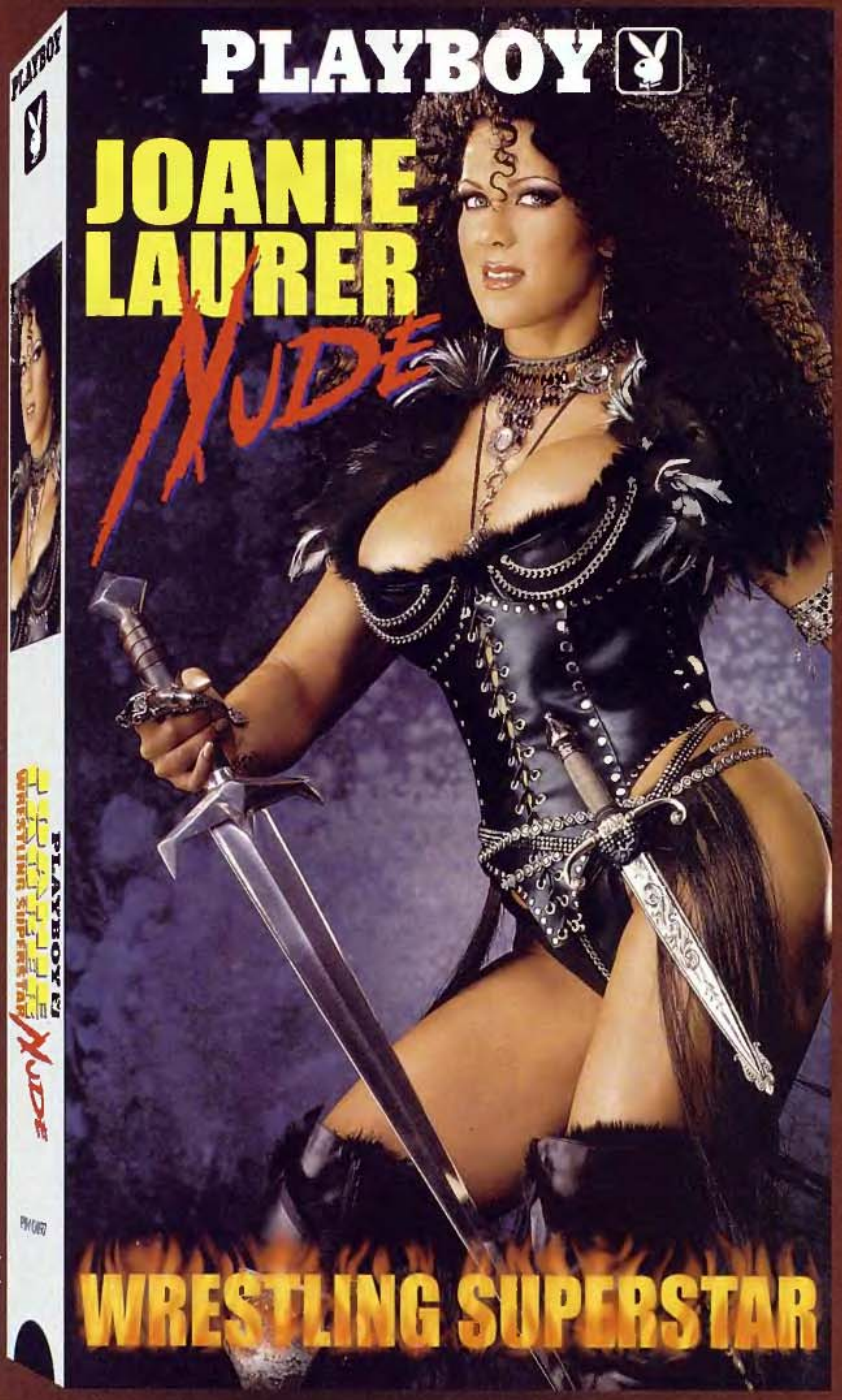
PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Pamela Anderson cheered up nearly 5000 sailors on the *U.S.S. John C. Stennis* by blowing kisses, signing autographs and posing for photos. Though she admitted her spiked heels were "not sensible boat shoes," the sailors on the San Diego–based aircraft carrier appreciated the fashion faux pas. . . . Playboy and Bloomingdale's teamed up to launch a line of men's undergarments and sleepwear. The kickoff, held at the Century City Bloomie's, included an appearance by **Hef**, while **Jennifer Walcott** and **Lauren Michelle Hill** served virgin Bunny drinks. . . . Keep track of your hot dates in *Shades of Color*, a 2002 calendar (above) with **Neferteri Shepherd** on the cover. . . . **Jenny McCarthy** has signed a seven-figure deal with ABC and Touchstone Television, who will develop a comedy project for her. . . . **Shannon Tweed**, who has kids with **Gene Simmons**, should have no problem playing Oliver Hudson's mom in the WB series *Young Person's Guide to Becoming a Rock Star*. . . . **Kelly Monaco**, also known as Livvie Locke on *Port Charles*, was voted a top soap opera actress in *ABC Soaps in Depth* magazine. . . . *Young and the Restless* fans spotted **Martha Smith** in a cameo as a wedding coordinator. "She thinks she's sophisticated, but she's not," Martha says. . . . Don't you love women who can make fun of themselves? Armed with markers, **Ava Fabian** and **Cathy St. George** (pictured) augmented their glamour shots at an autograph session.

Ring in 2002 with Nef.

Amateur artists Ava and Cathy.

WRESTLING SUPERSTAR
Joanie Laurer Nude
On Video and DVD



The wrestling superstar who redefines the term hard body will make you cry uncle when she gives you a glimpse behind the scenes of her latest *Playboy* pictorial!

Video	NU1974V	$19.98
DVD	NU1974DVD	$19.98

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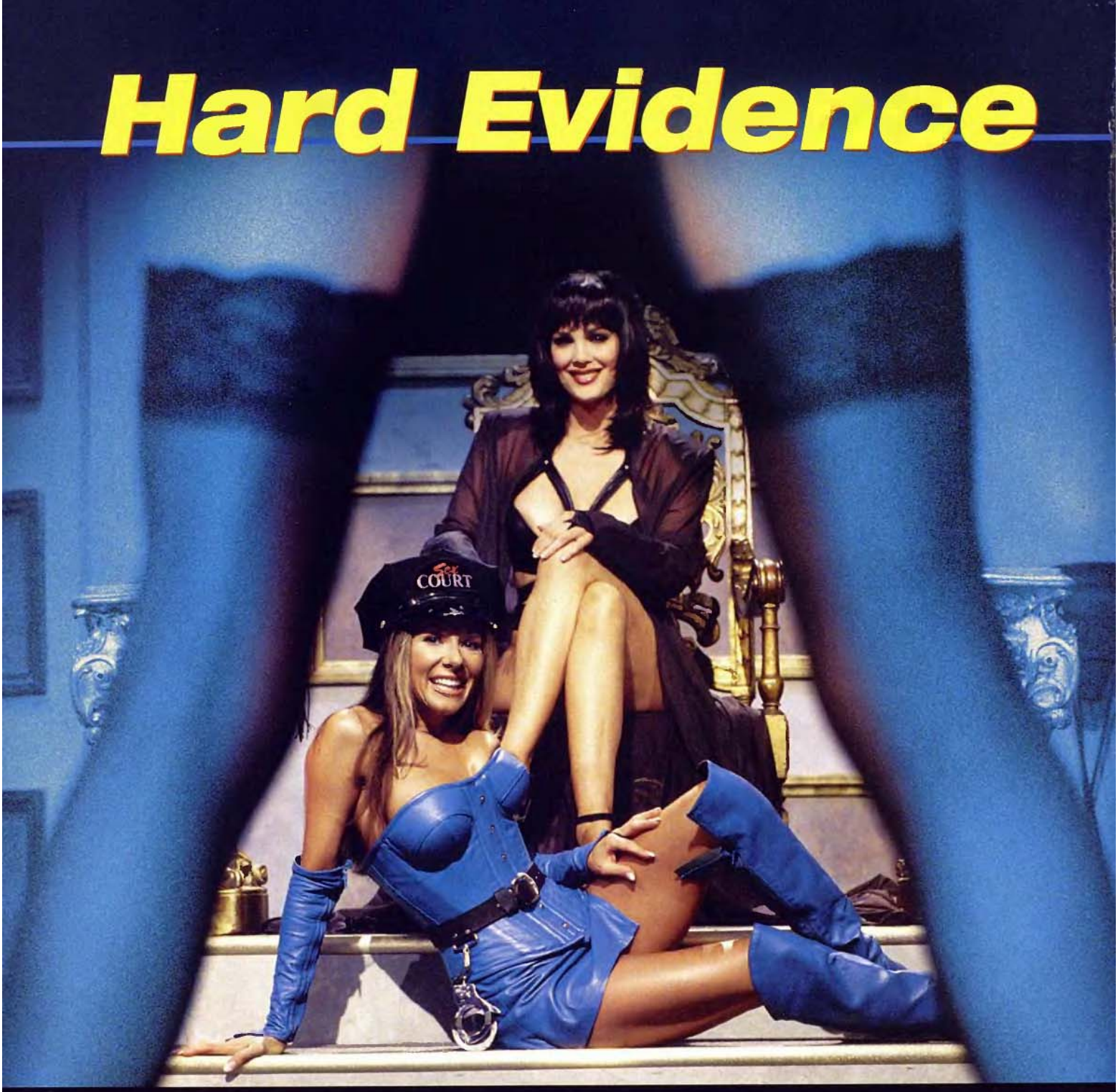
Hard Evidence



Judge *Julie Strain*
Bailiff *Alexandra Silk*

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PLAYBOY on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

NOT THE USUAL SUSPECTS

You're no slouch. You have bottles of Jack, Jim and Jose in your liquor cabinet. What you probably don't have is Martí Auténtico, a lime-and-mint-flavored rum. Mix it with club soda and a squeeze of fresh lime, and you have a mojito—one of Hemingway's favorite cocktails. Or how about a numbered and signed bottle of Midleton 26-year-old Irish whiskey that's aged in bourbon, sherry and port casks? It comes in a lockable wooden chest for good reason—it's $600. We've also rounded up Auchentoshan Three Wood, a Lowland single-malt scotch that derives its rich taste from being matured in bourbon, Oloroso sherry and Pedro Jimenez sherry casks; Hussong's reposado tequila (it's 100 percent agave); the curiously named 3, a vodka that gets its smoothness from soy; and Quintessential, a 90-proof English gin that is distilled and filtered five times.

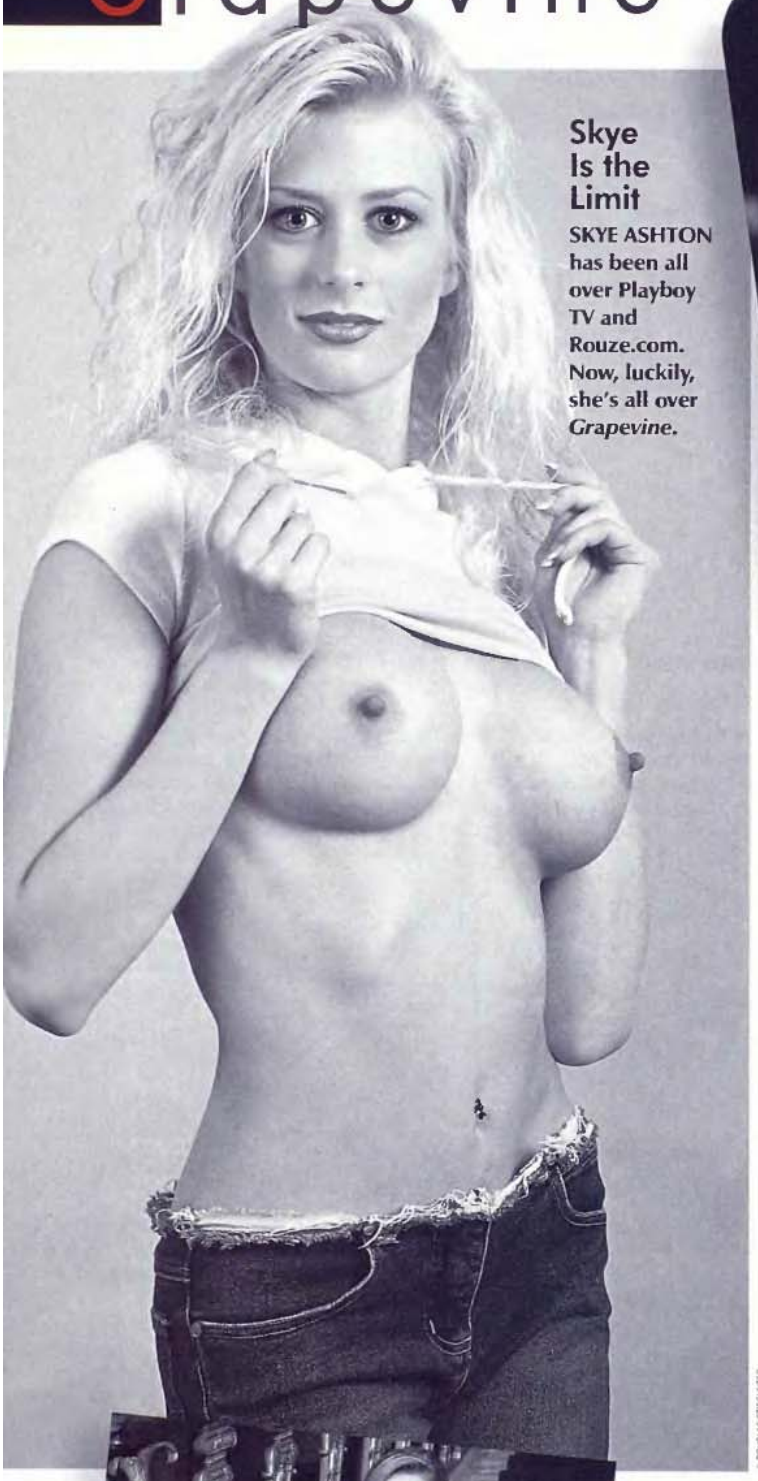
—DAVID STEVENS

Below, left to right: "Made smooth with soy" is 3's slogan and, believe us, this vodka is slick (about $25). Hussong's reposado tequila is named after Hussong's Cantina, a mellow hangout in Ensenada, Mexico ($35). An añejo version is also available. Martí Auténtico is a Cuban-style rum with a distinctive lime-and-mint flavor (about $15). Auchentoshan Three Wood, a lovely Lowland single-malt scotch, isn't easy to find, but you should make the effort (about $50). Save your pennies: Midleton 26-year-old Irish whiskey costs $600. Only 1000 bottles will be produced this year. Quintessential, or "Q," is a 90-proof British gin that's perfect for martinis (about $20).

GEORGE GEORGIOU

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 143.

Grapevine



Skye Is the Limit

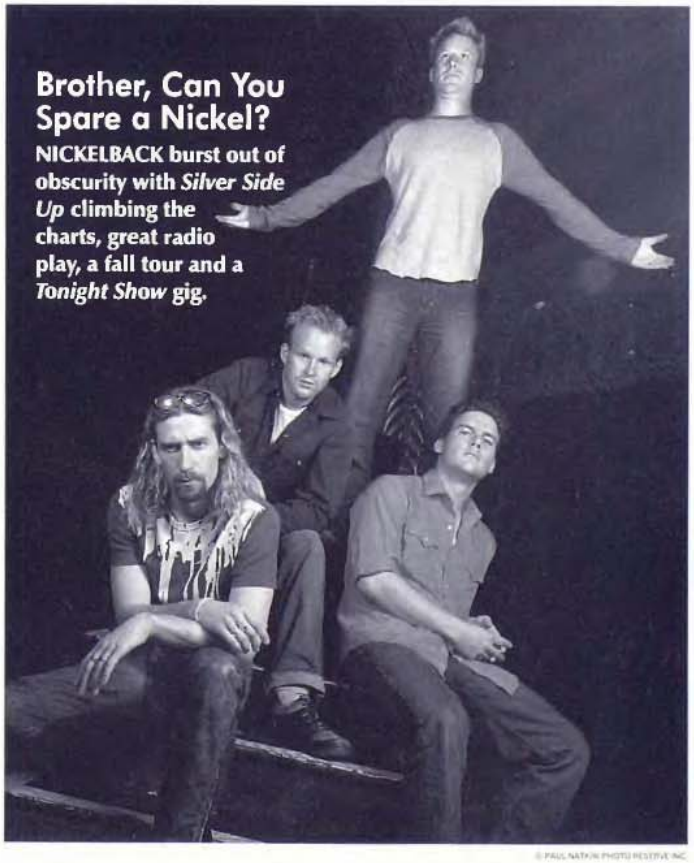
SKYE ASHTON has been all over Playboy TV and Rouze.com. Now, luckily, she's all over *Grapevine*.

Nic at Night

NICOLE KIDMAN's film *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind* (directed by George Clooney) and the upcoming *Dogville* (a thriller with Chloë Sevigny) won't feature this dress. Too bad.

She's All Wright

CHELY WRIGHT's *Never Love You Enough* is a hit on the charts, and she played Las Vegas before Christmas. She decks our halls, too.

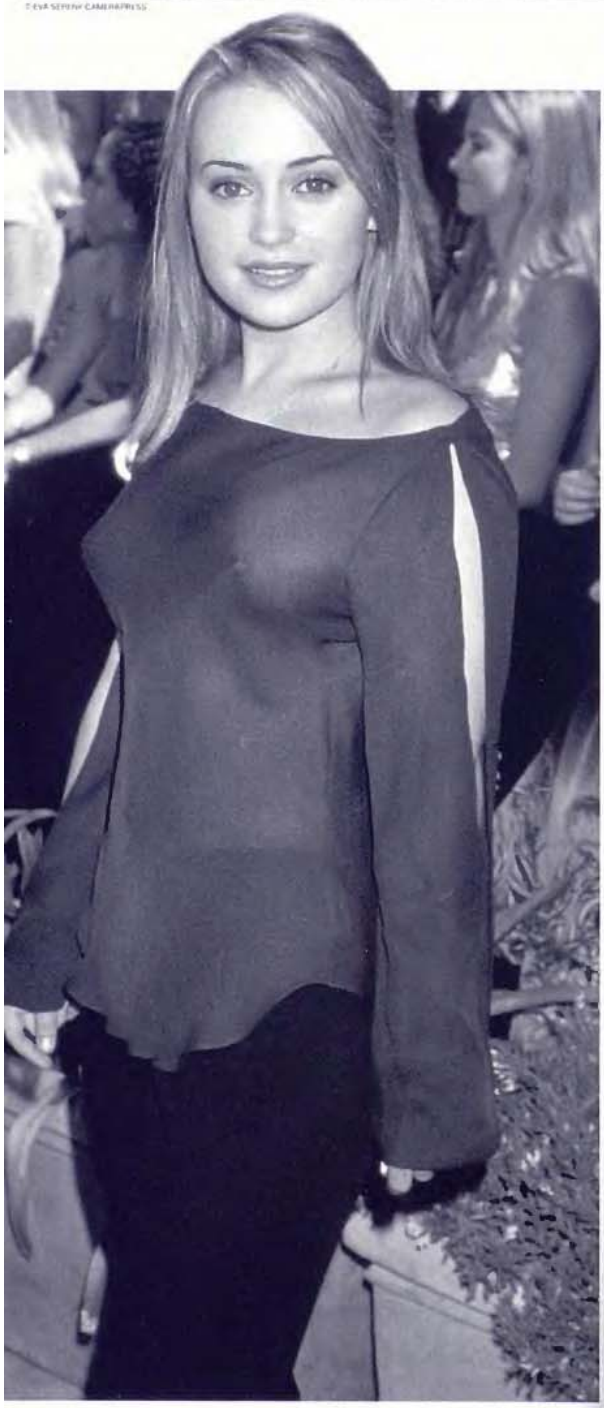


Brother, Can You Spare a Nickel?

NICKELBACK burst out of obscurity with *Silver Side Up* climbing the charts, great radio play, a fall tour and a *Tonight Show* gig.

Connie Slept Here

CONNIE NIELSEN certainly steamed up the screen in *Gladiator* and will do it again in *The Hunted*, a thriller with Tommy Lee Jones and Benicio Del Toro. That's no sheet.



Monica Pops Out

You'll recognize MONICA KEENA from her stint on *Dawson's Creek*, her more recent series, *Undeclared*, or here, in sheer.

From Russia With Love

Model SONIA MARIE has brightened up commercials, TV's *Nash Bridges*, Bay Area clubs and her college campus. She gets an A from us.

TOOLING AROUND

No one will drive nails with the contents of this yellow toolbox. It contains condoms on sticks (they look like lollipops), lingerie, chocolate-flavored body sauce, candles, a CD of Motown music, a 375 ml bottle of Alizé Red Passion (made from passion fruit, cranberries and cognac) and even a king-size container of Sex Grease lubricant and a male crotch pouch with RIDE 'EM COWBOY! embossed on it. No wonder Bright Ideas Unlimited named its product the Tool Box of Love. Price: $120, from 888-588-4332, or go to brightideasunltd.net.

THE PRESSURE IS ON

You don't want to try robbing George Dillman in a dark alley. Besides holding a ninth-degree black belt in karate, he's regarded as a top authority on pressure-point fighting. Now he shares his secrets in *Humane Pressure Point Self-Defense*, a $24.95 book with hundreds of photos that demonstrate how easy it is to defend yourself without permanently injuring your attacker. Call 610-777-8444 to order, or go to dillman.com.

THE SIMPLE LIFE

In this age of technological wizardry it's pleasant to return to yesteryear, when travel was measured in days, not hours, and newspapers cost only pennies. The Antique Collectors' Club, which savors such times, has complied, with four *Scrapbooks* filled with memorabilia from the turn of the 20th century, the Thirties, the Fifties and the Sixties. Much of the contents is British in origin (New Cavendish Books in London is the publisher), but there's also a lot of Americana in the pages. Price: $24.95 each, from the club at info@antiquecc.com. There's a *Victorian Scrapbook* and a *Wartime Scrapbook* in the series, too.

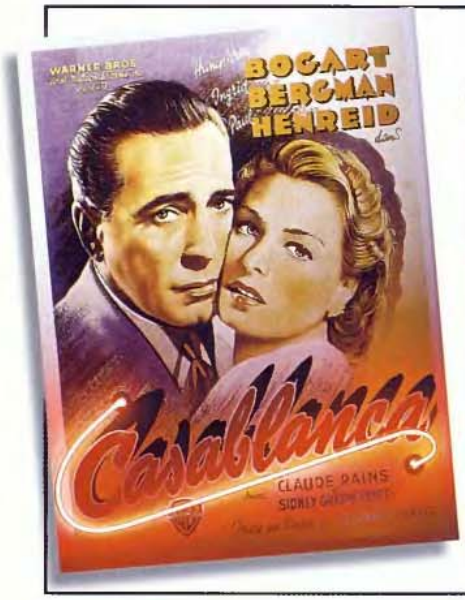
ROAR OF THE TABLE

The beauty of an exotic car is more than skin deep. At least that's what John Gouldson of Art Technical in Minneapolis believes, so he has created glass-topped tables with bases that are motors from cars we'd all love to own. Pictured here is a Jaguar V12 engine turned into a coffee table ($2700). He also offers a Mercedes-Benz V8 conference table ($3200), and Porsche V8 ($4700) and Maserati V8 ($4100) tables. Call Art Technical at 952-914-9445 for more information.

LET'S GLOW BOWLING

If you've been hanging around the lanes lately, you know the latest craze is glow-bowling. That's when the houselights are turned off, the music is turned up and black lights and strobes brighten the night. Ebonite's new Quasar model is rolling along with the fun. When the dark-blue ball hits the floor, red and blue lights begin flashing and continue blinking the length of the lane. (The lights will last for more than 40,000 games and are replaceable.) Price: about $120, in bowling centers and sporting goods stores.

HANG IT AGAIN, SAM



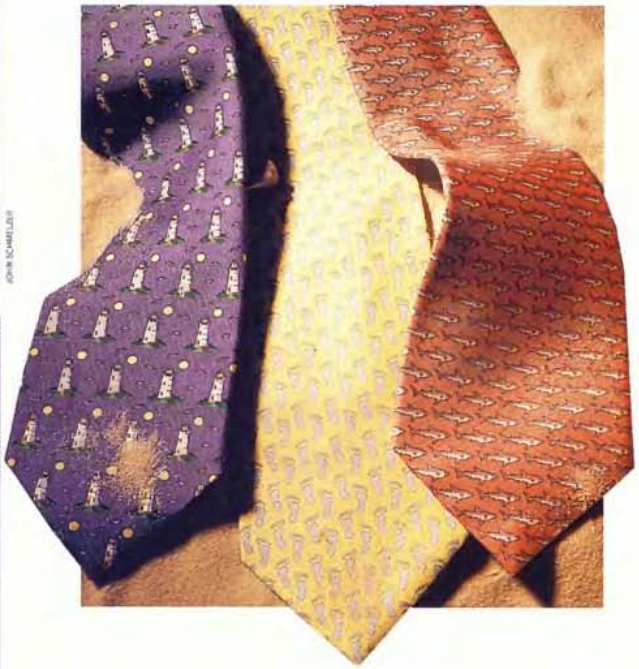
An original *Casablanca* poster would sell for big bucks. But this 24"x36" reproduction makes a jazzy substitute—especially with its swath of yellow neon lighting up the title and the faces of Bogart and Bergman. Price: $160, from Neonetics Inc. at 410-521-3209 or neon4less.com. If *Casablanca* isn't really your bag, Neonetics has a neon-accented poster of Sinatra's Rat Pack shooting pool ($160) and a three-color neon sculpture of a martini glass ($90), plus dozens of other glowing goodies.

RUM'S THE WORD

Sea Wynde is a 92-proof blend of Jamaican and Guyanese pot-still rums that have been aged in oak casks between five and 11 years. It's chestnut in color with a rich, complex flavor not unlike the rum once served to sailors in the British navy. A heavy glass bottle and a hand-applied pewter label add to the rum's yo-ho-ho appeal. Price: about $40. (Save the bottle for olive oil or salad dressing—it's handsome.) If you can't find Sea Wynde in your local liquor store, go to greatspirits.com.

TIED TO THE VINEYARD

We can see why former President George Bush, Robert F. Kennedy Jr. and MSNBC's Brian Williams all wear Vineyard Vines ties. The small-patterned silk ties of this Greenwich, Conn.–based company depict the unexpected—such as a lighthouse, a bare foot or a shark (as pictured below). Dozens of other designs are available, from the American flag and windmills to yellow or black labs and palm trees. Price: $65. Go to vineyardvines.com to order.



LOVE BITES

Skip the caramel assortment this February 14 and give your valentine K Sensual, a blend of dark chocolate and exotic herbs. The bite-size pieces of candy will reputedly drive your woman wild in bed. Let's hope K Sensual delivers what it promises, because each $50 box contains only seven "experiences" (28 squares)—as the company refers to its product. Go to ksensualstore.com to order and for testimonials.

Next Month

PORNO WOMEN

THE POLYAMORIST

SURF AND SCORE

RING GIRL

SLEEPERS: THE GERMAN CONNECTION—WHY DO OSAMA BIN LADEN'S OPERATIVES FIND THE COUNTRY SO USEFUL? OUR REPORTER SNUCK INTO GERMANY'S MUSLIM COMMUNITY FOR THE DOPE ON CLUELESS COPS, HOT GLOCKS, DUTCH ECSTASY—AND AN AFGHAN STRIPPER. BY **YARON SVORAY**

THE TROUBLE WITH REHAB—HARDLY A *PEOPLE* COVER GOES BY WITHOUT NEWS OF ANOTHER STRUNG-OUT STAR IN TREATMENT AFTER AN EMBARRASSING FLAMEOUT. RELAPSE RATES RANGE FROM 60 PERCENT TO 90 PERCENT. FORMER ADDICTS—WHO GOT CLEAN ON THEIR OWN—EXPLAIN WHY FEW PROGRAMS WORK. BY **CHRISTOPHER NOXON**

ADVENTURES IN INTERNET DATING—MEN POSE AS WOMEN, WOMEN POSE WITH CATS AND "CARMEN ELECTRA" LOOKS MORE LIKE JANET RENO. BUT THIS LOVE-HUNGRY FELLOW PERSISTS FOR THE HILARITY AND—IT HAPPENS—HOT SEX. BY **ROB TANNENBAUM**

FRED DURST—LIMP BIZKIT'S MOUTHY FRONT MAN HAS PLENTY TO SAY ABOUT GROUPIE SEX, DIRECTING MOVIES, HOW HE SAVED CHRISTINA'S ASS, WHAT HE REALLY THINKS OF BRITNEY, CREED, EMINEM AND TRENT AND HOW SEPTEMBER 11 HAS CHANGED HIS MUSIC. A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF** AND **ALISON LUNDGREN**

BRET BOONE'S TRANSFORMATION—AFTER BRUTAL WORKOUTS AND A SPARTAN DIET, THE SEATTLE MARINERS' THIRD-GENERATION PLAYER WENT FROM A MIDLINE INFIELDER WITH A BUM KNEE TO ONE OF BASEBALL'S TOUGHEST RUN PRODUCERS. **MARK RIBOWSKY** GETS THE SKINNY

JAMIE FOXX—COMEDY'S ALL-STAR—HE ACTS, SINGS, DOES STAND-UP AND LOOKS LIKE AN NFL PLAYER—SOUNDS OFF ON SUGE KNIGHT, AL PACINO, FLY GIRLS, HIS NEW VARIETY SHOW AND WHY SCOTT BAIO IS THE COOLEST WHITE BOY IN TOWN. A CRACK-UP 20Q BY **ROBERT CRANE**

THE POLYAMORIST—ROD "THE POD" IS TIRED OF BEING DUMPED, SO HE ADOPTS A NEW STRATEGY: DIS WOMEN, AND THEY'LL LINE UP IN DROVES. NOW THE QUESTION ISN'T WHAT TO DO BUT WHO. FICTION BY **GARY S. KADET**

VAMPIRES—HOLLYWOOD TAKES ANOTHER STAB AT GOTH AUTHOR ANNE RICE'S GREAT BLOODSUCKER TRILOGY. THIS ONE STARS **AALIYAH** IN *THE QUEEN OF THE DAMNED*—HER VALEDICTORY

ONLINE GAMING—ARE YOU ADDICTED TO PLAYING EVERQUEST? LOG ON AND YOU WILL BE. NOW, SINCE YOU WILL NEVER LEAVE THE HOUSE AGAIN, YOU NEED THE LOWDOWN ON THE BEST JOYSTICKS, HEADSETS AND COMPUTERS. GEEK TECH BY **JASON BUHRMESTER**

PLUS: PORN STARS—A SEX-RATED PICTORIAL, BIG BAD MOTORCYCLES, LUST SECRETS FROM CENTERFOLD **TISHARA COUSINO,** BLAST-FROM-THE-PAST TYPEWRITERS AND WATCHES, KNOCKOUT RING ANNOUNCER **AMY HAYES,** AND **TINA JORDAN**—HEF'S MAMA HEN—BECOMES A PLAYMATE